★ Nov. 5,1949

THE NEW YORKER

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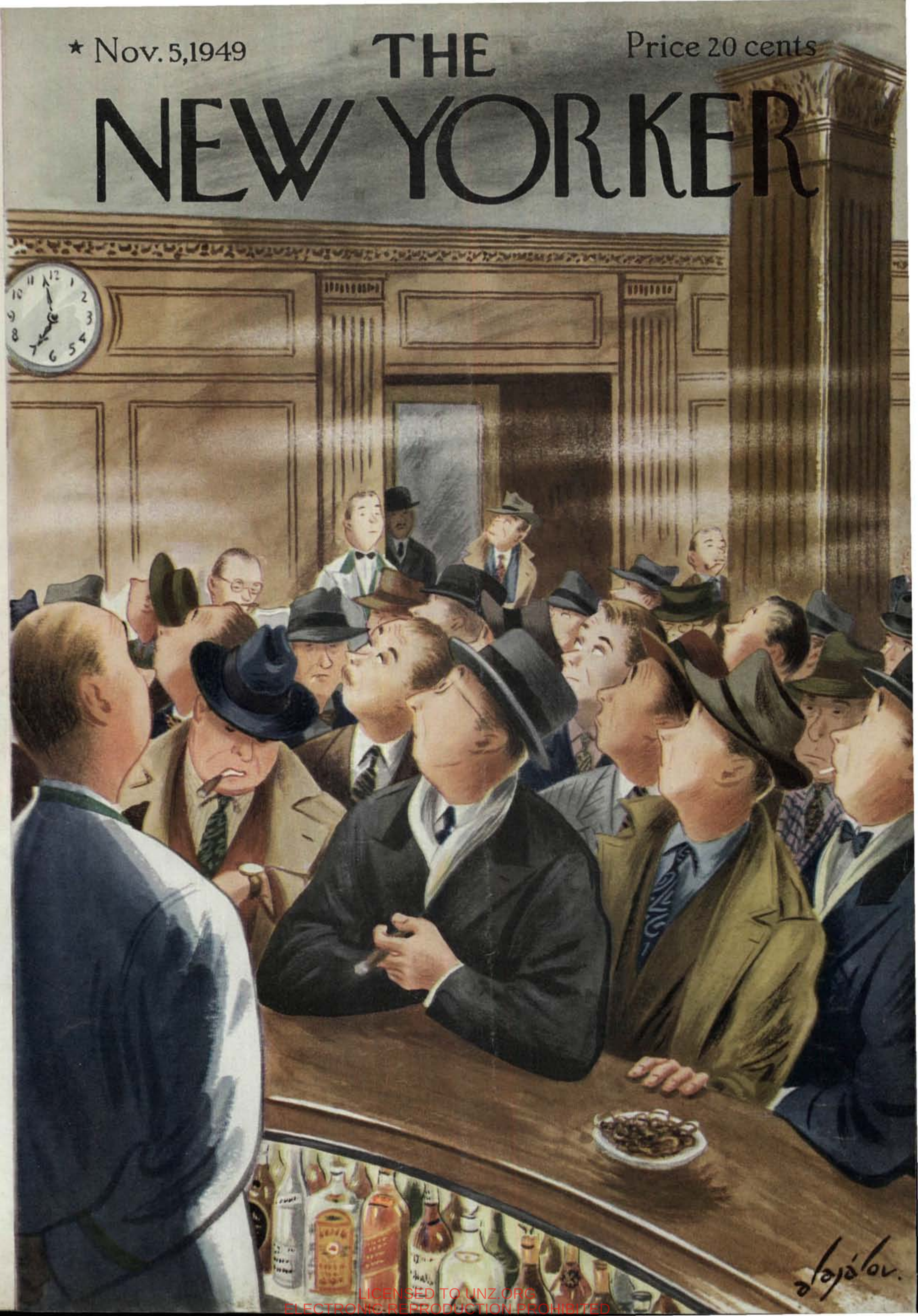

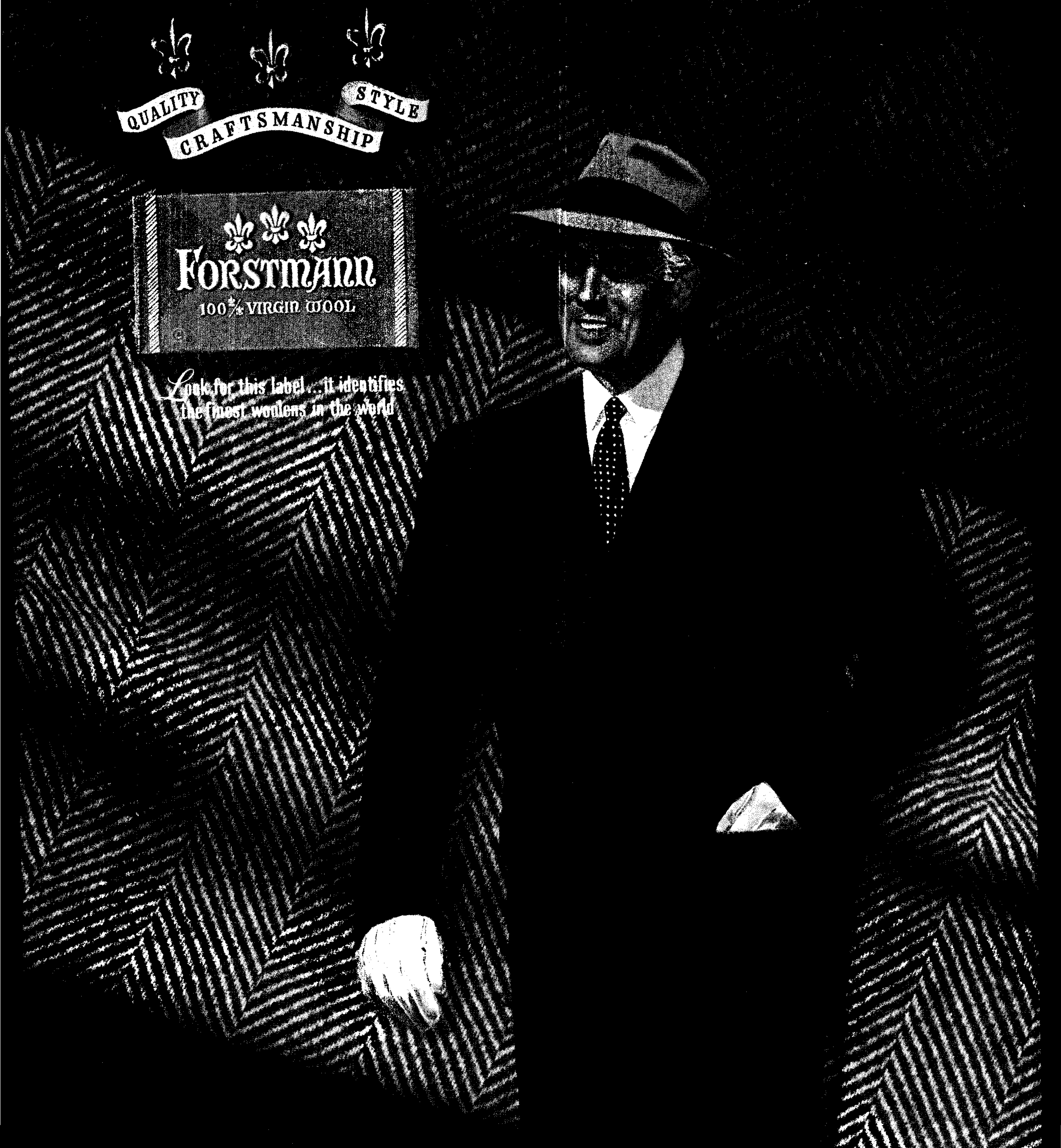
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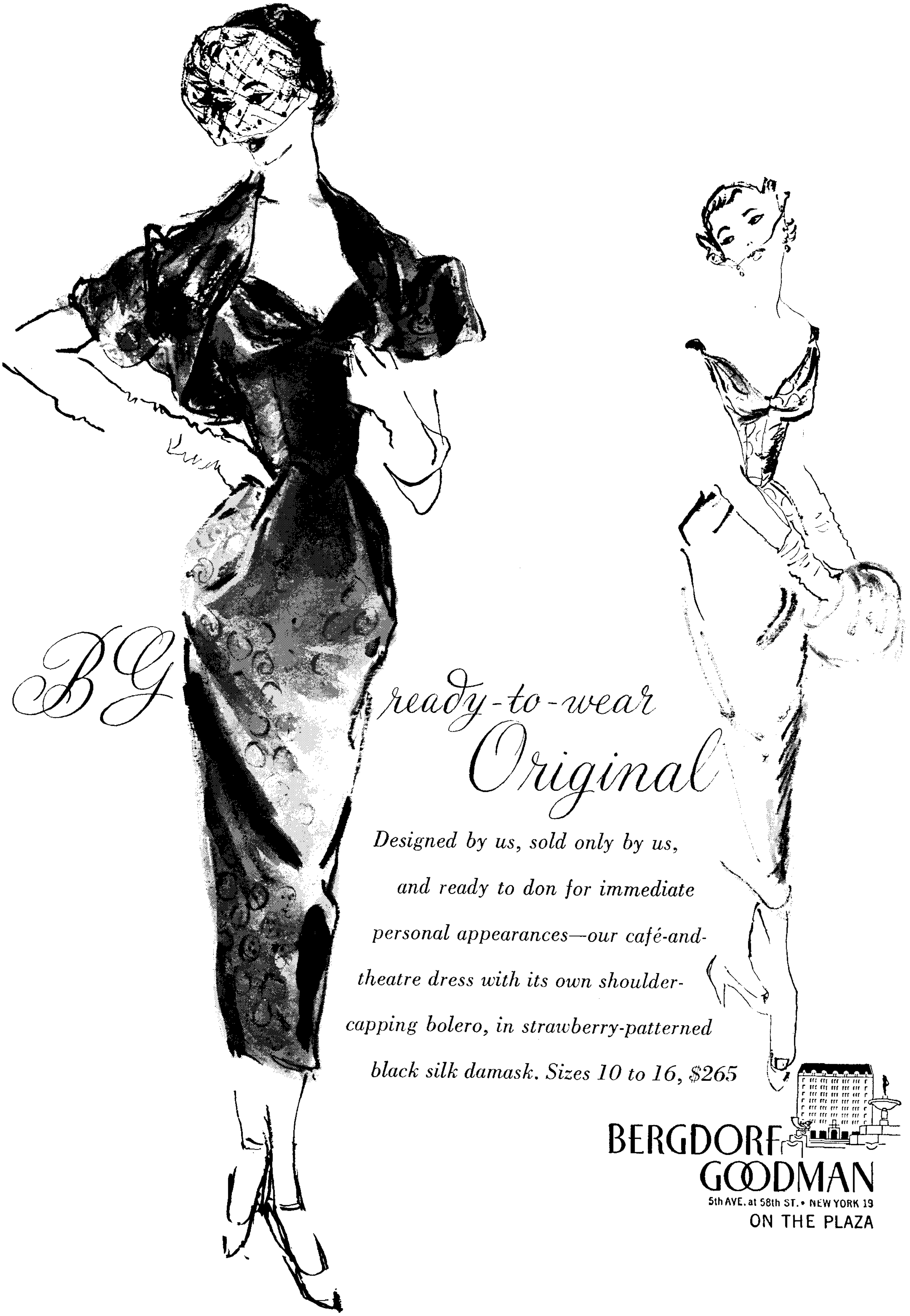

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Browning Version and **Harlequinade**—Of these two one-act plays, written by Terence Rattigan and starring Maurice Evans and Edna Best, the first is a fairly glum tragedy laid in an English private school and the second a nice, lively sketch about the theatre. Mr. Evans' performances in both are very accomplished, but Miss Best is more fun to watch. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Lee J. Cobb heads the top-flight cast. Starting Monday, Nov. 7, Gene Lockhart will replace Mr. Cobb. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message concerning totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special Election Day matinée Tuesday, Nov. 8.)

Diamond Lil—After twenty-one years, this combination of elemental humor and primitive melodrama is still irresistible. Mae West, the author, is, of course, the star, and her acting is at least as arresting as the script. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Giraudoux's play having to do with a demented old lady who kills off a bunch of rich and wicked people is excellently performed by Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Montserrat—Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Emmanuel Roblès' script is laid in South America in the time of Simon Bolivar, and it asks whether a man is morally obliged to sacrifice innocent lives in the interest of a better world. However much you may approve of the answer, you are apt to find the play a little monotonous and wordy. Emlyn Williams, William Redfield, Reinhold Schunzel, Francis Compton, and John Abbott are prominently cast. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twelfth Night—That piece about a young woman who makes another young woman think she is a boy, in a revival that doesn't compare with those once offered by Helen Hayes and Jane Cowl. Arnold Moss, Nina Foch, Carl Benton Reid, and Harry Townes all give spirited performances, but the odds are too much for them. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 12.)

Yes, M'Lord—W. Douglas Home is the author of this comedy dealing with the British aristocracy under Socialism, but A. E. Matthews is the man who gives it whatever quality it has. He is assisted by George Curzon, Tom Macaulay, and Mary Hinton, among others. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **goodbye, my fancy:** A beautiful congresswoman entangled with a college president and a *Life* photographer. The cast now includes Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special Election Day matinée Tuesday, Nov. 8.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

I Know My Love—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by S. N. Behrman, taken from Marcel Achard's "Auprès de Ma Blonde." Produced by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson, and directed by Mr. Lunt. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has a fine score, by Kurt Weill, but may otherwise prove a little disconcerting to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text to the stage and wrote the lyrics, Rouben Mamoulian is the director, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—A large, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is mainly the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance, for the Actors Fund, Sunday evening, Nov. 6.)

Touch and Go—There are some unusually funny sketches and quite a bit of pleasant singing and dancing in this on the whole superior revue. George Abbott is the producer, Jean and Walter Kerr wrote the book and lyrics, Jay Gorney composed the music, and Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, Dick Sykes, Nancy Andrews, and George Hall are important in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—as the girls go: Bobby Clark as the husband of our first woman President. The music is by Jimmy McHugh. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **lend an ear:** Charles Gaynor's practically one-man revue, for which he did the sketches, music, and lyrics. With Dorothy Babbs and William Eythe. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

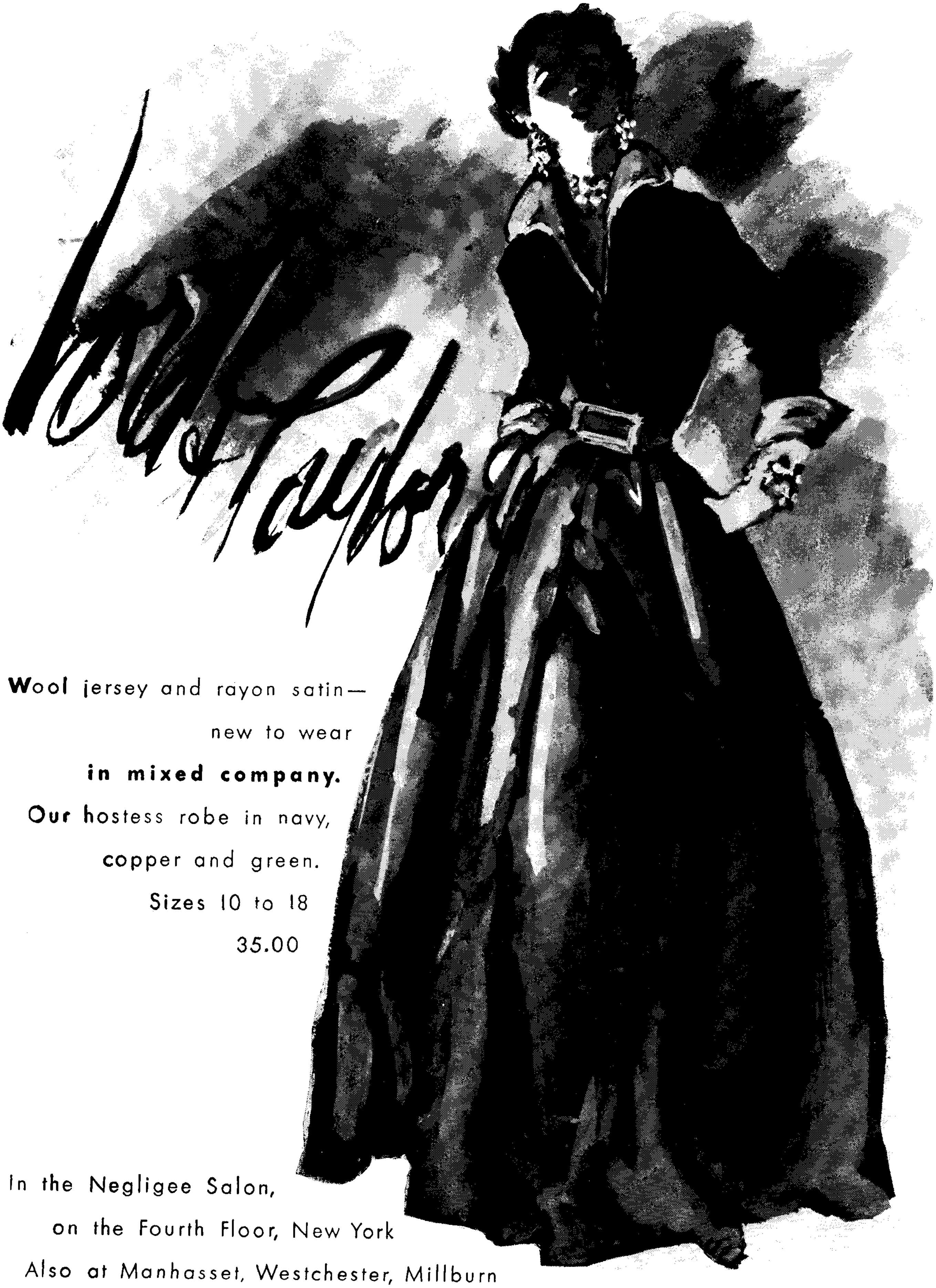
Regina—Jane Pickens in a musical drama adapted by Marc Blitzstein from Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes." Directed by Robert Lewis and produced by Cheryl Crawford. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Love Me Long—Shirley Booth in a comedy by Doris Frankel. Produced by Brock Pemberton, and directed by Margaret Perry and Mr. Pemberton. Opening tentatively set for Friday, Nov. 4. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St.,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 37, Nov. 5, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday matinée and evening, Nov. 3: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Checkmate," "Symphonic Variations," and "Job." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "The Rake's Progress." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Job." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 6: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Carmen," "Le Rendez-Vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," and "Le Combat." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

José Limón—With his company of dancers. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Mariemma—With her ensemble, in classic, folk, and flamenco dances of Spain. (Ziegfeld Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:40.)

Eve Gentry—With her group of dancers. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:40. For tickets, call LU 2-3195.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday, Nov. 8, and Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room has dance music by Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band every evening except Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, moves into the Madison Room for dinner, then moves back to the Palm Court. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher's man-eating songs and hoedown piano, along with Billy Taylor's freshly minted band (John Simmons, Karl Lynch, and Joe Harris), which should afford considerable nourishment to serious listeners. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Much ado about practically everything, from violin music to ballet to vaudeville, the last being represented by Walter Dare Wahl. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A secret society of dawn worshippers gathers here after dusk every evening. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Not all the old familiar faces are on view in the new Larue, but it's still recognizable. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and a rumba band provide the usual sweet dance music. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Ballet Theatre's John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun, dancing Cole Porter tunes in a fairly static résumé of the life of Mr. P., who is amiably portrayed by James MacColl. Don McGrane's dance orchestra, plus Peter Kent's band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Myrus, the telepathist, demonstrating the power of mind (his) over matter (the customers, that is). Some ballroom dancing, too, as you'd expect of the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's dance orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

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Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the DeMarcos floating with the greatest of ease through the lower reaches of the stratosphere. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo Le Fleur's music at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The stately Oval Room presents Emery Deutsch's dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Martha Wright, an arch and handsome young lady with an arch and handsome voice, trills at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the beautiful new Carnaval Room, Lester Lanin's orchestra and Jan Brunesco's music for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the café bar, piano by Ed Johnson, except Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Child life on two levels: Cathy Farrington's débutante-style singing and Paul Rickenbacker's dance music on the ground floor, supplemented, Fridays and Saturdays, by Suzy Mulligan's débutante-style singing and Ernie Warren's dance music up in the hayloft.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, a vivid and emotional experience in any language, including (as of this fall) the American. Emil Petti's orchestra, some French musicians, and an invisible choir help out nobly, but the show is still Piaf. Panchito's rumba band is also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, putting on a lively exhibition of comedy, tomfoolery, pathos, and now and then a dash of bathos. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross produces a little sleight of hand. Tea dancing Saturdays; closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's light-fingered pianoforte intricacies at cocktails and dinner, followed by Cy Walter's equally deft piano work at supper. Harold Cooke and John Kelley, Jr., do the honors on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The imperishable Fritzi Scheff, blond, bright, and beautiful as ever, holding court at nine and midnight every evening but Sunday. In between, continuous and bubbly dance music by Eddie Davis and others, and Mr. D.'s jaunty singing of "Stepping in Society." Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor (after nine-thirty), providing piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Marshall Grant's trio after ten, except Sunday, and Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner, every evening except Monday. On Monday, Nov. 7, the Van Smith Trio takes over Mr. Grant's billet. . . . **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): An elegant candy box in which to dance to Dick Gasparre's and the Playa Sextet's music and, at dinner and supper, to watch some ballroom dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATHAM LOUNGE**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 49th St. (VO 5-5400): Between five and somewhere past midnight, except Sundays. Roger Stearns is in perpetual motion from piano to ringside table and back again. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): French schmalz by Simone Dolphen, American ditto by Wilton Clary. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey operate double pianos. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hoops or marbles. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): This hanging garden offers William Tabbert, one of "South Pacific's" bright young men. Kurt Maier at the piano. No entertainment Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano, except Tuesdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): A comfortable and airy rotunda in which Josh White sings his special folk songs, Patricia Bright unwinds her acidulous comedy, and Raymond Chase does small wonders with an assortment of concertinas. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): In this upstairs ruckus room, over the Show Spot bar, you'll run into both audience participation and proprietor participation, as well as humorous interludes by Laurie Brewis, the house pianist, and the artfully artless songs of Nancy Steele. Henny Nadel and Fran Gregory sing, too.

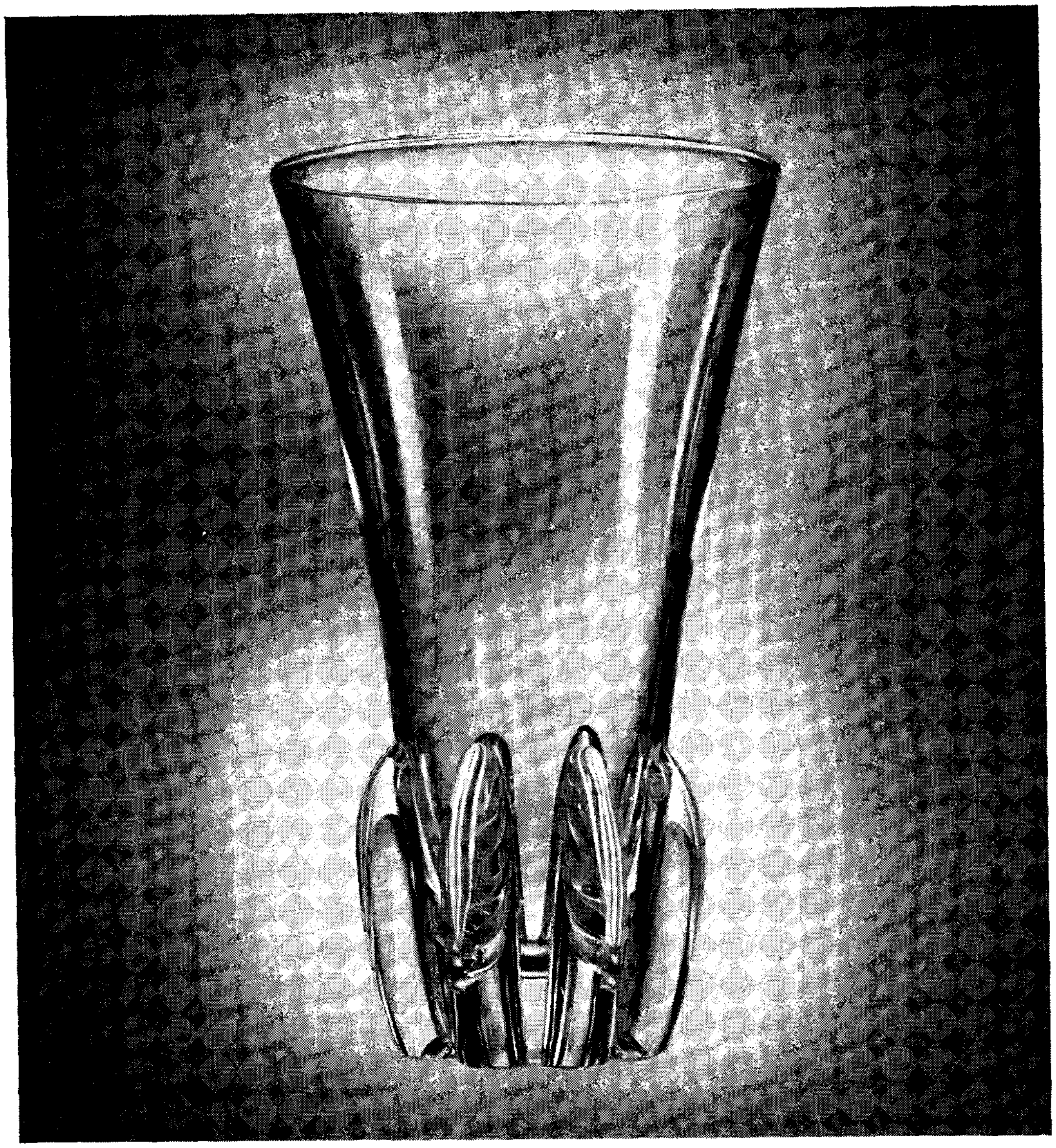
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, reigning supreme in his underground kingdom. Copa dolls prance, and there is dance music for spectator athletes.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5008): In the lounge, John Kelley, Jr., at the piano during dinner weekdays, and the seductive piano duets of Eadie and Rack from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays. In the back room, a new show, including the long-lost and classic Billie Heywood, songs by Andy Williams (of the more recently lost Williams Brothers), and other reliables. Lush background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Kirkwood and Goodman, up to a lot of new tricks; Bibi Osterwald's riverboat-song recital; Michael Brown's ballads from the sub-



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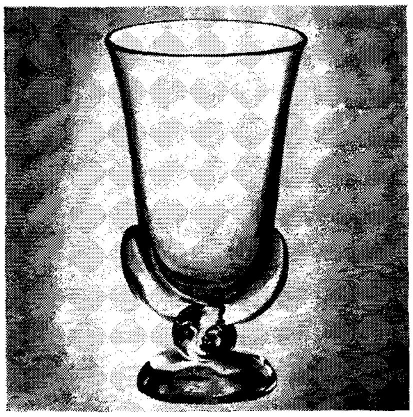

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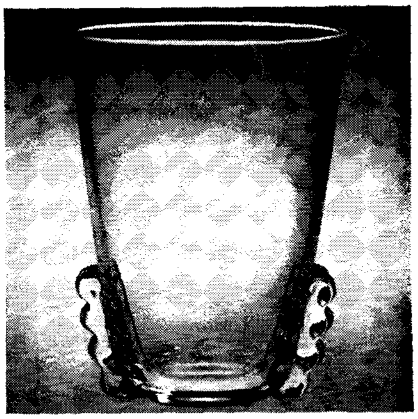

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conscious; the Three Riffs' part singing; the début of Jo Hurt, a decorative and sorrowful songbird; and the Norman Paris Trio's music of tomorrow. Julius Monk is the proud parent of this assemblage. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, intoning her peculiar lullabies in this easygoing treetop. Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Oran Page, that quadruple-threat fullback (trumpet, French horn, song, and dance), dominates the proceedings here. Erma Ethridge is *in charge of the sad-song department.* Dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, firing shots that can be heard around the world, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Bobby Hackett, playing an elegant cornet obbli*gato to the thunderous carryings-on here.* Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, Dick Carey, and friends. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Willie the Lion Smith, the sage of Harlem, expounding and demonstrating his piano style after ten every night but Monday. Chippie Hill sings now and then, and Herb Ward and Frank Orchard help out. Guest night is Thursday.... **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A vast array of bombast, including Herbie Fields' band, Wynonie Harris's blues, and the Five Flames. On Friday, Nov. 11, a new show, headed by Billy Eckstine, moves in. Closed Mondays. ... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0861): Mainly Yardbird Parker's band, knocking out its customary rooty-toot.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-night frolics, paced this week (Nov. 4) by James P. Johnson, Baby Dodds, Jimmy Archey, and Una Mae Carlisle. Dancing, too.... **MC ALPIN**, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): In the Marine Grill, Wednesdays through Saturdays, Max Kaminsky and a small but talented group of bandsmen, blowing their little tops.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Pictures of children, done with a quite engaging mixture of abstract stylization and brilliant color. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

MAX BECKMANN—Heavy-handed and occasionally confused, but powerful paintings, drawings, and other works, mostly recent. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

BIRDS AND BEASTS—A lively show of sometimes wildly fantastic nature studies by Picasso, Arp, Baziotes, Miró, and others. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

SANDU DARIE—Small paintings, rather frail in conception but delicate in execution, by a young Cuban artist new to this country. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 5.)

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS—Figure studies and paintings of children, in a more simplified style than this artist usually employs. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 19.)

HENRY EDMISTON—Water colors of Mexican scenes. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—New abstract oils, in this artist's first exhibition here in three years. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

ALBERT GLEIZES—A retrospective (1910 to 1935) of the work of a very influential, and still interesting, early Cubist painter. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

CLEVE GRAY—Views of Italy and France that make more than a bow to Feininger but show generally good taste. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: Water colors by Maurice Sievan, Alex Redein, and others of this gallery's group. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Nov. 12.... **MAYNARD WALKER**, 117 E. 57th St.: Various pieces, including several lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec, an oil by John Kane, and a water color by George Grosz; through Nov. 5.

LOREN MACIVER—New paintings, demonstrating some fresh and in most cases strikingly successful tendencies in her work. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: Some very recent oils by Braque, quite realistic in style, along with some others, less recent, by Matisse and Picasso; through Nov. 12.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Braque, Matisse, and Picasso again, in a handsomely selected group that ranges in dates from the mid-nineteen-twenties to a few years ago; through Nov. 12.

PIET MONDRIAN—An unusually carefully selected exhibition of paintings, most of them early examples and many of them never shown in this country before. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

ANTON REFREGIER—Impressions of San Francisco, painted with great freshness and authority. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Oils and water colors, most of them on new non-circus subjects. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 6.)

BEN SHAHN—New paintings, in his first one-man exhibition since the big retrospective at the Modern Museum two years ago. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 12.)

WILLIAM T. SNAITH—Semi-abstract paintings, with a rough, pebbly-looking surface that sometimes interferes with the sharpness of the design. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; and Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Nov. 4.)

JACK TWORKOV—Abstract-Expressionist oils, loosely held together by occasional references to Cézanne. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL—Chiefly paintings done this summer on Martha's Vineyard, in this artist's first exhibition in two years. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Raoul Dufy; through Nov. 26.... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Thirteenth annual exhibition of Old Master drawings; through Nov. 26.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Jacques Maroger; through Nov. 12. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: William Kienbusch; through Nov. 19.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Henry Gasser; through Nov. 19.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Georges Rouault; through Nov. 26.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8th St.: Alfred H. Maurer. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 11.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy paintings and drawings by Abraham Walkowitz. (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; through Nov. 14.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A comprehensive and revealing exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's drawings, paintings, and water colors, ranging from his early studies, which show the influence of Millet, to the swirling landscapes of his last, irrational years. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, Nov. 8, and Friday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; Sundays,

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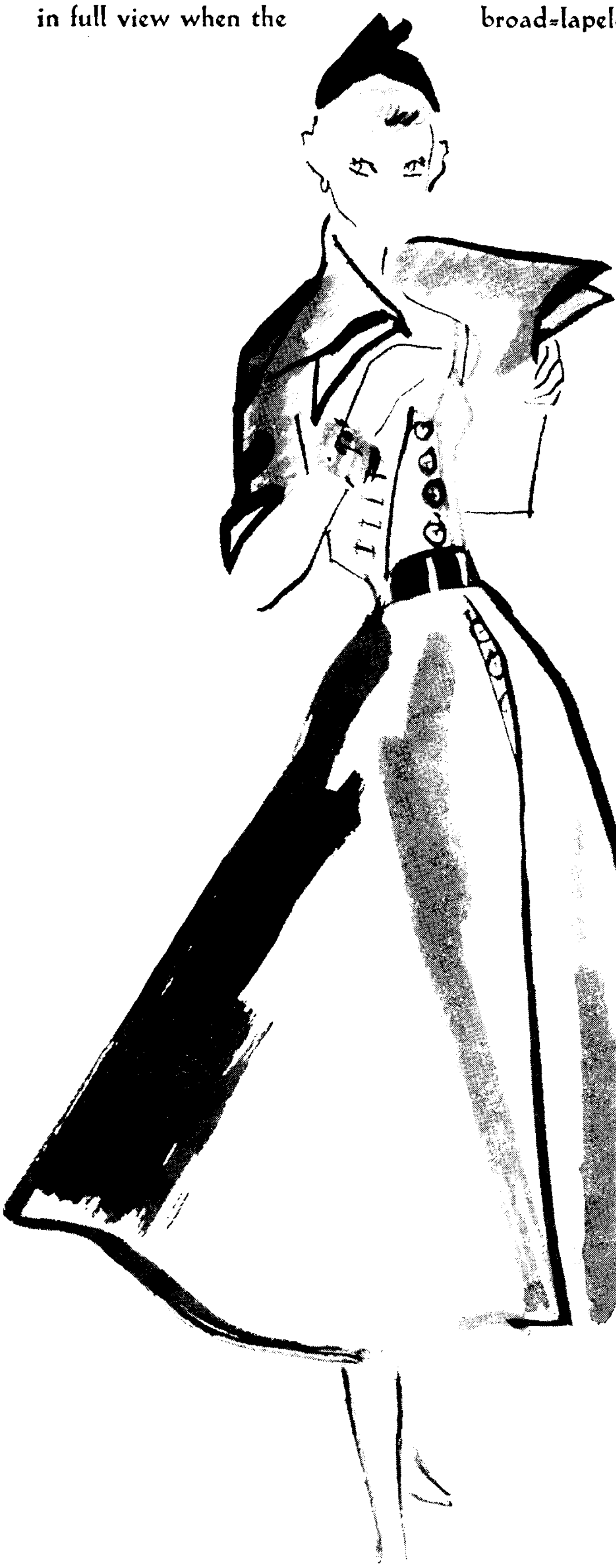

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Nov. 8, and Friday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Art in Your Life," a slightly helter-skelter but very spirited juxtaposition of examples of the fine arts and samples of industrial design, indicating how deeply "modernism" has penetrated into daily living. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Dec. 4.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show with paintings by, among others, Josef Albers, Jordan Belson, and Hilla Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Nov. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 6: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 6: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "La Bohème." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 4, at 2:30 (both with Pierre Fournier, cello); Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:45 (with William Lincer, viola); Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:45 (with Pierre Fournier, cello); Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:30 (both with William Kapell, piano); and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:45, an all-Wagner program, for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Mariquita Moll, soprano; Virginia Paris, contralto; Robert Bernauer and Eugene Conley, tenors; and others).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8:45, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman and Benjamin Britten conducting, with Peter Pears, tenor. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Charles Schiff conducting, with Julius Baker, flute. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Appleton and Field—Duo piano, in the last of three recitals. With Alfred Howard, timpani, and Abe Marcus, percussion. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Sari Biro—Piano, in the second of three piano-concerto programs, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Emanuel Vardi. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest String Quartet; Milton Katims, viola; and Benar Heifetz, cello. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5:30.)

Solomon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:40.)

Budapest String Quartet—With Milton Katims, viola. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

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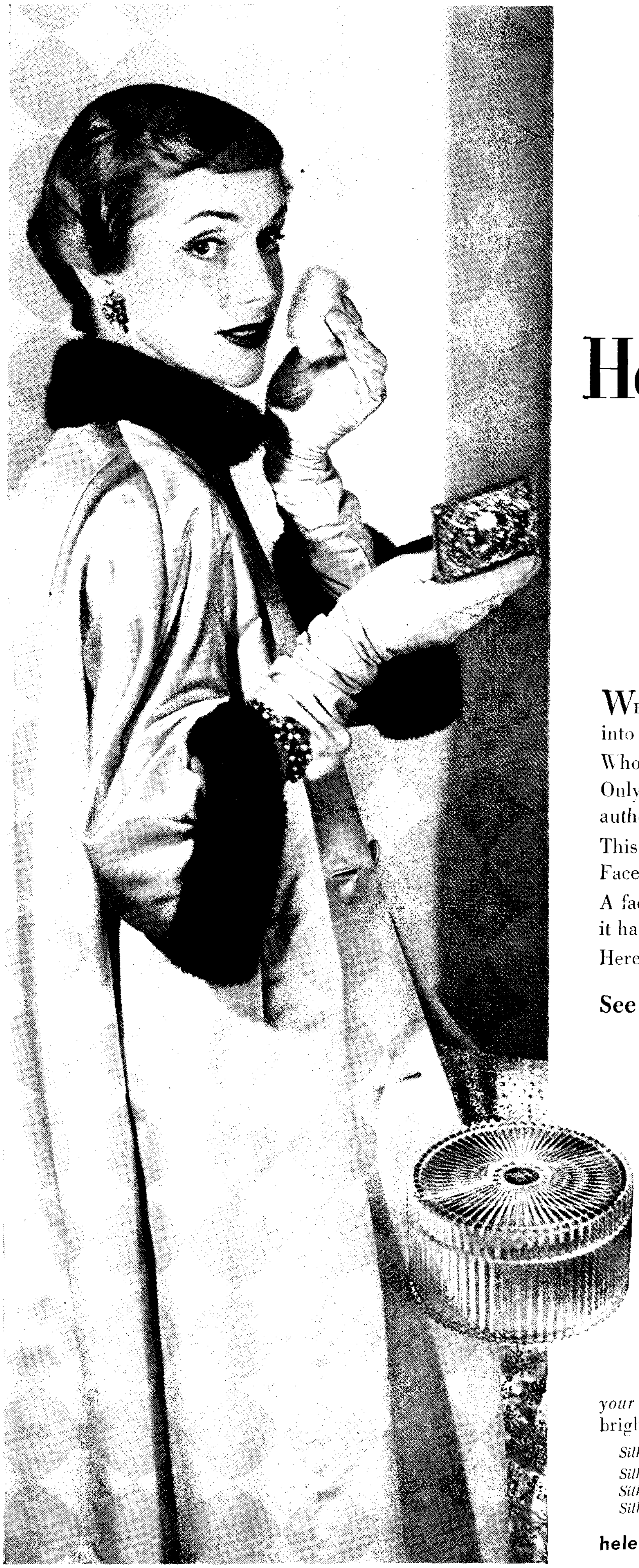

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Arndt, contralto; the American Community Chorus, directed by Dr. Karl Adler; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

RAY LEV—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

ANDOR FOLDES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

MARTIAL SINGHER—Baritone. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Pierre Fournier will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 8, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Woody Herman's orchestra, King Cole and his Trio, and Leonard Feather. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Charley Fusari vs. Terry Young, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Army vs. Fordham, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 12: Boston College vs. Fordham, at Boston, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Notre Dame vs. North Carolina, at Yankee Stadium. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Nov. 12.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 12; both at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOW—The National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Daily at 2 and 7:45, through Tuesday, Nov. 8.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 12.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Bulldogs. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Buffalo Bills. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:15.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1. The Gold Cup, Saturday, Nov. 5; the Demoiselle Stakes, Tuesday, Nov. 8; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:05 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:15.) . . . PIMLICO: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 12. The Pimlico Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 5.

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE—Around and around and around. (22nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 5, at 11 P.M. For tickets, call JU 6-3882.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—"Peter and the Wolf," with the Little Orchestra Society, conducted by Thomas Scherman, and the Suzari Marionettes. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

MOVIES—Children's films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 8, will be from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly often holds plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow during the week, and about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. Whenever plenary sessions are not going on, committees of the General Assembly confer at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating from fifty to a hundred onlookers apiece. About five hundred visitors continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, also at Lake Success. For tickets to any of these events, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

FLOWER SHOW—The forty-second annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York, together with a showing by the American Orchid Society. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 9, from noon to 10; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 10-11, from 10 to 10; and Saturday, Nov. 12, from 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—French and English furniture and decorations, from the collection of Theodore Gary. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St. Exhibition, Thursday, Nov. 3, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 2.) . . . ¶ First editions of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and English authors, other rare books, and autographs, from the library of the late Arthur Pforzheimer. (Kende Galleries, 119 W. 57th St. Exhibition, Saturday, Nov. 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 7-8, from 10 to 5:30; auction, Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 9-11, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Probing the Universe." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 11, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 11, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, except Monday, Nov. 7, at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

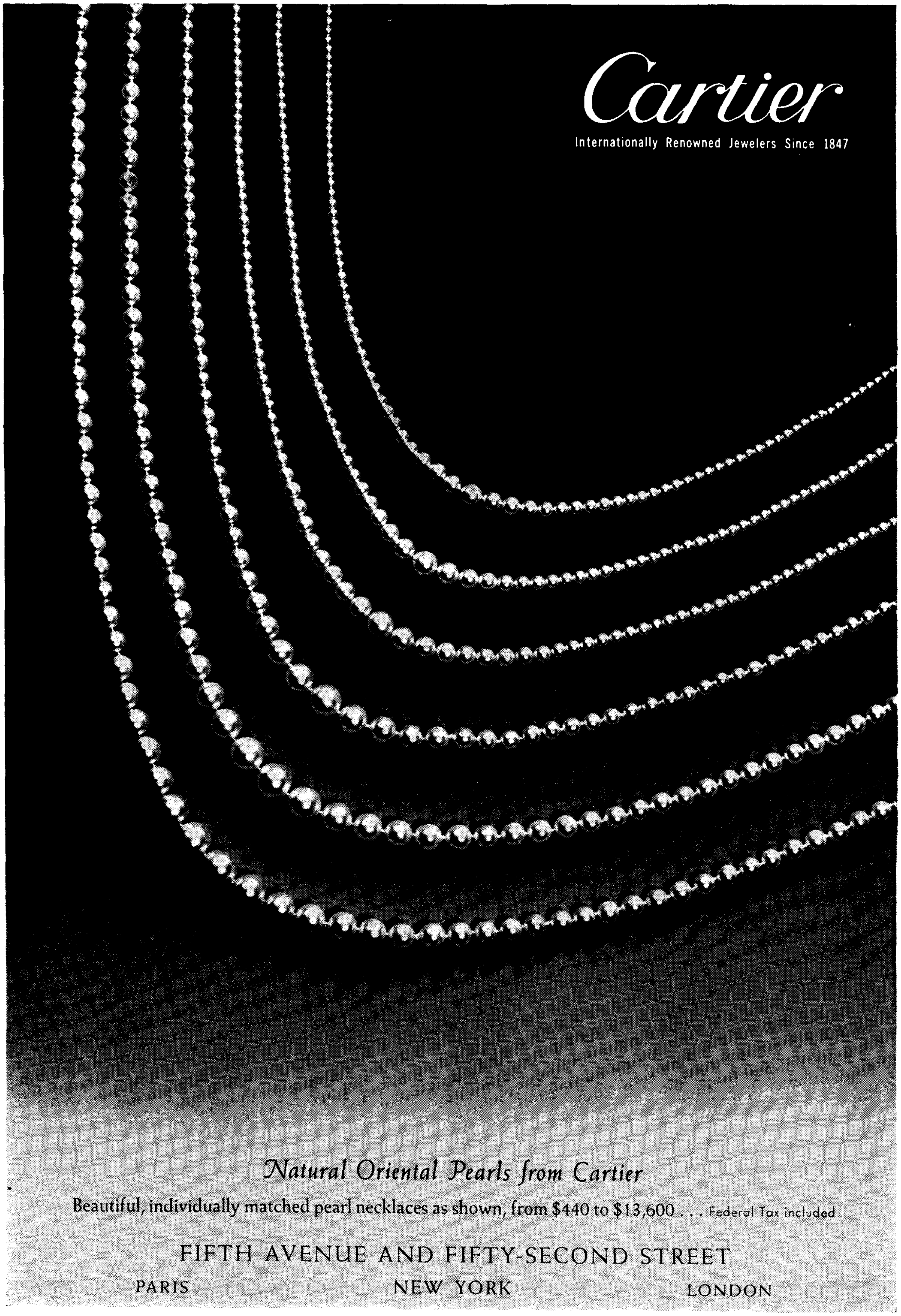
MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, Monday, Nov. 7, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Patrice Munsel, soprano, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell in "A Letter to Three Wives," Thursday, Nov. 3, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth," Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Tyrone Power, William Eythe, and Nina Foch in "The Traitor," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Army vs. Fordham, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at 1:20 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at 1:15 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Michigan State vs. Notre Dame, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL: Giants vs. Bulldogs, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2 P.M., WMGM.

TELEVISION

UNITED NATIONS—Sessions of the General Assembly will be broadcast at fairly regular



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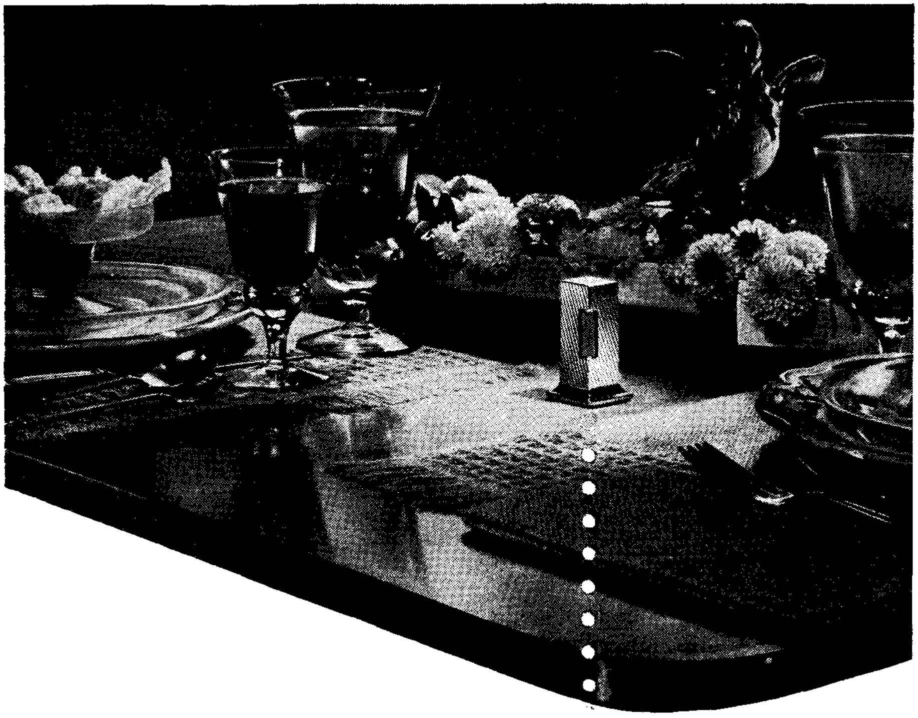

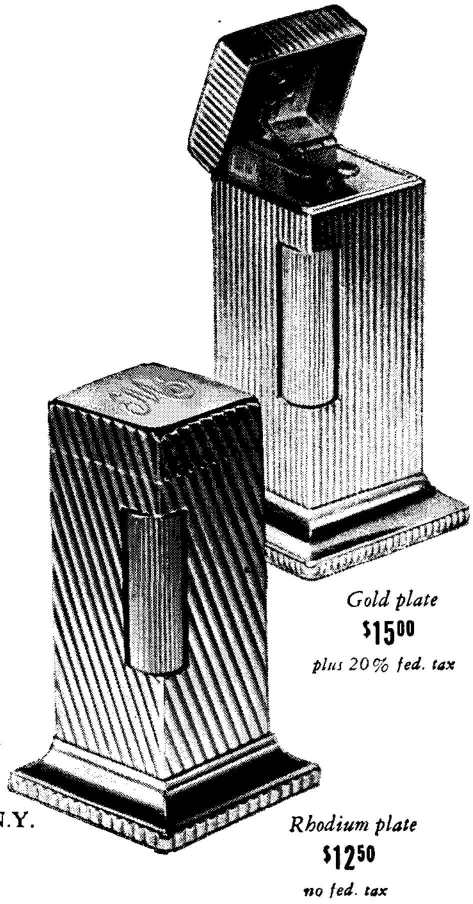

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

intervals starting Monday, Nov. 7, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., on WCBS-TV.

DRAMA—Judy Holliday, Richard Hart, and Marsha Hunt in "She Loves Me Not," Friday, Nov. 4, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Joan Chandler and Peter Cookson in "The House of the Seven Gables," Sunday, Nov. 6, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Luise Rainer in "His Name Is Jason," Monday, Nov. 7, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Margaret Phillips in "The Husband," Monday, Nov. 7, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV.

SPORTS—COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Army vs. Fordham, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at 1:20 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at 1:45 P.M., WPIX.

MISCELLANY—Filmed highlights of the past week's important football games, Friday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Season begins with games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, and 15.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 19: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick; Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse; Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **THURSDAY, NOV. 24:** Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 26:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at the Polo Grounds.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Bulldogs vs. Chicago Cardinals, Nov. 13; Giants vs. Detroit Lions, Nov. 20; Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 27; Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Dec. 4; Bulldogs vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 11. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago Hornets, Nov. 13; Yankees vs. Cleveland Browns, Nov. 20.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 13, 16, and 30, and Dec. 4, 7, and 11.

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 19.)

INDOOR POLO—Opening game of the season at Squadron A Armory, Nov. 19.

MUSIC—OPERA: Metropolitan Opera season opens Nov. 21, with "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano, Nov. 13; Efrem Zimbalist, violin, Nov. 14; Bronislav Gimpel, violin, Nov. 15; Simon Barere, piano, Nov. 18; the Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 29 and Dec. 13; Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 2; the Boston Symphony, Dec. 7 and 10; Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, Dec. 11. . . . **TOWN HALL:** New Friends of Music, Nov. 13, 20, and 27, and Dec. 4 and 11; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 13; Hortense Monath, piano, Nov. 14; Guiomar Novaes, piano, Nov. 26; Pierre Fournier, cello, Nov. 27; Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 28 and Dec. 12; Bach Aria Group, Nov. 30; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 11; Marjorie Lawrence, soprano, Dec. 15.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the New York City Center, Nov. 23-Dec. 11.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks—"The Father," by August Strindberg, with Raymond Massey and Mady Christians. . . . ¶ A musical, "Texas, Li'l Darlin'," with Kenny Delmar. . . . ¶ Katharine Cornell and Henry Daniell in "That Lady," a dramatization by Kate O'Brien of her novel "For One Sweet Grape." . . . ¶ A new play by Edward Chodorov, "Signor Chicago," with Guy Kibbee. . . . ¶ "The Closing Door," a play by Alexander Knox, with Doris Nolan and Mr. Knox, produced by Cheryl Crawford. . . . ¶ Lee Tracy and Arlene Francis in "Metropole," a play by William Walden. Produced by Max Gordon. . . . ¶ "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Anita Loos's book turned into a musical comedy by Miss Loos and Joseph Fields, with a score by Jule Styne. The cast will include Carol Channing and Yvonne Adair.

OTHER DATES—Ice Follies of 1950, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 17-29. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 24.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE AFFAIR BLUM—A German film that describes, through the medium of an engrossing melodrama, the way things were in Munich in 1926, when Hitler's messages were beginning to come in strong. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—Adolescent love described perceptively in a French film, directed by Claude Autant-Lara, that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

GERMANY YEAR ZERO—Roberto Rossellini's not too successful effort to duplicate, with a cast made up of German amateurs, the sort of thing he did so well in "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760; through Nov. 9, tentative.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 8, all at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

PINKY—The race problem again, this time as it affects a Negro girl, very fair in appearance, who ventures back to her birthplace in the South after passing for years as a white girl in Boston. Jeanne Crain plays the unfortunate young lady, and Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters also participate. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

QUARTET—An English film consisting of screen versions of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English film, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 8, all at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—The Abbey Theatre Players cutting loose in a modern Irish town, with results that are often very comic. An English picture, based on a script by Paul Vincent Carroll. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

TASK FORCE—Gary Cooper on the wing with the U. S. Navy's air arm in a movie that compensates for some implausible romance with excellent documentary shots of the war in the Pacific. Walter Brennan is helpful as an officer who acts as Mr. Cooper's mentor in the service. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8000; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 7.)

THE WINDOW—A modern version of Aesop's fable about the boy who cried Wolf. In this one, the boy, after letting go with several false alarms, winds up with something worth shouting about after witnessing a murder and being stalked by the killers himself. Well acted and exciting quite a bit of the time. With Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Ruth Roman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Nov. 4-8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 5-7.)

REVIVALS

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 8.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Nov. 9.)

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in occupied Berlin. Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 3.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 4.)

LANCER SPY (1937)—Espionage in the Berlin of 1914-18. Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 7-8.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 8.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 8.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (1944)—London's lower depths, interpreted by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 8.)

ODD MAN OUT (1947)—*James Mason as a fugitive* hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 5-8.)

POPPY (1936)—W. C. Fields on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS—The master bumbler in "How to Sleep," "A Night at the Movies," and "A Night Alone." (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723.)

ROOM SERVICE (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 6-7. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 8.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at *72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 8.)*

STREET SCENE (1931)—Elmer Rice's exploration of the city, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 5-8.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Nov. 6: "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 7: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean and Marise Maia. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 9: "Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Tokyo Joe," Humphrey Bogart.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"They Live By Night," Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 9 (tentative): "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 9: "Mary Ryan, Detective," Marsha Hunt.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Chicago Deadline," Alan Ladd, Donna Reed.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
PINKY.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Nov. 9: "Beyond the Forest," Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 7: "Christopher Columbus," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.
From Nov. 8: "All the King's Men," Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
Through Nov. 9 (tentative): **GERMANY YEAR ZERO.**

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Nov. 8: **POPPY,** revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS,** revival.
From Nov. 9: To be announced.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

EMBASSY CINEMA, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
"The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS.**

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
THE GREAT MCGINTY, revival; and **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS,** revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE GREAT MCGINTY, revival; and **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS,** revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Nov. 6: "Lost Youth" (in Italian); and "Merchant of Slaves" (in Italian).
From Nov. 7: "Fame is the Spur," Michael Redgrave; and "Birth of a Ballet," Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Passport to Pimlico," Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE AFFAIR BLUM.

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Why stay at home and shiver
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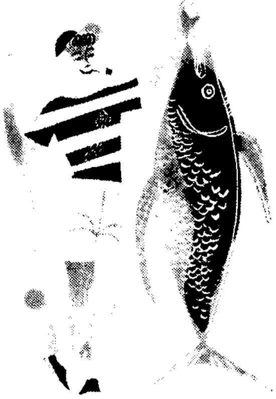
you'll go fishing



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A girdle that's *too small* at the hips causes unlovely thigh bulges. One that's *too wide* ripples down the sides. For the smoothest trimming ever, Warner's are hip-sized: *straight, average,* and *full.*

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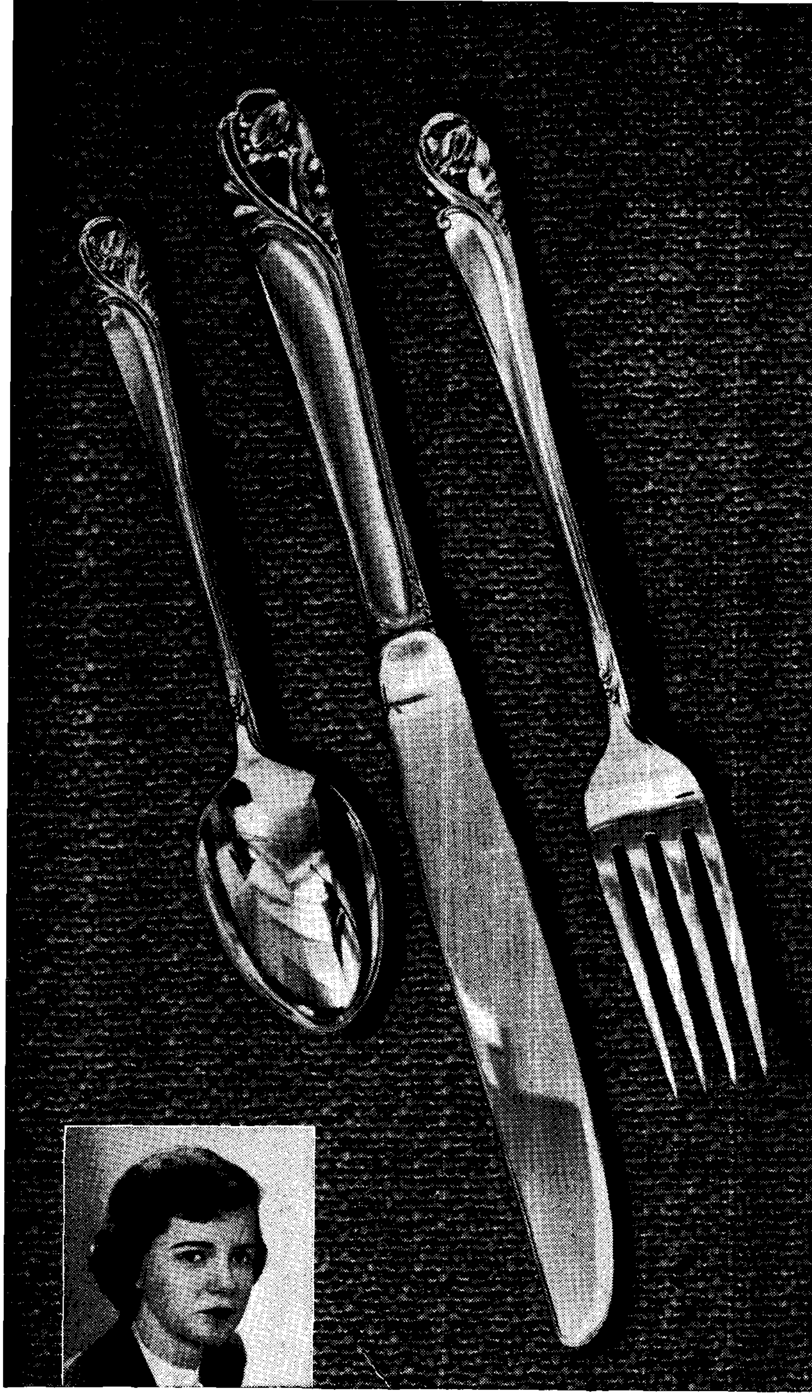
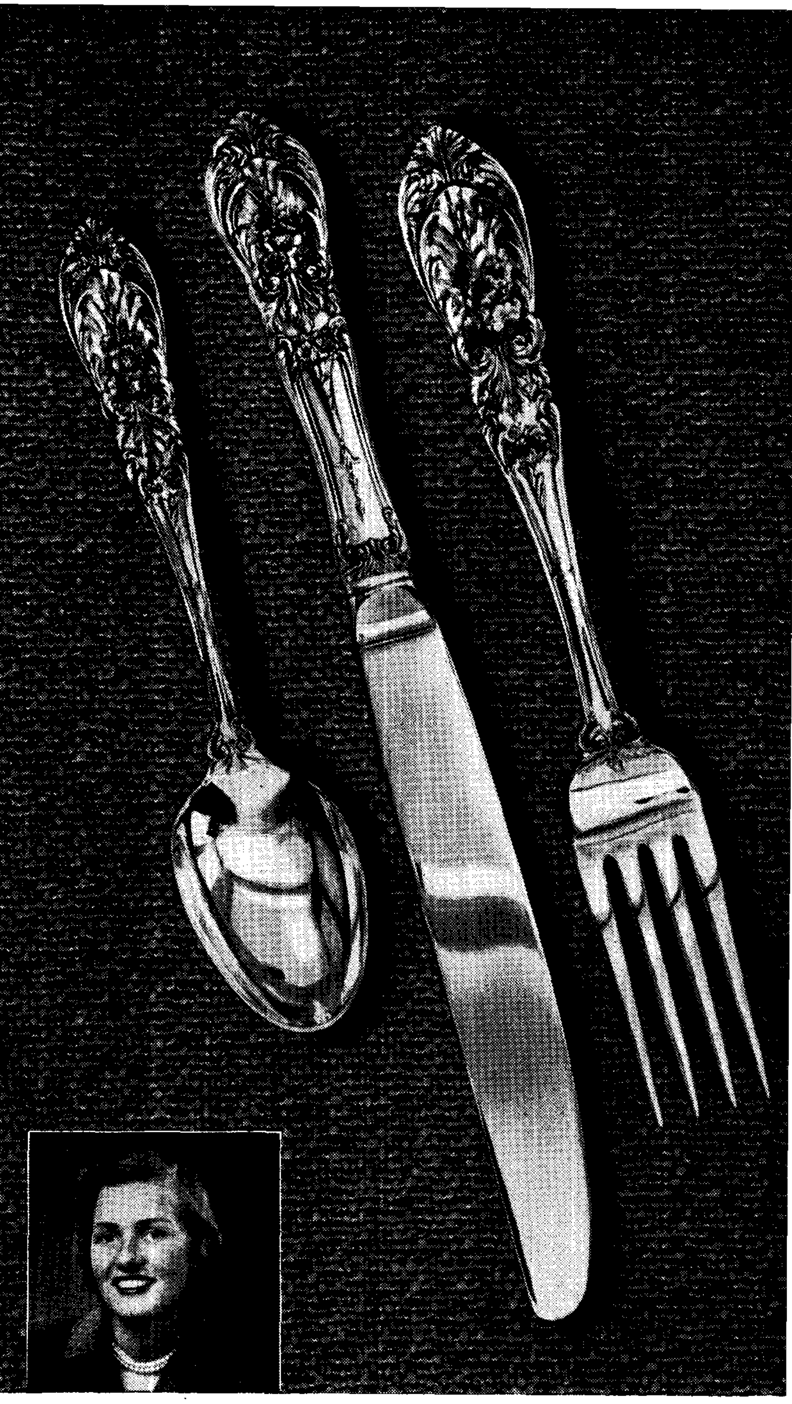
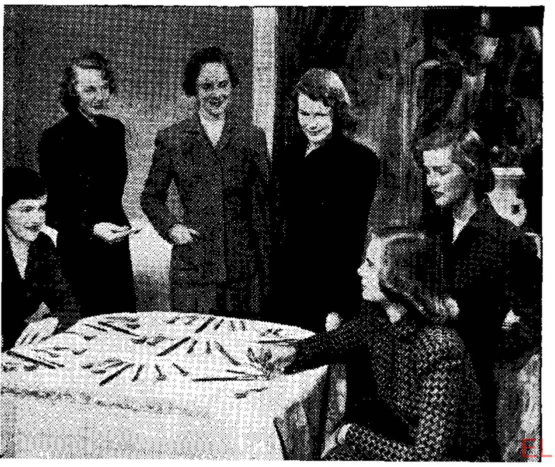


Bea Burchenal likes Spring Glory—"*Spring Glory* is my favorite. It is simple and modern, and most unusual—yet it has just enough design to make it feminine and attractive. I love the way it unfolds into one flower at the top of the handle."



Judy Radway selects Richelieu—"My choice is *Richelieu* because of its old-world dignity and charm. Its design is magnificent and I particularly like its heavy weight. Combining it with modern table decoration would be extremely effective."

Cincinnati post-debs choose their



GATHERED FOR LUNCH at The Town Club, six of Cincinnati's loveliest post-debs are absorbed in a matter of lifetime importance—the selection of their favorites from an exciting array of International Sterling patterns.

These girls lead varied lives. One is already married, another has announced her engagement—careers and college will keep the others busy for the next few years.

But they agree completely that in their homes, present or sometime-to-be, they want only the finest solid silver—luxurious International Sterling.

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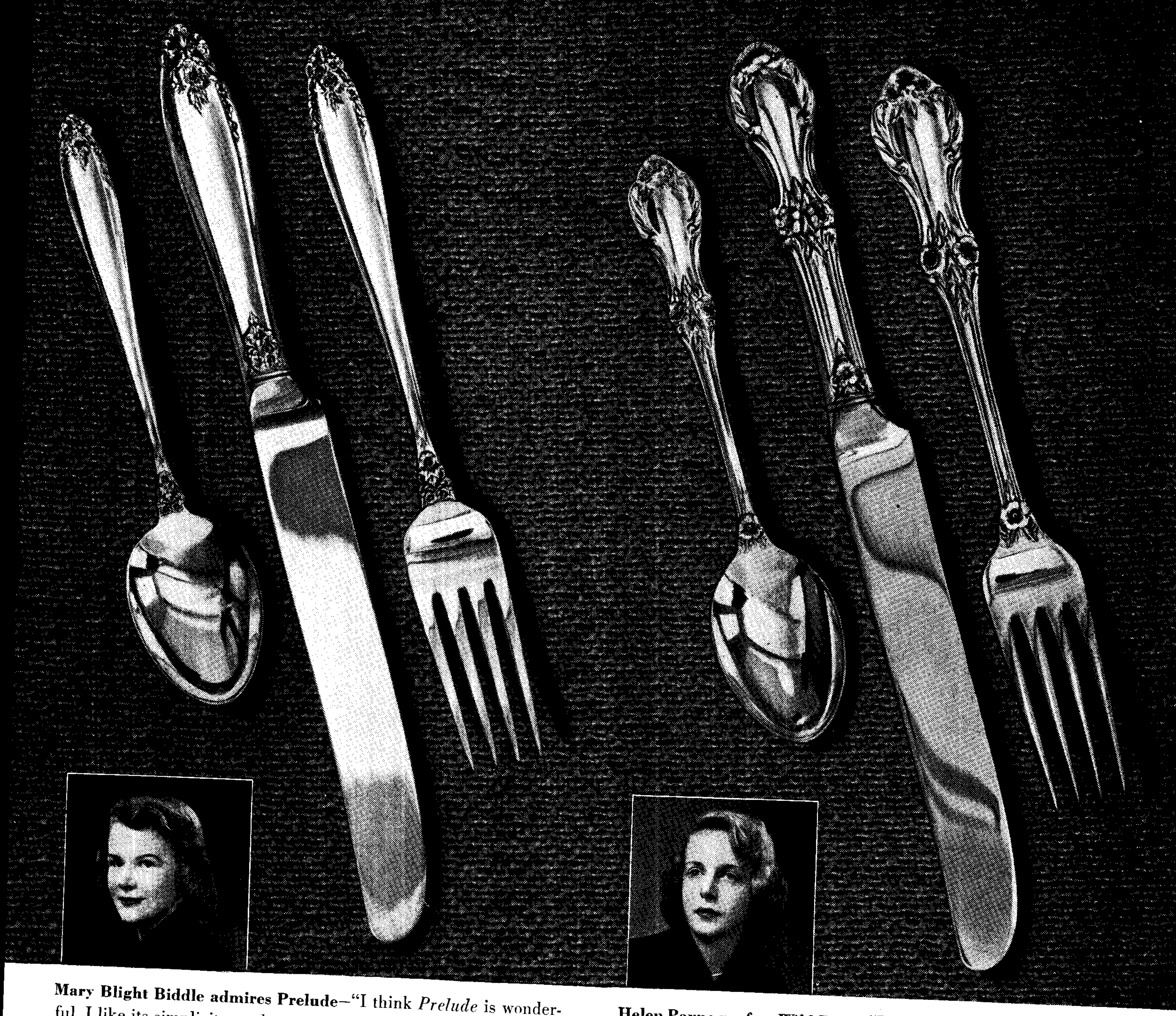

Mary Blight Biddle admires Prelude—"I think *Prelude* is wonderful. I like its simplicity, and yet the delicately carved flowers at the top and base of the shaft give it a dress-up air. It will harmonize with any type of china or linen I choose."

Helen Payne prefers Wild Rose—"I like *Wild Rose* because its lines are not too plain or too ornate, and it will be equally attractive for either formal or informal tables. It will go very well with my china, and will look lovely with a single initial."

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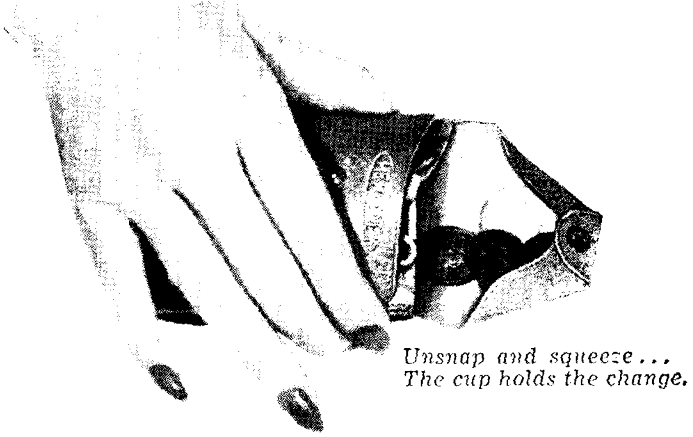
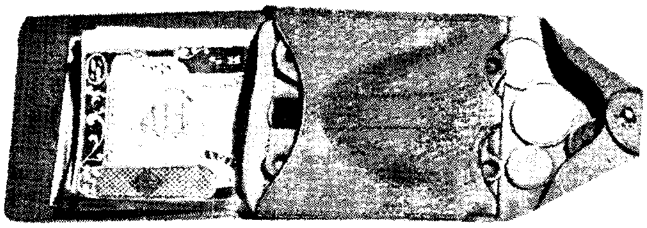
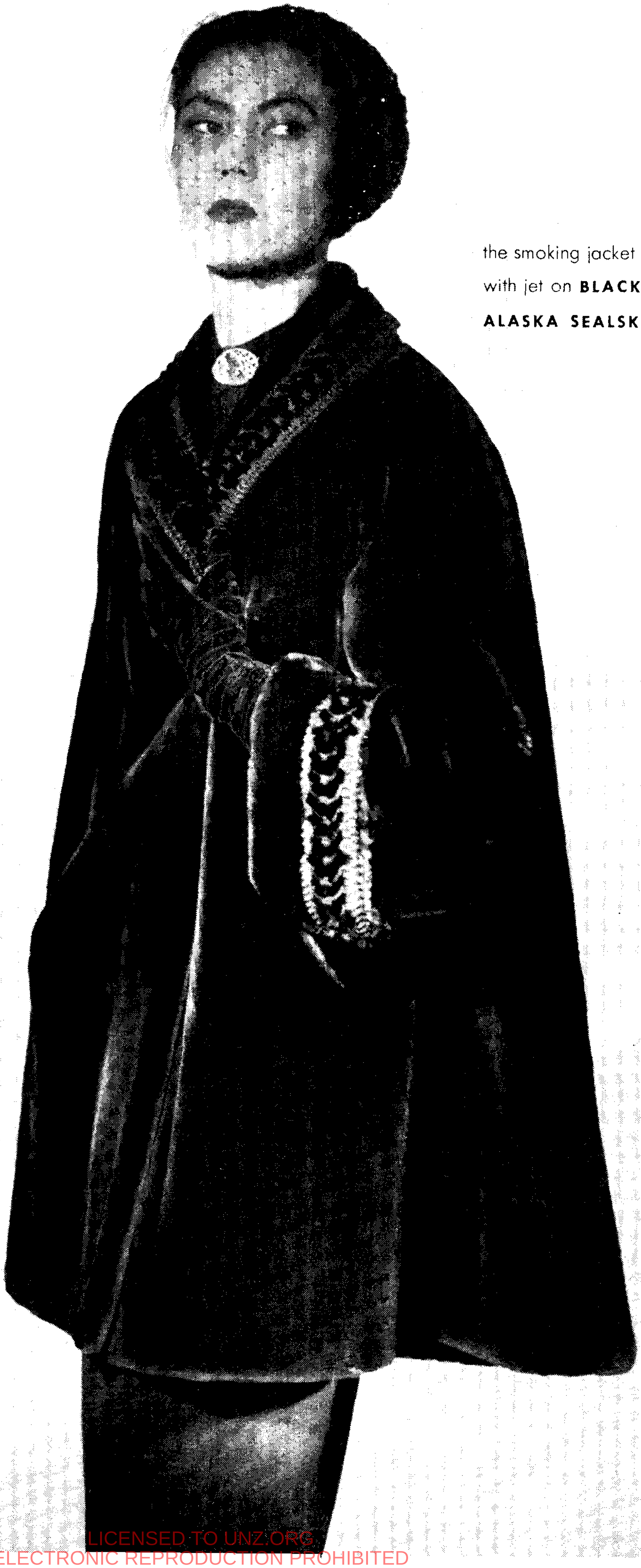


Unsnap and squeeze . . .
The cup holds the change.



The "Herbener" holds bills, keys in individual pockets, a nail file, and has a very special pocket for change or cards.

U. S. Pat. Nos. 2,277,104; 2,288,704; 2,346,433; 2,346,434



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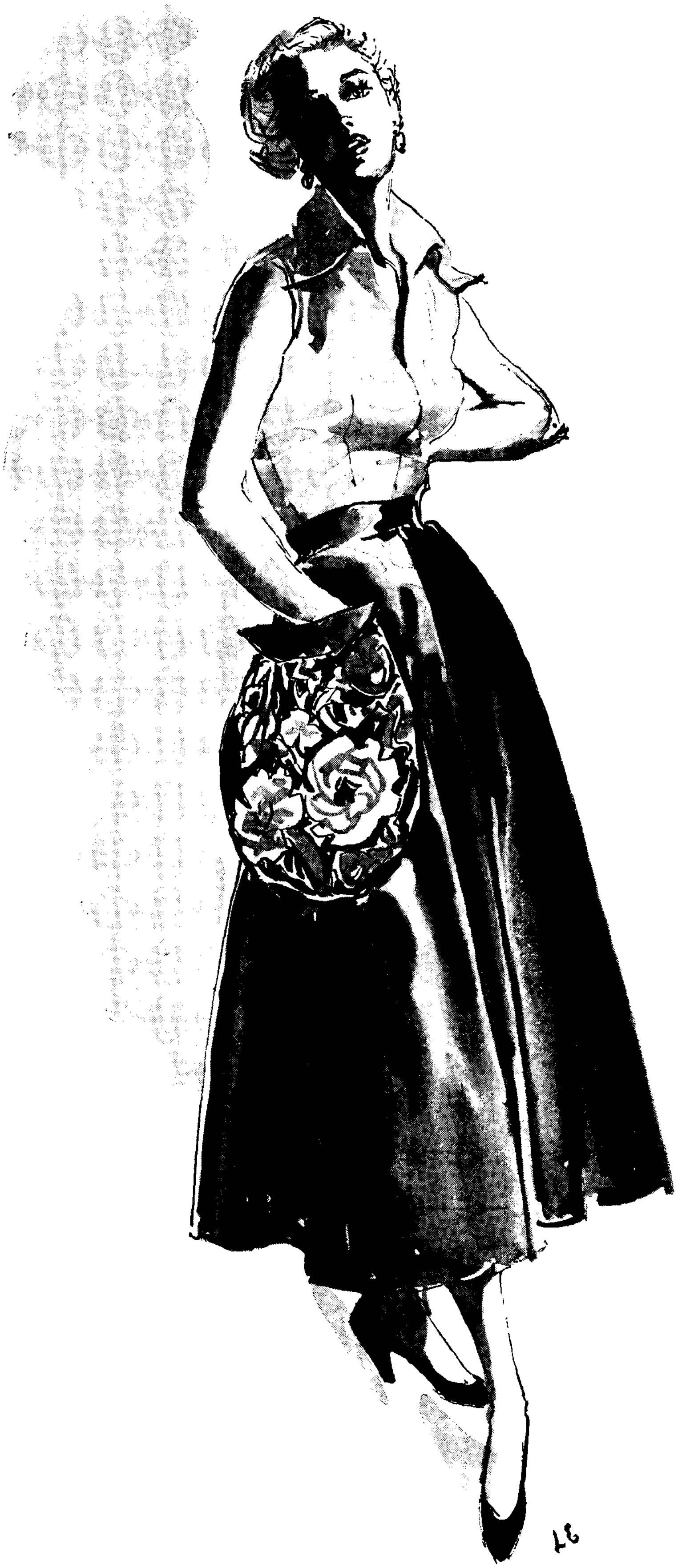

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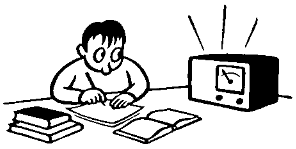
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

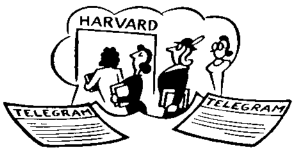
Notes and Comment

WE predicted a few weeks ago, when Grand Central got wired for sound, that the idea would spread to other public and quasi-public places, such as hospitals. Last week the Albany Hospital installed sound—to brighten up the atmosphere for patients and visitors. Background music is the feature—semiclassical records on a centrally located machine, or daemon. So far, no commercials. And so far the music is limited to the psychiatric wing. Our next prediction is that sound will escape from this wing and make its way into other wings, wards, and corridors. We predict the emergence of sound into the delivery room. Song: "Baby, It's Cold Outside."

IT is, in truth, cold outside. The individual is becoming the captive of the soundmakers and is losing the right to choose whether he listens or doesn't listen. We don't think Grand Central should produce any sound, any noise, except the noises and sounds incidental to train arrival and departure: the noise of destinations. We don't think a person waiting anxiously in a hospital reception room should be compelled to listen to music somebody thinks might be good for him to hear, or that a passenger on a streetcar should have to listen to advice some merchant is willing to pay to express. Already radio, in a generation that finds it part of nature, tends to fur the edge of many minds (the child doing his homework with the radio on, the housewife doing her chores to the accompaniment of commercials). Right now radio is at a turning point. It better be a turning-off point, not a turning-on point. One is free choice, the other is the slavery of sound. We strongly advise any person who finds himself exposed to amplified sound in hospitals, terminals, or common carriers to protest to the management or call the police.



WE'VE been privileged to read an exchange of telegrams between the Harvard Law School *Record* and Dean Wesley Sturges, of the Yale Law School, anent Harvard Law's recent precedent-shattering decision to admit women students. In its telegram, the *Record* outlined the novel situation and then said, "Will you please comment on this? Reply by wire collect." The Dean replied as follows:



YALE LAW FACULTY AND STUDENT BODY DEEPLY MOVED. FEEL IT QUITE POSSIBLE HARVARD MAY MAKE CONTRIBUTION TO WOMANHOOD. DOUBT MANY ADVERSE CONSEQUENCES HARVARD FACULTY OR STUDENT BODY. WE HAVE ALWAYS FOLLOWED WITH GENUINE INTEREST LONG STRUGGLE HARVARD LIBERALS IN THIS MATTER. OUR MANY GENERATIONS OF WOMEN GRADUATES ARE OF COURSE A PRIDE AND JOY. BEST WISHES.

This communication, which we're glad to say was sent prepaid, seems to us notable for a characteristically legal disinclination to commit itself as to the virtues of a rival, for its implication that Harvard, after goodness knows how many a tumble, has finally reached a perch that New Haven has long been accustomed to, and, above all, for its brilliant failure, while exuding approval, kindliness, and the very best will in the world, to provide anything the H.L.S. *Record* could possibly quote to advantage. It will surely be a long time before Harvard again invites comment from Yale on *anything*. How Dean Sturges must be chuckling into his briefs and torts!

Obtrusive Venus

WE hopped over to the Modern Art Foundry, in Long Island City, early last week to have a look at what is probably the largest work of sculpture ever to be cast in aluminum, anywhere—the composition by Wheeler Williams that will adorn the façade of the new Parke-Bernet Galleries Building, on Madison Avenue. Our interest in Mr. Williams' work, which consists of a floating Venus hovering solicitously over a rather lethargic youth, was not purely aesthetic; we had learned that it had been causing some trouble in municipal-government circles. It turned out that Mr. Williams' sculpture would extend over the sidewalk about twice as far as the building code of the city allows. When the architects—Walker & Poor—took up the problem with the Board of Standards and Appeals, on behalf of Robert W. Dowling, president of the corporation that owns the place, the Board hesitated to make a ruling, and Mr. Dowling went to the Board of Estimate and offered to lease the space the sculpture would displace. The Board asked, and got, fifty dollars a year.

It happened, luckily, that at the moment of our call Mr. Williams was present, supervising the fastening on of Venus's arms. "We're ready to bolt the whole thing in place," he told us. "It will be covered with cloth until the official unveiling, next week. It's really all my fault that this piece got out of hand. I didn't think about the building-code restriction until I had my first scale model finished. The architects had had a smaller, vertical figure in mind. However, the building is so completely horizontal—only five stories and occupying a whole block front—that I felt they'd want me to relieve the flat, thin façade with a piece of horizontal sculpture. The architects were kind enough to take out a window and give me an uninterrupted stone surface over the door for my design, which is fourteen feet long and ten feet high." We asked Mr. Williams to explain the symbolism of his Venus and the logy lad. "It's called 'Venus and Manhattan,' and it's supposed to show Venus floating in from across the sea to awaken Manhattan to the beauty of art," he said. "The public probably won't get the point, but they can always inquire inside. Parke-Bernet imports foreign art objects, so Venus is telling Manhattan about them. I think architects always ought to call for symbols designating the purpose of their buildings."

When it was discovered that Mr. Williams' composition would entail a violation of the building code, which specifies that cornices and ornamental projections can't go more than eighteen inches beyond the building line, he offered to do the work in low relief, but by that time Mr. Dowling was so taken with the model that he insisted on Mr. Williams' going right ahead. The sculptor transformed a photograph of the model into a sort of contour map for the benefit of city authorities, blocking out with a red pencil those portions that would protrude into city-owned space: Manhattan's knees, shoulders, and head; Venus's torso, bosom, and hand. Such space (including that occupied by building-to-building bridges) is never sold by the city, just rented, and Mr. Dowling was able to make only a year-to-year deal. The idea in bolting the statuary to the building is that it can be readily removed if anything goes wrong. "We thought of putting hooks on the bottom of Manhattan and telling the city people the casting was an ornamental anchor for a canopy," Mr. Williams told us, "but we learned that canopies are forbidden along this section of Madison Avenue. I've designed the whole work so that it can be assembled or, heaven forbid, disassembled in no time at all."

Mr. Williams, who is fifty-one, has done busts of Admiral Halsey and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett and has been appointed sculptor for the United States Military Cemetery at Cambridge, England. Whether his work is mortuary or not, he always tries to make it look lifelike. This policy led to trouble once, when he decided to do a statue of a leopard. He had a live leopard delivered at his studio—one that had been in a movie and that he was assured was safe. It was safe, all right, and behaved impeccably until Mr. Williams had completed his clay model, whereupon it turned on the imitation and bit its head off. "Venus and Manhattan" will be the largest job by Mr. Williams on view in New York City, and he's been giving some thought to a means of keeping pigeons off it, as have other sculptors about other pieces around the city. One sculptor proposed that castings be steam-heated, but it was pointed out that that would cause vapor to rise and, moreover, might attract pigeons anxious to get warm. Another notion was to charge the castings with electricity. The A.S.P.C.A. vetoed that. "I believe, though," Mr. Williams said, "the Society is mulling over a plan to set up an electronic field near 'Venus and Manhattan' that will drive the pigeons the hell away."

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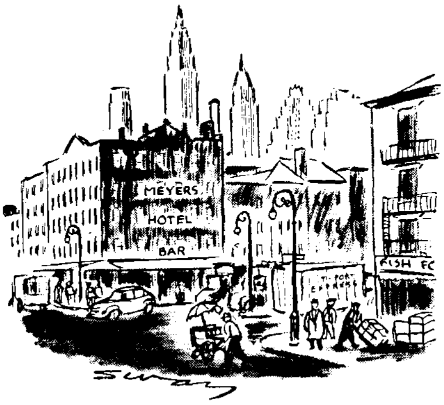
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: An election banner in Whitesville, Kentucky, reads, "Ray Horn for Jailer, Kind and Courteous to All."

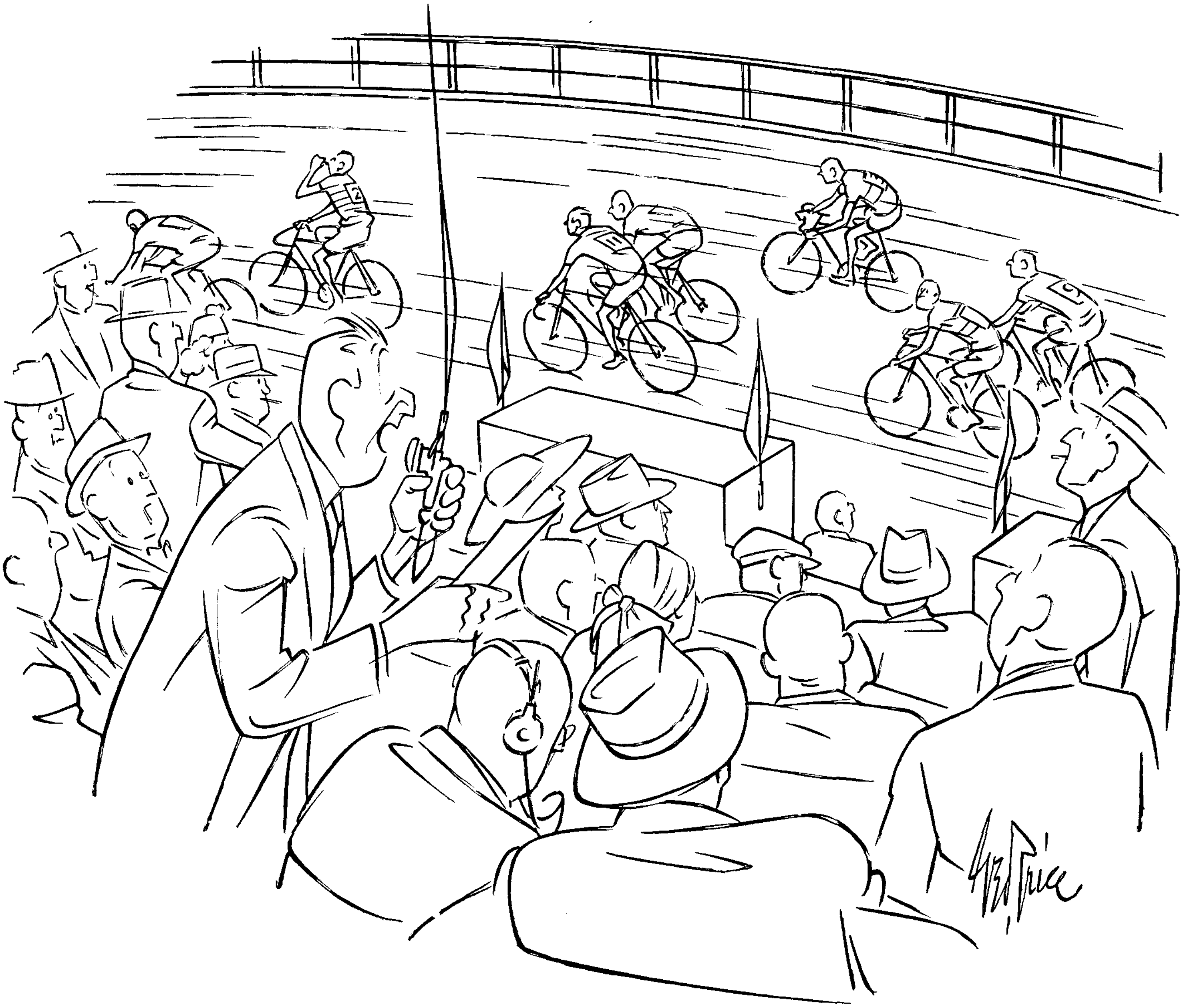
Pioneer Shirt

WHAT a year for shirts this has been! First came the adaptation for ladies' wear of Brooks Brothers' famous pink number, on which we submitted a report a while back. Now, for the first time in its long history, Sulka is advertising, and exhibiting on its ground floor, a ready-to-wear shirt. We have consulted Mr. Thomas F. Williamson, the storied emporium's shirt-department chief, about this startling innovation. Declining to read any social significance into the matter, he advised us that the trail-blazing garment—white broadcloth, patch pocket on left breast, $13.50—had come about as a result of many requests for ready-made shirts from would-be purchasers. "Some men don't like to bother with fittings and waiting," he said, "and women often want to buy Sulka shirts as presents, quickly." Sulka has long kept on hand a few ready-made evening shirts for emergency cases, we learned, and a couple of years ago began to make regular shirts—white, colored, and striped—for customers in shirtorial straits. These were sold quietly on the second floor. The colored and striped ones, which are in short supply and sell for eighteen dollars apiece, are still on the second floor, but the white ready-mades, now plentiful, are displayed on the first floor, are advertised, and, according to Mr. Williamson, have been moving rapidly. "They're being very well accepted," he said, waving one at us. "Before we put them on sale, we had some of our fellows wear samples in every kind of broadcloth and send them to bum laundries. We picked the material that stood the abuse best. They're made just like our custom shirts—notice the stitching on the collar, the box-pleat center, the long skirt, the depth of the bevel on the ocean-pearl buttons, the French cuffs. We think a nice shirt is deserving of a French cuff. We *may* go into the barrel cuff on oxford, a rougher material, for more general wear."



Mr. Williamson, who had on a gray-striped custom shirt, with matching tie, handkerchief, and socks, has been with Sulka thirty years. It is his opinion that men of irregular proportions, who are in the majority, are better off in made-to-orders than in ready-mades. "Mr. Big Fellow will come in with a fifteen-and-a-half neck and a forty-four chest," he said. "He should have his shirts made, and so should men who want a particular style of collar—the collar is the most important part of the shirt, because it shows—and men who have arms of different lengths. Eight out of ten men have one arm longer than the other; if you're right-handed, the right is generally longer, and vice versa. The ready-made shirt doesn't take this into account." We learned that Sulka has a South American customer who once ordered two hundred and twenty thirty-dollar custom shirts in a batch, and that another client buys only green shirts, pajamas, ties, and socks. "He also wears green suits and green shoes," Mr. Williamson said. We expressed astonishment at the South American order. Our informant admitted that it was, in his experience, a record but stated that large orders are not uncommon. "Some of our people have several homes and maybe a yacht, and like to have complete wardrobes everywhere," he explained.

We led the conversation to ties, and Mr. Williamson observed that the



"Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Lembaugh, of 435 Grand Concourse, the Bronx, offer their only daughter, Ethel, to the winner of a five-lap sprint."

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showcases within our sight at the moment contained five hundred dozen different patterns and that Sulka also makes ties to order. "The ready-made tie usually runs from forty-eight to fifty inches," he said, "but very tall men should have longer ones. Some of those big fellows down in Texas get fifty-seven-inch ties." After declaring that seasoned Sulka striped-tie customers haven't fallen much for the current whorl-and-curlicue vogue, he returned abruptly to the subject of shirts. "Downtown, you find the white-shirt wearers," he said. "This end of town, in the Forties and Fifties, you get a more cosmopolitan crowd, which goes in for colors." Most of Sulka's ready-made customers are new to the store. "The ready-made shirt is a steppingstone," Mr. W. remarked. "Ready-made customers switch to made-to-order. On the other hand, if a man who has been coming to us for years says to hell with custom shirts and is easing out, we may hold him with the ready-made. It's a good thing any way you look at it."

Higher Mathematics

POSTED in the Gold Room of the Hotel Martinique is a placard bearing an unusually intricate warning, signed by the Commissioner of the Department of Housing and Buildings, City of New York:

> Occupancy by more than
> 290 persons dancing
> 150 persons dining
> 214 persons meeting
> 120 persons cardplaying
> is dangerous and unlawful.

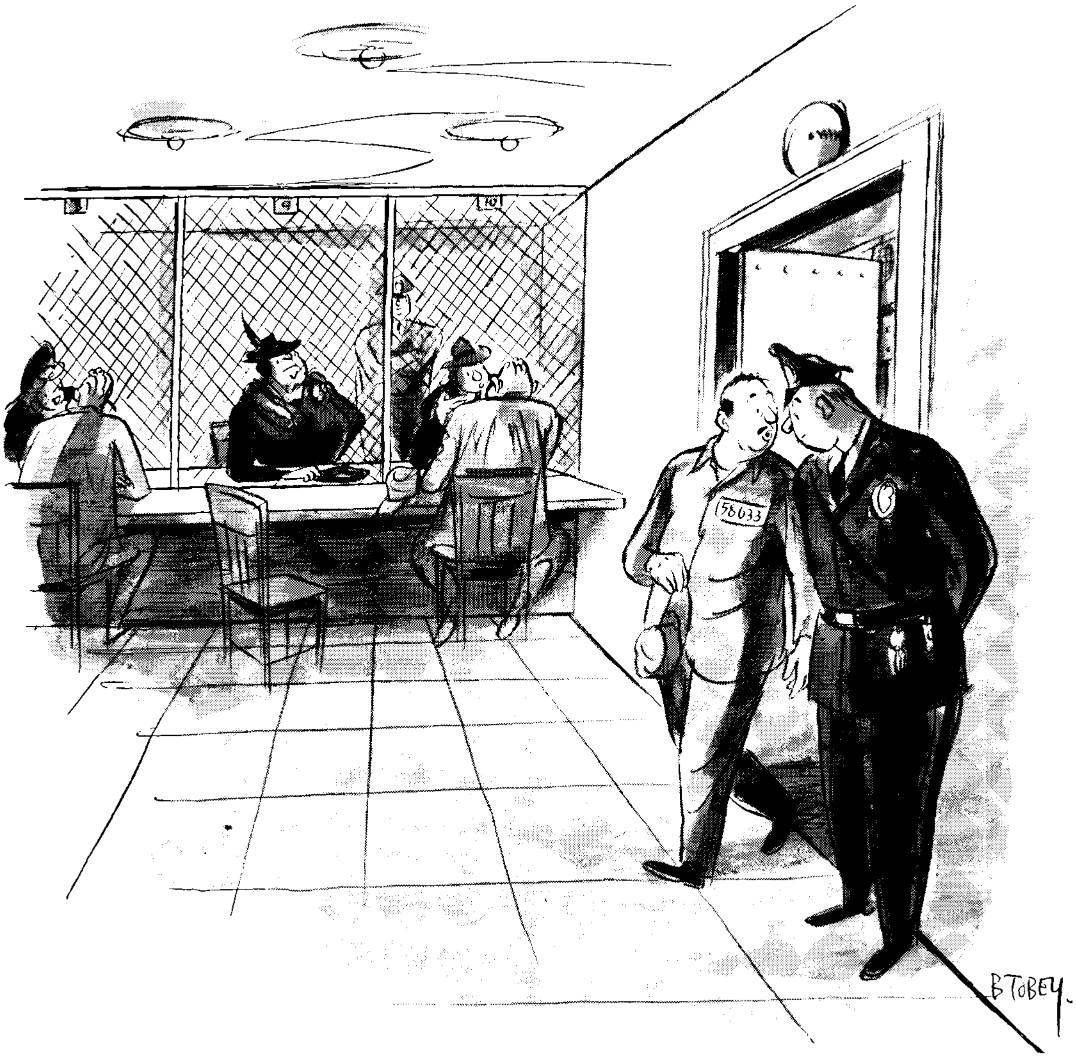
The pad-and-pencil work that goes on when a dancing diner meets an old friend at a bridge table and inveigles her onto the floor presumably beggars description.

Everything Is Wheels

THE National Business Show, formally dedicated to "the emancipation of the white-collar worker," which animated Grand Central Palace last week, found us on hand, floundering from booth to booth in a sea of bright-eyed, persuasive female demonstrators, sharp young male dittos, and gentlemen dressed as we suppose efficiency experts are dressed, the last listening with obviously open minds, storing up pamphlets bearing such admonitions as "Cut your payroll costs in half with Paywrite," "Set it yourself with Fototype," and "Felins Pak-Tyer ties anything better, faster, neater," and pocketing samples of products. They were all hustle and bustle, although some of them, so help us, were wearing starched white collars. They flipped through hanging files, whirled revolving files, chucked coins into a coin-sorting machine to get them sorted, banged safe doors shut, manipulated and tried to outwit calculating machines, soberly dictated into recording machines, and got their arms tied together (having neglected to bring along packages) by the Felins Pak-Tyer.

We edged toward a booth where a young man was poised, hand upraised, to demonstrate a Lightning Letter Opener. “How many letters you get a day?” he demanded. We told him, and he was badly shaken. When he recovered, he sportingly ran a few hundred letters through the machine and told us that it can handle fifty-two thousand a day. “Twenty-five times as fast as by hand,” he said. “You get fifty-two thousand letters a day, you save fifty-eight minutes out of every hour. In five years . . .” At the next booth, a blond young lady with two roses in her hair was sitting at a desk and snapping the switches of an intercom instrument. “No more holding down switches,” she said, smiling. “Both hands free to turn papers, or anything. You an office manager?” We said regretfully that we weren’t, and walked on to a tall pylon, on the top of which stood a pole wagging back and forth. At the top of the pole, a circular card-index file revolved, like a wobbly, spinning umbrella. The man attending it told us that only his company dared make this demonstration, which he called the flying-saucer test. We gave the mechanism an approving nod and made our way into the Rand McNally booth, where atlases and globes were lying about and large wall maps hung. An elderly lady in a black dress and a black hat with a huge black bow on the front had got the attention of the man in charge of the display. “When are you people going to put out a decent city street guide?” she asked sternly. “I took a copy of my 1908 guide into your office to be used as a working model—” “1908,” the man murmured. “And nothing ever came of it,” the lady went on. “There hasn’t been a good city guide put out since 1908!” We left the Rand McNally man still on the pan and looking uncomfortable, and passed on to an exhibit of typewriter stands. “No creeping feet!” a pale young man wearing a rose in his lapel said with nervous excitement. “Patented housings over the casters! No bruised ankles, no joggle, no time lost in pulling the stand back after vibration has moved it out of place!” “I know all about these things,” a man in a polo coat said to us assuredly. “I’m from Chicago.” At the next booth, we came upon another circular file, this one revolving upon a horizontal axis, like a water wheel, or any wheel, and were told by the man in charge that all card-index systems that aren’t circular are obsolete. “Everything is wheels now,” he said. “The turbine, the propulsion motor, the rocket-ship engine. One hand for turning the file, one hand free for keeping records.” At his suggestion, we gave the file a nudge. It spun around rapidly.

We walked over to an exhibit of safes, where the lady with the big bow on her hat was revealing herself to the man in charge as the originator of a metal-refining process. “You have pits in the doors of some of your safes,” she said. “With my process, there is no scoring, no pitting . . .” We pushed on past the Simplex Time Recorder booth (“The New Simplex Watchman’s Clock ‘Watches the Watchman’ ”) and were brought up short by a dictating machine called the Gray Audograph, which was playing itself back in a commanding tone. “Shake me hard,” it ordered. After a pause, it commented, “That was a good one!” We hadn’t laid a hand on it.



“Be sure to let me know the instant my fifteen minutes are up.”

By Any Other Name

THE parents of a girl in the third grade of a local parochial school were understandably shocked recently when she informed them with pride that she had been assigned a role in the forthcoming school presentation of a play that she insisted was entitled “The Virgin Menace.” The parents fretted about this for a couple of days, and then her mother

SOLD
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called the school, where she was connected with a polite young priest, who shared her incredulity. After excusing himself for a moment, he came back to the phone to report, with obvious relief, that the only drama on the school's production schedule was "The Merchant of Venice."

Other Sister

LAST summer, we called on Mme. Pandit, the Indian Ambassador to this country and a sister of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. The latter's current visit, now concluding, prompted us to look up another sister, temporarily in this country—Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, whom we found in a hotel on Lexington Avenue, about to start off on a three-and-a-half-month transcontinental lecture tour. Her name is pronounced Hŭt-ē′sĭng. She is eighteen years her brother's junior. "He was at Harrow when I was born," she told us, "and I first remember meeting him in 1912, when I was five and he came home from Cambridge. I recall him as a terrible tease then." Mrs. Hutheesing attended the famous trial of her father and brother in 1921, which resulted in the first of their many prison sentences. Later, as secretary of the Youth League, she emulated their acts of civil disobedience and was imprisoned twice—in 1931, for a few hours, and a year later, soon after her father's death, for eleven and a half months. "My sister and I received the same sentence in 1932," she said. "We went to the Lucknow Central Prison together. We were Class A prisoners, which meant we could wear our own clothes, write and receive letters once a fortnight, and be visited by relatives once a fortnight. Class B prisoners were entitled to those privileges only once a month and had to wear uniforms. We all had the same wretched food and slept twenty to a room."

Shortly after her release, she married Raja Hutheesing, a member of a rich cotton family, an Oxford graduate, and a lawyer. In 1937, he gave up law for politics, associating himself with movements headed by Gandhi and Nehru. He has just joined his wife here and will accompany her on her tour. They are giving several joint lectures. He will take up political matters; she, social and economic ones, mostly from the woman's angle. Mrs. H. made a similar but less extensive American tour in 1947. "We were not free then," she said. "Now, of course, I will have a different topic—how freedom has affected us. I feel that Americans know more about India now than they did then. I remember one lady asked me, 'What will you do with your animals after the British leave?' I asked what she meant, and she said that, according to Hindu philosophy, no animal could be confined, and she was afraid all the animals in Indian zoos would be turned loose." Mrs. Hutheesing explained the sacred-cow doctrine to her and told her that it is limited to parts of southern India and is waning there.

The Hutheesing home is in Bombay. Mrs. Hutheesing is a very pretty agitator, or ex-agitator, with brown eyes and dark hair. She accompanied her brother on the first part of his trip westward, by air, but he flew here from London in President Truman's plane, the Independence, and she came in a commercial airliner. She has had little chance to talk with him here, having seen him only at a few receptions that were given for him, except for one evening when she had a bite with him at the Waldorf and took him over to Times Square. "He got rather excited about the electric signs there," she told us. "Said they tended to put him off the products they advertised." According to her, Nehru aged noticeably during the months of rioting that followed India's liberation but is naturally optimistic, full of energy and vitality, capable of dropping mental burdens, and physically fearless. "Early this year," she said, "my brother and I and my immediate family—my husband and our two sons—were to fly from Delhi to Kashmir for a freedom celebration. Twenty minutes after the takeoff, the pilot received storm signals and returned to Delhi. Jawaharlal kept urging the pilot to start again, saying he was sure the weather wouldn't be bad, and the pilot finally did, after an hour, but the weather got *worse*. There was really a terrible storm. 'Feeling frightened, are you?' Jawaharlal said, unbuckling his safety belt and walking up and down the plane. 'Well, if we die, we all die together. We'll be wiped out, and we won't have to mourn one another. Isn't that a comfort?'" Mrs. Hutheesing said she wasn't sure that it was. The plane made a forced landing after half an hour, and the party proceeded by car.

Good Deed

FELLOW tells us about boarding a southbound Fifth Avenue bus last Thursday morning and sitting down next to a lady who was holding a dog in her lap, and who, after two or three anxious glances, asked him whether he'd mind if she engaged him in conversation. "My little dog is sick," she hastened to explain, "and I'm taking him to the vet's, and he's terribly frightened, and I know the sound of my voice would soothe him. I don't want to just talk to myself, and I'd be very grateful if—" "Why, certainly, Madam," said our man, a former Boy Scout, and gallantly held up his end of things for the next thirty blocks.

THE LADDER

"WE had the builders in at the time," my father says in his accurate way, if he ever mentions his second marriage, the one that so quickly went wrong. "And," he says, clearing a small apology from his throat, as though preparing to say something immodest, "we happened to be without stairs."

It is true. I remember that summer. I was fifteen years old. I came home from Miss Compton's School at the end of the term, and when I got to our place in Devonshire not only had my mother gone but the stairs had gone, too. There was no staircase in the house.

We lived in an old crab-colored cottage, with long windows under the eaves that looked like eyes half closed against the sun. Now, when I got out of the car, I saw scaffolding over the front door and two heaps of sand and mortar on the crazy paving, which my father asked me not to tread in, because it would "make work for Janey." (This was the name he called his second wife.) I went inside. *Imagine my astonishment.* The little hall had vanished, the ceiling had gone; you could see up to the roof; the wall on one side had been stripped to the brick, and on the other hung a long curtain of builder's sheets. "Where are the stairs?" I said. "What have you done with the stairs?" I was at the laughing age.

A mild, trim voice spoke above our heads. "Ah, I know that laugh," the voice said sweetly and archly. There was Miss Richards, or, I should say, my father's second wife, standing behind a builder's rope on what used to be the landing, which now stuck out precariously without banisters, like the portion of a ship's deck. The floor appeared to have been sawed off. She used to be my father's secretary before the divorce, and I had often seen her in my father's office, but now she had changed. Her fair hair was now fluffed out, and she wore a fussed and shiny brown dress that was quite unsuitable for the country. The only definite idea of what marriage would be like must have come to her from magazines; my father was a successful man, and she supposed she would always be going to cocktail parties, and at twelve in the morning on went the dress.

I remember how odd they both looked, she up above and my father down below, and both apologizing to me. The builders had taken the old staircase out two days before, they said, and had promised to put the new one in against the far wall of the room, behind the dust sheets, before I got back from school. But they had not kept their promise.

"We go up by the ladder," said my father, cutting his wife short, for she was apologizing too much, as if she were speaking to one of his customers.

He pointed. At that moment, his wife was stepping to the end of the landing, where a short ladder, with a post to hold on to at the top as one stepped on the first rung, sloped to the ground.

"It's horrible!" called my stepmother.

My father and I watched her come down. She came to the post and turned round, not sure whether she ought to come down the ladder frontward or backward.

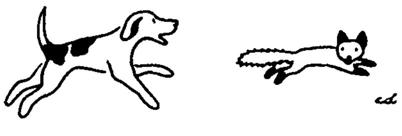
"Backward!" called my father . . . "No, the other hand on the post!" My stepmother blushed fondly and gave him a look of fear. She put one foot on the top rung and then took her foot back and put the other one there, and then pouted. It was only eight feet from the ground; at school, we climbed halfway up the gym walls on the bars. I remembered her as a quick and practical woman at the office; she was now, I was sure, playing at being weak and dependent.

"My hands," she said a moment later, looking at the dust on her hands as she grasped the top rung.

My father and I stopped where we were and watched her. She put one leg out too high, as if, artlessly, she were showing us the leg first. And she was; she was a plain woman, and her legs (she used to say) were her "nicest thing." This was the only coquetry she had. She looked like one of those insects that try the air around them with their feelers before they move. I was surprised that my father (who had always been formally attentive to my mother, especially when he was angry, and had almost bowed to me when he met me at the station and helped me in and out of the car) did not go to help her. I saw an expression of obstinacy on his face.

"You're at the bottom," he said at last. "Only two more steps."

"Oh dear," said my stepmother, getting off the last rung onto the floor, and she turned with her small chin raised, offering us her helplessness for admiration. She came to me and kissed me and said, "Doesn't she look lovely? You are growing into a woman."



"Nonsense," said my father.

And, in fear of being a woman and yet pleased by what she said, I took my father's arm. "Is that what we have to do? Is that how we get to bed?" I said.

"It's only until Monday," my father said.

They both of them looked ashamed, as though by having the stairs removed they had done something foolish. My father tried to conceal this by an air of modest importance. They seemed a very modest couple. Both of them looked shorter to me since their marriage; I was rather shocked by this. *She* seemed to have made him shorter. I had always thought of my father as a dark, vain, terse man, very logical and never giving in to anyone. He seemed much less important now his secretary was in the house.

"It is easy," I said, and I went to the ladder and was up it in a moment.

"Mind!" called my stepmother.

But in a moment I was down again, laughing. While I was coming down, I heard my stepmother say quietly to my father, "What legs. She is growing."

My legs and my laugh! I did not think that my father's secretary had the right to say anything about me. She was not my mother.

AFTER this, my father took me around the house. I looked behind me once or twice as I walked. On one of my shoes was some of the sand he had warned me about. I don't know how it got on my shoe. It was rather funny seeing this one sandy footmark making work for Janey wherever I went.

My father took me through the dust curtains into the dining room and then to the far wall, where the staircase was going to be.

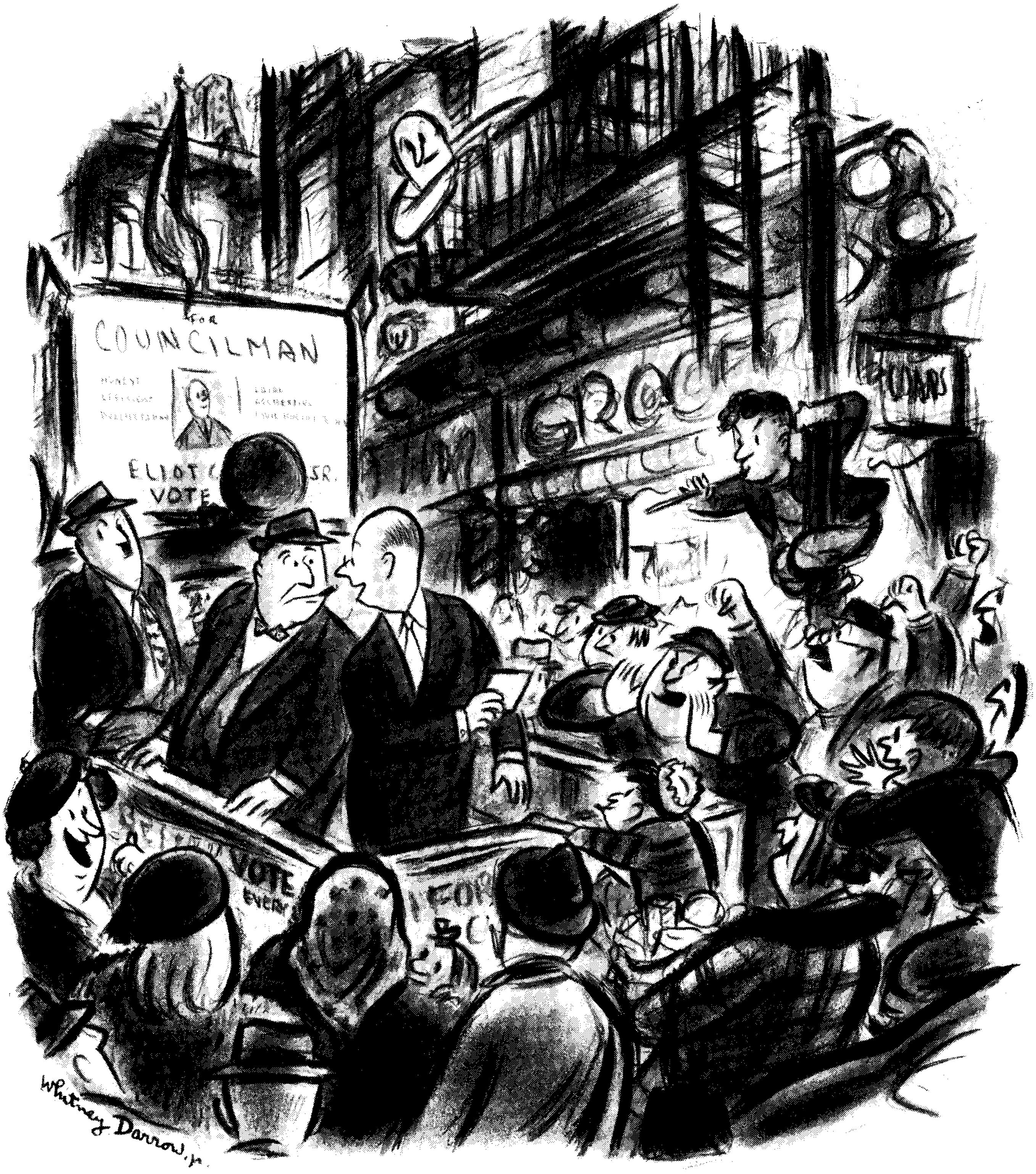
"Why have you done it?" I asked. He and I were alone.

"The house has wanted it for years," he said. "It ought to have been done years ago."

I did not say anything. When my mother was there, she was always complaining about the house, saying it was poky, barbarous—I can hear her voice now saying "Barbarous," as if it were the name of some terrifying and savage queen—and my father had always refused to alter anything. Barbarous—I used to think of that word as my mother's name.

"Does Janey like it?" I asked.

My father hardened at this question. He seemed to be saying, "What has it



"I was going to start off with an allusion to Plato's 'Republic,' but now I don't know."

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got to do with Janey?" But what he said was—and he spoke with amusement, with a look of quiet scorn—"She liked it as it was."

"I did, too," I said.

I then saw—but, no, I did not really understand this at the time; it is something I understand now I am older—that my father was not altering the house for Janey's sake. She hated the whole place, because my mother had been there, but was too tired by her earlier life in his office, fifteen years of it, too unsure of herself, to say anything. It was an act of amends to my mother. He was punishing Janey by getting in builders and making everyone uncomfortable and miserable; he was creating an emotional scene with himself. He was annoying Janey with what my mother had so maddeningly wanted and he would not give her.

AFTER my father had shown me the house, I said I would go and see Janey getting lunch ready.

"I shouldn't do that," he said. "It will delay her. Lunch is just ready. Or should be." He looked at his watch.

We went to the sitting room, and

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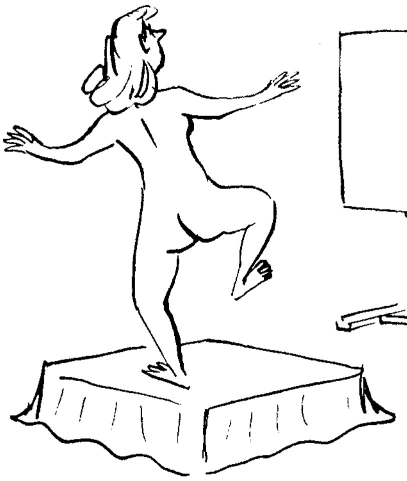

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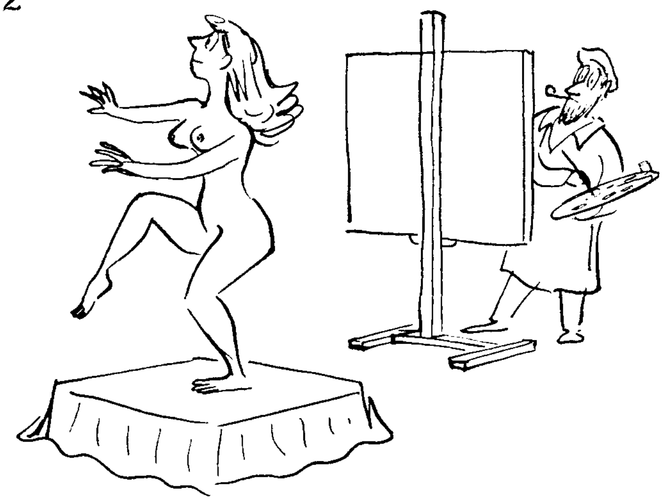

while we waited, I sat in the green chair and he asked me questions about school and we went on to talk about the holidays. But when I answered, I could see he was not listening to me but trying to catch sounds of Janey moving in the kitchen. Occasionally there were sounds; something gave an explosive fizz in a hot pan, and a saucepan lid fell. This made a loud noise and the lid spun a long time on the stone floor. The sound stopped our talk.

"Janey is not used to the kitchen," said my father. I smiled very close to my lips. I did not want my father to see it, but he looked at me and he smiled by accident, too. There was a sudden understanding between us.

"I will go and see," I said.

He raised his hand to stop me, but I went.

It was natural. For fifteen years, Janey had been my father's secretary. She had worked in an office. I remember when I went there when I was young she used to come into the room with an earnest and hushed air, leaning her head a little sidewise and turning three-quarter face toward my father, at his desk, leaning forward to guess at what he wanted. I admired the great knowledge she had of his affairs, the way she carried letters, how quickly she picked up the telephone when it rang, the authority of her voice. Her strength had been that she was impersonal. She had lost that in her marriage. As his wife, she had no behavior. When we were talking, she raised her low bosom, which had become round and ducklike, with a sigh and smiled at my father with a tentative, expectant fondness. After fifteen years, a life had ended; she was resting.

But Janey had not lost her office behavior; that she now kept for the kitchen. The moment I went to the kitchen, I saw her walking to the stove, where the saucepans were throbbing too hard. She was walking exactly as she had walked toward my father at his desk. The stove had taken my father's place. She went up to it with impersonal inquiry, as if to anticipate what it wanted; she appeared to be offering a pile of plates to be warmed as if they were a pile of letters. She seemed baffled because it could not speak. When one of the saucepans boiled over, she ran to it and lifted it off, suddenly and too high, in her telephone movement; the water spilled at once. On the table beside the stove were basins and pans she was using, and she had them all spread out in an orderly way, like typing; she went from one to the other with the careful look of inquiry she used to give to the things she was filing. It was not a method suitable to a kitchen.

When I came in, she put down the pan she was holding and stopped everything—as she would have done in the office—to talk to me about what she was doing. She was very nice about my hair, which I had had cut; it made me look older and I liked it better. But blue smoke rose behind her as we talked. She did not notice it.

No, it was not the way to cook a meal.

I went back to my father.

"I didn't want to be in the way," I said.

"Extraordinary," he said, looking at his watch. "I must just go and hurry Janey up."

He was astonished that a woman so brisk in an office should be languid and dependent in a house.

"She is just bringing it in," I said. "The potatoes are ready. They are on the table. I saw them."

"On the table?" he said. "Getting cold?"

"On the kitchen table," I said.

"That doesn't prevent them getting cold," he said. My father was a sarcastic man.

I walked about the room humming. My father's exasperation did not last. It gave way to a new thing in his voice—resignation.

"We will wait, if you do not mind," he said to me. "Janey is slow. And by the way," he said, lowering his voice a little, "I shouldn't mention we passed the Leonards in the road when I brought you up from the station."

I was surprised. "Not the Leonards?" I said.

"They were friends of your mother's," he said. "You are old enough to understand. One has to be sometimes a little tactful. Janey sometimes feels . . ."

I looked at my father. He had altered in many ways. Giving me this secret, his small, brown eyes gave a brilliant flash, and I opened my blue eyes very wide and gravely to receive it. He had changed. His rough, black hair was clipped closer at the ears, and he had that too-young look that middle-aged men sometimes have, for by certain lines it can be seen that they are not as young as their faces. Marks like minutes on the face of a clock showed at the corners of his eyes, his nose, his mouth; he was much thinner; his face had hardened. He had often been angry and sarcastic, sulking and abrupt, when my mother was with us, but I had never seen him before, as he was now, blank-faced, ironical, and set in impatient boredom. After he spoke, he had actually been hissing a tune privately through his teeth at the corner of his mouth.

At this moment, Janey came in smiling too much and said lunch was ready.

"Oh," I laughed when we got into the dining room, "it is like—it is like France."

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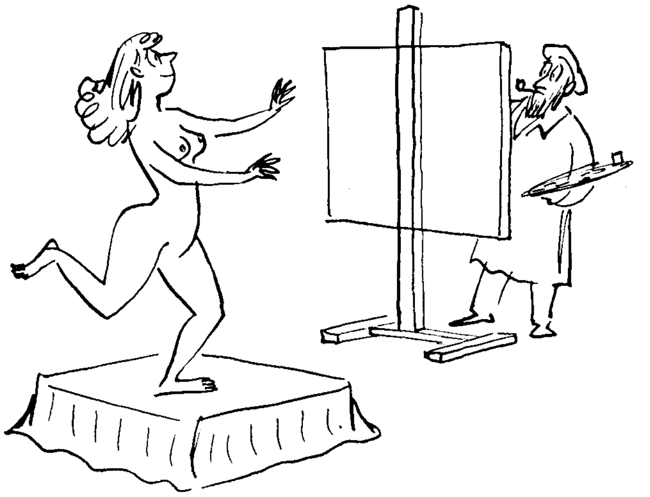

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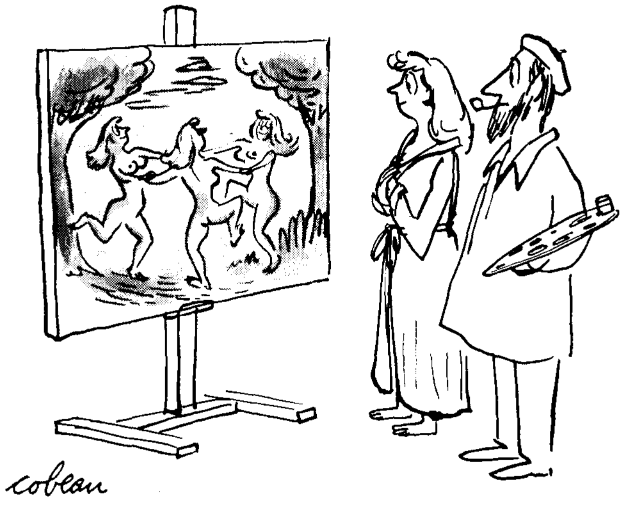


"France?" they said together, smiling at me.

"Like when we all went to France before the war and you took the car," I said. I had chosen France because that seemed as far as I could get from the Leonards.

"What on earth are you talking about?" said my father, looking embarrassed. "You were only five before the war."

"I remember every bit of it. You and Mummie on the boat."

"Yes, yes," said my stepmother with melancholy importance. "I got the tickets for you all."

My father looked as though he were going to hit me. Then he gave a tolerant laugh across the table to my stepmother.

"I remember perfectly well," she said. "I'm afraid I couldn't get the peas to boil. Oh, I've forgotten the potatoes."

She looked as though she were going to cry. I went to get them. When I came back, I could see she had been crying. She was one of those very fair women, and even two or three tears brought a pinkness to her nose. My father had said something to her sharply, for his face was shut and hard and she was leaning over the dishes, a spoon in her hand, to conceal a wound.

After lunch, I took my suitcase and went up the ladder. It was not easy to go up carrying a suitcase, but I enjoyed it. I wished we could always have a ladder in the house. It was like being on a ship. I stood at the top thinking of my mother leaning on the rail of the ship with her new husband, going to America. I was glad she had gone, because sometimes she sent me lovely things and she had promised me that I should go to America, too.

Then I went to my room and I unpacked my case. At the bottom, when I took my pajamas out—they were the last thing—there was the photograph of my mother, face downward, where it had been lying all the term. I forgot to say that I had been in trouble the last week at school. I don't know why. I was longing to be home. I felt I had to *do* something. One afternoon, I went into the rooms in our passage when no one was there, and I put the snap of Kitty's father into Mary's room—I took it out of the frame—and I put Mary's brother into Olga's, and I took Maeve's mother and put her into the silver frame where Jessie's mother was; that photograph was too big and I bent the mount all the way down to get it in. Maeve cried and reported me to Miss Compton. "It was only a joke," I said. "A joke in very poor teeste," Miss Compton said to me in her voice. "How would you like it if anyone took the photograph of *your* mother?" "I haven't got one," I said. Well, it was not a lie. Everyone wanted to know why I had an empty frame on my chest of drawers. I had punished my mother by leaving her photograph in my suitcase.

But now the punishment was over. I took out her picture and put it in the frame on my chest, and every time I bent up from the drawers, I looked at her, then at myself in the mirror. In the middle of this, my stepmother came in to ask if she could help me.

"You are getting very pretty," she said.

I hated her for admiring me. I do not deny it; I hated her. She was a foolish woman. She either behaved as if the house, my father, and myself were too much hers or as if she were an outsider. Most of the time, she sat there like a visitor, waiting for attention.

I thought: There is my mother, thousands of miles away, leaving us to this and treating us like dirt, and we are left with Miss Richards, of all people.

That night, after I had gone to bed, I heard my father and my stepmother having a quarrel. "It is perfectly natural for the child to have a photograph of her mother," I heard my father say.

A door closed. Someone was wandering about on the landing. When whoever it was had gone, I opened my door and crept out, barefoot, to listen. Every step I made seemed to start a loud creak in the boards, and I was so concerned with this that I did not notice I had walked to the edge of the landing. The rope was there, but in the dark I could not see it. I knew I was on the edge of the drop into the hall and that with one more step I would have gone through. I went back to my room feeling sick. And then the thought struck me and I could not get it out of my head all night. I dreamed it, I tried not to dream it; I turned on the light, but I dreamed it again—that Miss Richards fell over the edge of the landing. She hated me for being like my mother. I was very glad when the morning came.

The moment I was downstairs, I laughed at myself. It was only eight feet. Anyone could jump it. I worked out how I could jump from the top and land on my feet. I moved the ladder—it was not heavy to lift—to see what you would feel like if there was no ladder there and the house was on fire and you *had* to jump. To make amends for my wicked dreams in the night, I saw myself rescuing Miss Richards—I should say my stepmother—as flames teased her to the edge.

My father came out of his room and saw me standing there. "What are you pulling such faces for?" he asked, and he imitated my expressions.

"I was thinking," I said, "of Miss Compton at our school."

He had not foreseen the change in

Miss Richards—how she would sit in the house in her best clothes, like a visitor, expectant, forgetful, stunned by leisure, watchful, wronged and jealous to the point of tears.

PERHAPS if the builders had come, as they had promised, on the Monday, my stepmother's story would have been different.

"I *am so sorry we are in such a* mess," she said to me that morning at breakfast. She had said it many times, as if she thought I regarded the ladder as her failure.

"It's fun," I said. "It's like being on a ship."

"You keep on saying that," my stepmother said, looking at me in a very worried way, as if trying to work out the hidden meaning of my remark. "You've never been on a ship."

"To France," I said. "When I was a child."

"Oh, yes," said my stepmother.

"I hate mess," said my stepmother to both of us, getting up. In a prosaic person emotion looks grotesque, like clothes suddenly become too large.

"Do leave us alone," my father said.

There was a small scene after this. My father did not mean by "us" himself and me, as she chose to think; he was simply speaking of himself and he had spoken very mildly. My stepmother marched out of the room. Presently, we heard her upstairs. She must have been very upset to have faced going up the ladder.

"Come on," said my father. "I suppose there's nothing for it. I'll get the car out. We will go to the builders'."

He called up to her that we were going and asked if she'd like to go with us.

Oh, it was a terrible holiday. When I grew up and was myself married, my father said, "It was a very difficult summer. You didn't realize. You were only a schoolgirl. It was a mistake." And then he corrected himself. I mean that. My father was always making himself more correct; it was his chief vanity that he understood his own behavior.

"I happened," he said—this was the correction—"to make a very foolish mistake." Whenever he used the phrase "I happened," my father's face seemed to dry up and become distant; he was congratulating himself. Not on the mistake, of course, but on being the first to put his finger on it. "I happen to know," "I happen to have seen"—it was this *incidental* rightness, the footnote of inside knowledge on innumerable minor issues, and his fatal wrongness, in a large, obstinate, principled way, about anything important, that, I think, made my beautiful and dishonest mother leave him. She was a tall woman, taller than he, with the eyes of a cat, shrugging her shoulders, curving her long, graceful back to be stroked, and with a wide, champagne laugh.

My father had a clipped-back, monkeyish appearance and that faint *grin of the bounder one sees in the hard*er-looking monkeys that are without melancholy or sensibility; this had attracted my mother, but very soon his youthful bounce gave place to a kind of meddling honesty and she found him dull. And, of course, ruthless. The promptness of his second marriage, perhaps, was to teach her a lesson. I imagine him putting his divorce papers away one evening at his office and realizing, when Miss Richards came in to ask if "there is anything more tonight," that here was a woman who was reliable, trained, and, like himself, "happened" to have a lot of inside knowledge.

To get out of the house with my father, to be alone with him! My heart came alive. It seemed to me that this house was not my home any more. If only we could go away, he and I; the country outside seemed to me far more like home than this grotesque divorced house. I stood longing for her not to answer, dreading that she would come down.

My father was not a man to beg her to change her mind. He went out to the garage. My fear of her coming made me stay for a moment. And then (I do not know how the thought came into my head) I went to the ladder and I lifted it away. It was easy to move a short distance, but it began to swing when I tried to lay it down, and I was afraid it would crash. I could not put it on the floor, so I turned it over and over against the other wall, out of reach. Breathlessly, I left the house.

"You've got white on your tunic," said my father as we drove off. "What have you been doing?"

"I rubbed against something," I said.

"Oh, how I love motoring." I laughed beside my father.

"Oh, look at those lovely little rabbits," I said.

"Their little white tails." I laughed.

We passed some hurdles in a field.

"Jumps." I laughed. "I wish I had a pony."

"What would you do?" asked my father.

"Jump," I said to my father.

And then my terrible dreams came back to me. I was frightened. I tried to think of something else, but I could not. I could only see my stepmother on the edge of the landing. I could only hear her giving a scream and going over headfirst. We got into the town and I felt sick. We arrived at the builders' and my father stopped there. Only a girl was in the office, and I heard my father say in his coldest voice, "I happen to have an appointment."

My father came out and we drove off. He was cross.

"Where are we going?" I said when I saw we were not going home.

"To Longwood," he said. "They're working over there."

I thought I would faint. "I—I—" I began.

"What?" my father said.

I could not speak. I began to get red and hot. And then I remembered. I could pray.

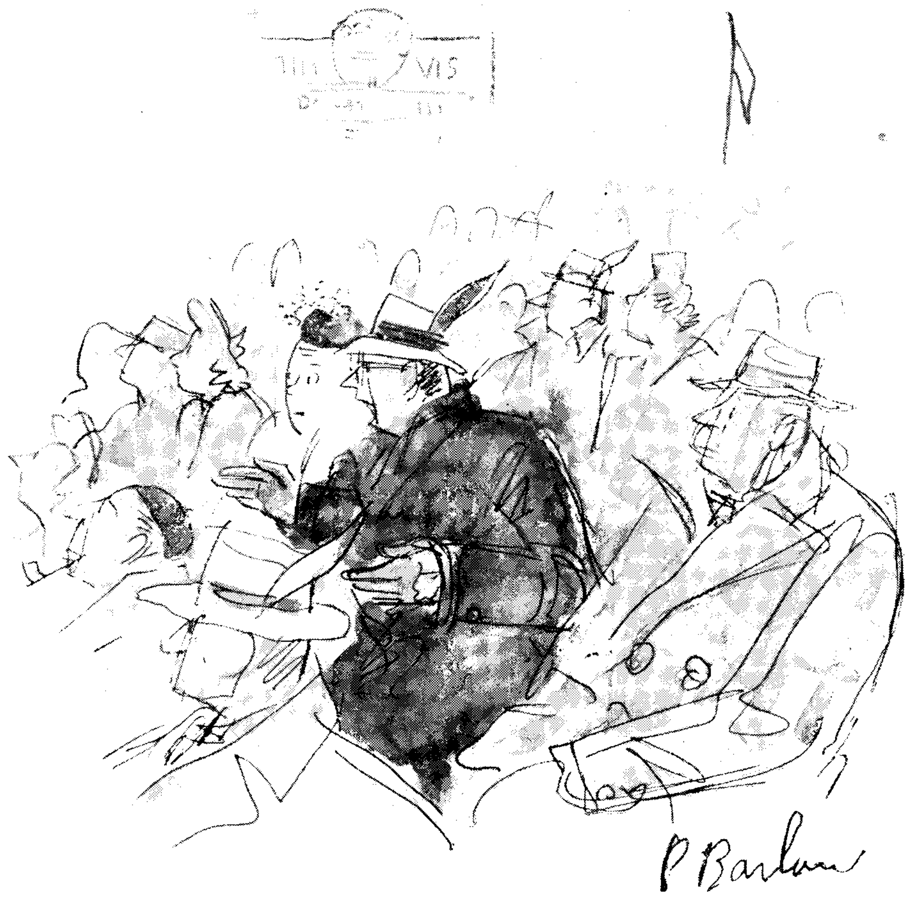
It is seven miles to Longwood. My father was a man who enjoyed talking to builders; he planned and replanned with them, built imaginary houses, talked about people. Builders have a large acquaintance with the way people live; my father liked inside knowledge, as I have said. Well, I thought, she is over. She is dead by now. I saw visits to the hospital. I saw my trial.

"She is like you," said the builder, nodding to me. All my life I shall remember his mustache.

"She is like my wife," said my father. "My first wife. I happen to have married twice." He liked puzzling and embarrassing people. "Do you happen to know a tea place near here?" he asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "I don't feel hungry."

But we had tea at Gilling. The river is across the road from the teashop and we stood afterward on the bridge. I surprised my father by climbing the parapet.



"Watch closely now, dear. I think I've got it figured out. The quarterback will use a reverse pivot and fake to the right halfback, then continue his spin and fake to the fullback. The fullback will drive through the line, and then the left halfback will take a dip step, delay for one count, and start around end."

• •

"If you jumped," I said to my father, "would you hurt?"

"You'd break your legs," said my father.

Her "nicest thing"!

I shall not describe our drive back to the house, but my father did say, "Janey will be worried. We've been nearly three hours. I'll put the car in afterward."

WHEN we got back, my father jumped out and went down the path. I got out slowly. I could hardly walk down the path. It is a long path leading across a small lawn, then between two lime trees; there are a few steps down into where the roses are, and across another piece of grass you are at the door. I stopped to listen to the bees in the limes, but I could not wait any longer. I went into the house.

There was my stepmother standing on the landing above the hall. Her face was dark red, her eyes were long and violent, her dress was dusty, and her hands were black with dust. She had just finished screaming something at my father, and her mouth had stayed open after her scream. I thought I could *smell* her anger and her fear the moment I came into the house, but it was really the smell of a burned-out saucepan coming from the kitchen.

"You moved the ladder! Six hours I've been up here. The telephone has been ringing, something has burned on the stove. I might have burned to death. Get me down, get me down! I might have killed myself. Get me down!" She came to the gap where the ladder ought to have been.

"Don't be silly, Janey," said my father. "I didn't move the ladder. Don't be such a fool. You're still alive."

"Get me down!" Janey cried out. "You liar, you liar, you liar! You did move it!"

My father lifted the ladder, and as he did so, he said, "The builder must have been."

"No one has been!" screamed my stepmother. "I've been alone! Up here!"

"Daddy *isn't* a liar," I said, taking my father's arm.

"Come down," said my father when he had got the ladder in place. "I'm holding it."

And he went up a step or two toward her.

"No!" shrieked Janey.

"Now, come on. Calm yourself," said my father.

"No, no, I tell you!" said Janey.

"All right, you must stay," said my father, and stepped down.

That brought her, of course.

"*I* moved the ladder," I said when she had come down.

"Oh," said Janey, swinging her arm to hit me, but she fainted instead.

THAT night, my father came to my room when I was in bed. I had moved my mother's photograph to the bedside table. He was not angry. He was tired out.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

I did not answer.

"Did you know she was upstairs?" he asked.

I did not reply.

"Stop playing with the sheet," he said. "Look at me. Did you know she was upstairs?"

"Yes," I said.

"You little cat!" he said.

I smiled.

"It was very wrong," he said.

I smiled. Presently he smiled. I laughed.

"It is nothing to laugh at," he said. And suddenly he could not stop himself; he laughed. The door opened and my stepmother looked in while we were both shaking with laughter. My father laughed as if he were laughing for the first time in many years; his bounderish look, sly and bumptious and so delicious, came back to him. The door closed.

He stopped laughing.

"She might have been killed," he said, severe again. And then he remembered what I had asked him on the bridge at Gilling.

I lowered my head.

"You wanted—" he said.

"No, no, no!" I cried, and tears came to my eyes. He put his arm around me.

My mother was a cat, they said, a wicked woman, leaving us like that. I longed for my mother.

Three days later, I went to camp. I apologized to my stepmother and she forgave me. I never saw her again.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

THOMASINA DISPARUE

MRS. Findlay had expected to be both lonely and idle when Jane and Adam went off to college and boarding school, respectively, and only Peter, still in day school, was left at home, but not more than two empty mornings intervened between their departure and the arrival in the mailbox of the first of a spate of letters—"I simply love Cambridge & have the most fascinating math professor with red hair & salmon-colored neckties & do you think you could please send me right away a really inexpensive standing lamp?" and Adam wrote that he needed five more white shirts right away and a French-verb wheel and his Spike Jones records. The following day, a penny postal from Jane confessed she couldn't think why but it seemed she had left her green shoes under the sewing-room bed, and she needed them terribly; she said she dimly remembered leaving them there, and she was absolutely certain that that's where Mrs. Findlay would find them. Adam sent a special-delivery letter imploring "a few extra dark bleu buttens for my Sunday suit and a Latin-verb wheel." Shopping and wrapping packages kept Mrs. Findlay busy. She spent the first part of the fall on her knees on the floor, surrounded by brown paper and string, or at the wheel of the station wagon, speeding in to town to the post office. Jane's forgotten umbrella and Adam's forgotten tennis racket would have packed nicely together, except that, as ill luck would have it, they had to be sent in opposite directions.

Then, all at once, the demands ceased, and Mrs. Findlay thought in a panic: Now I am going to be lonely. Because Peter was in school all day, she settled on Tabitha and Thomasina, his two new tiger cats, to take up the slack of her unoccupied maternal affections. "Oh, I look on them practically as grandchildren," she assured a friend. "Peter adores them, but, of course, he isn't there to take care of them much, and so I have to, and I worry about them constantly. He would be heartbroken if anything happened to them." The friend said she should suppose that life in the country ought to be fairly simple and safe for a couple of cats, but Mrs. Findlay cast up her eyes and said, "But foxes! There are hundreds of them in the wood. And the milk truck! The driver of that milk truck simply *whirls* into the driveway."

It was true that Peter's pets had an all too airy attitude toward the dangers of the motor age. Mrs. Findlay invented a scheme of catching them and holding their little faces close up to the stinking exhaust of departing cars and then, tossing them aside onto the grass, ejaculating, "Nasty cars! *Horrid* cars!," in an effort to instill healthy fear and loathing into their candid little round striped-fur heads. She also spent considerable time with them trying to get them to utilize the country freely. "They were born in town and brought up with a box. They just don't understand yet, Helga," she had to explain frequently in the kitchen.

"Vell, my God, they got the whole outdoors now, vyn't they use it?"

"They will, Helga. They will, in time."

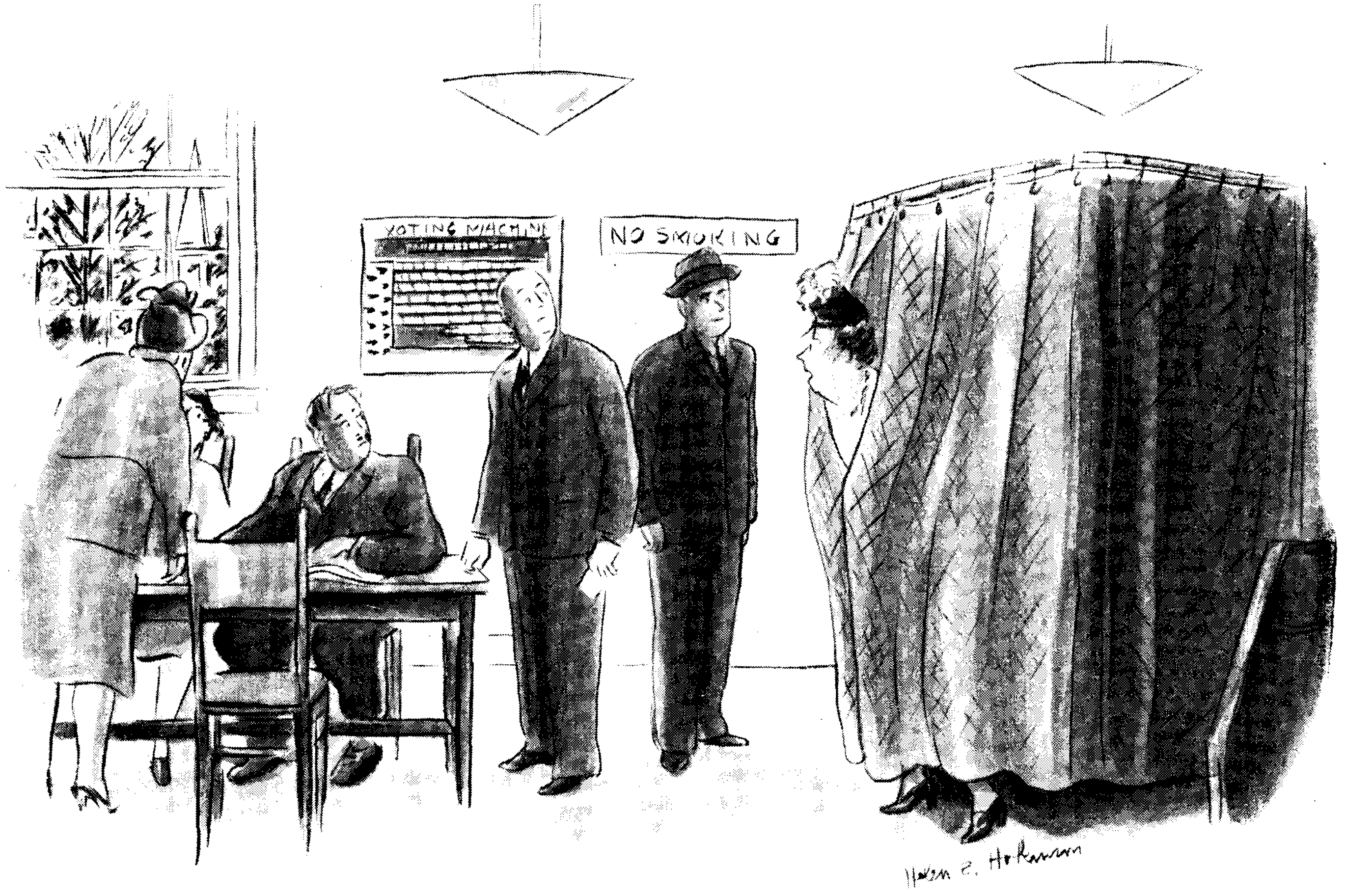
EVEN with all this rigorous attention to the upbringing of her cat grandchildren, there were still long hours when Mrs. Findlay, accustomed to the supervision of a large household, wondered how it was that all at once, without warning, she had arrived at this empty, useless-feeling stretch of her life.

"Maybe we ought to adopt some baby, John," she said to Mr. Findlay one evening, but she didn't really mean it, and, anyway, before that week was out she was fortunate enough to acquire a large owl. Early one evening, while she and John were driving beside a marsh, something flapped helplessly into the bright world of their headlights. "Wing broken," the veterinary said, a little later, bending above his operating table. He carefully stretched out the right wing for them to see, and next day he showed Mrs. Findlay an X-ray of a beautiful little skeleton. "I've put in a small rod," he said as he handed the bird to her. "Bring him back in a month, and we'll see. Wear gloves when you're near him."

So every day after that, many times a day, Mrs. Findlay visited her invalid, installed in an empty henhouse, and tried to get him to eat. He stood like a little man on the floor of the henhouse, always very gentle, always ready for her when she came, his great gold-and-black eyes open and watching, but he would not eat. He was dignified and sad. He does *not* love me, she had to confess from the beginning. "Eat this," she would say, and she would offer him a bit of fresh Hamburg steak on the tip of a stick. But he touched nothing. She put a box, of suitable height, in the middle of the henhouse floor and laid out a banquet on it: Hamburg steak, a clam, a piece of raw flounder, a little heap of grain, cups of water and milk. Once, in the night, he must have been tempted by the clam, because she found it on the floor the next morning. She would gently lift him and set him before his table, but he grew lighter and lighter.

One cold evening after Peter, Tabitha, and Thomasina had gone to bed, and while she and John were sitting by the fire, she looked up from her book and began thinking of the bird out there alone. I look rather like an owl myself, she thought optimistically, a few minutes later, peering at herself in the coat-closet mirror as she put on a warm hood and a scarf, but the resemblance must have been slighter than she supposed, because no welcoming gleam appeared in the great golden eyes when she stooped and entered the henhouse. She turned her torch on his table; nothing had gone from it.

Next morning, after a long telephone conversation with a man in the natural-history museum of the nearby university, she called grain stores and groceries and begged them for a nice, fresh mouse to feed an owl, but all the proprietors indignant-



"Which one is it that favors the garden for the Library?"

• •

ly replied that they never had mice in their establishments, never had *had* mice, and, indeed, could scarcely be said to know what a mouse might be. Mrs. Findlay couldn't help saying rather waspishly to the last grocery she tried, "But I thought of *course* you'd have some in your deep freeze." After talking again to the sympathetic man in the museum, she descended to the kitchen and began to make up little pellets of peanut butter, bacon, and Quaker Oats. "For catching mice," she explained to Helga. "This is what the university recommends." Helga gave a loud hoot of laughter and quickly left the room; she could be heard banging about with her mop in the dining room, unsuccessfully trying to stifle snorts and giggles. Mrs. Findlay heard, also, "Vell, my God, sheese is good enough for mouses in Sveden!" Mrs. Findlay ignored her and went on concocting pellets and wrapping them in small pieces of the gauze usually kept for making chocolate *cœurs à la crème*.

But the owl died. When, elated and hopeful, she carried the first scientifically caught mouse out to him, she found him. He had simply tipped over at last, and he lay there on the floor by his untouched banquet, soft and silent. When she picked him up, he weighed nothing.

"ISN'T there *anything* you want mailed to you?" Mrs. Findlay wrote in dejection to Jane and Adam. "I have nothing to do that matters. What can I send you? Would you like boxes of cookies?" But it seemed that now their every want had been taken care of. They assured her they had settled down to a winter of serious study and were without further needs, and Mrs. Findlay's troublesome maternal instincts were left with no nourishment until the morning when, dressed in her best, she was about to set off to town to a luncheon. The cats were both very circumspect about the driveway now—their characters seemed extremely stable—but always before leaving the house for any length of time, she ascertained their whereabouts and consigned them to Helga's slight attention. Today, Tabitha came frolicking up when she called, but she stood a long time on the cold terrace in her thin shoes and stockings, calling, and no Thomasina appeared. "Have you seen her?" she asked Angelo, who was tying burlap over the box bushes. Angelo had not seen Thomasina; neither he nor Helga ever displayed any real concern for the young cats' welfare. "Come and help me find her," she said, and Angelo, trailing string, left his work and accompanied her.

It wasn't until they neared the garden that they heard a sharply distressed mew. The Findlays had laid out the garden in an enclosure formed by three high granite-and-slate walls, the foundation of an old barn that some long-previous owner had built on a steep slope, and when they entered it, Mrs. Findlay realized at once, with horror, that Thomasina's pleading little voice was coming from low down in one of the thick walls. "Angelo, she's *in* there, in a cranny of some kind! She's stuck!"

"Yep, she is," Angelo agreed.

Mrs. Findlay reached up and carefully lifted away a small stone. Then she took off her best gloves and pushed several rather larger stones; they rolled away down the steep slope. "Get the crowbar," she said to Angelo, and to Thomasina, bending so quickly that a run sprang the full length of one stocking, "We're coming, Tom. Tom, where are you, exactly?" It was difficult to tell from which crevice in the *massive wall the plaintive mew was* issuing.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Findlay. The stout Colonial farmer who had built these walls to be the foundation for his barn had been a thorough fellow. Some of the granite blocks measured two feet each way, and there were slabs of slate weighing a hundred pounds and more. Mrs. Findlay took off her sables and hung them on a lilac bush. "How on *earth* did she get in there!" she said, and Angelo said, "Gee, I dunno." They pried and pushed and said "Look out!" to each other. Mrs. Findlay was terrified that some sliver of stone, dropping down between the larger blocks, might hurt the little cat, and she kept calling to her reassuringly and listening anxiously for the answering mew. There was no time to dispose properly of displaced stones, and the ones that did not roll away idly down the slope came heavily to rest on rosettes of chrysanthemum and iris tips; one end of a promising hedge of young box soon disappeared under a pile of slate chips. A high butternut tree, growing close against the wall, seriously hindered them from prying off one granite block and Mrs. Findlay was compelled to ask the laundryman, who providentially appeared just then, to forget about his deliveries for the moment and help her. She also went back to the house and telephoned the people next door that Peter's pet was trapped and would they send over their gardener, but when she got back from doing this, Angelo looked up from his crowbar. "I don't hear her mew no more," he said.

Mrs. Findlay's heart sickened and sank. How could she tell Peter, when he came home from school, that Thomasina had died in the wall? His faith in her had been weakened by the death of the owl, but that sad episode was nothing compared to this. "Tom, Tom," she called, but there was indeed no reply now. "She's got to be all right. We can't stop now." They pushed and thrust and jumped aside. Angelo struggled with the bar, and the laundryman was a tower of strength, but the gardener from next door, maintaining that the cat was probably dead anyhow, worked listlessly, and Mrs. Findlay conceived for him a cold dislike. Rapidly, the garden took on a noticeable resemblance to the photographs in her boarding-school History of Art notebook of the ruins of Cyclopean masonry at Mycenae, and the less tidy sections of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak. With all four helping, they finally got the biggest block of granite free from the butternut tree trunk and off the wall; it went thundering, slowly and remorselessly, down the slope.

"Thomasina!" But now it was half an hour since they had last heard her imploring voice, and a ten- or twelve-foot section of wall had been pulled down. Mrs. Findlay kept dreading and expecting to come upon a limp little fur body with no life, no purr, left in it. Her shoes and fingernails were split, her arms and shoulders and eyes ached. "*She's* dead by now," said the gardener from next door, and Mrs. Findlay, lame and shaking, hating him, started unbending her suffering back and said to herself he probably was right. She straightened herself as far as she felt she could without cracking something, and her tired, glazed glance moved up the butternut tree, and there in a crotch—right above their heads—sat Thomasina, looking intently down on them. Her little round striped head was quite untouched by harm, and her tail hung gracefully down the trunk.

"Oh, no—no," Mrs. Findlay whispered, "I don't believe it." Thomasina moved her tail gently; she smiled and rearranged her paws more comfortably under her chin. "She *was* in the wall in the beginning, *wasn't* she, Angelo? We did hear her in the wall, didn't we? Oh, but I don't care about anything now I know she's safe and I don't have to tell Peter when he comes home that she's—*not*." Mrs. Findlay caught up her handbag from a bed of myrtle. "Here," she said to the laughing men as they dispersed. She thrust five-dollar bills upon Angelo and the laundryman but only a one on the gardener from next door, because he had frightened her and he might so easily have been right. "I do thank you," she said to them. "I'm terribly, terribly grateful for—for all you've done."

STOP PAY TOLL

THEN, when they had all gone, Mrs. Findlay turned back and stood gazing at the devastation. There could be no possible question of rebuilding the wall without the services of several professionals, and horses, and a stoneboat, and chains. It would cost—well, it surely would cost a great deal. She shook her head, musing; quite impossible it was to tell what it would cost. And though she would not, now, have to tell Peter when he came home from school that Thomasina was dead, she would, when John came home from town, before dinner, have to lead him out there and show him by flashlight what had happened. "She was most certainly trapped in there, to begin with," she would say to him, and, if it became necessary, keeping the light from the torch firmly on his face—"Well, if you had been here, what would you have done!"

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

ON HEARING FRENCH CHILDREN SPEAK FRENCH

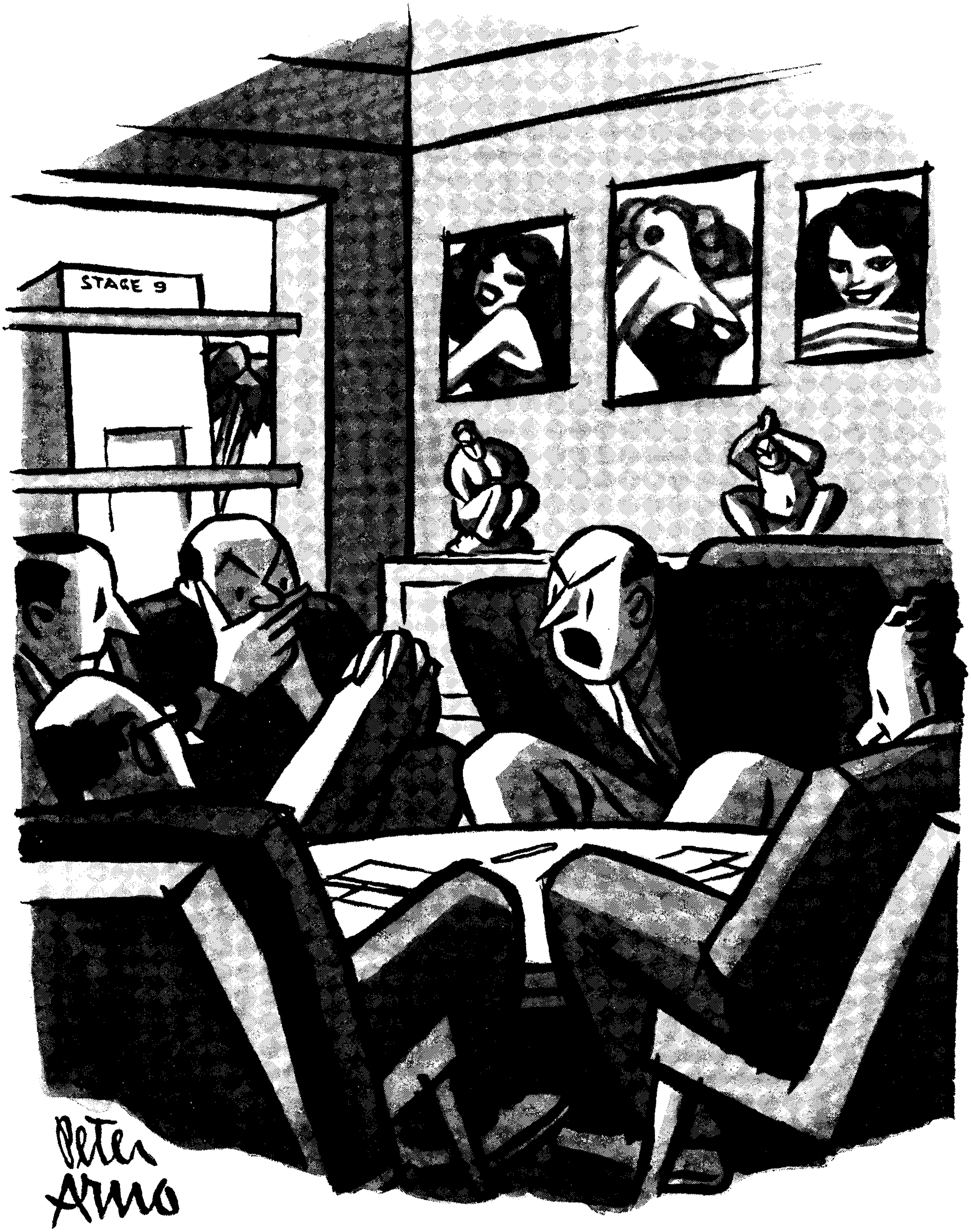
Children—a well-known circumstance—
Speak French extremely well in France:
Their accent, to the wondering ear,
Is perfect, and their diction clear.

But when I watch them at their play,
They might be kids in Deal, N.J.
Like girls and boys one sees about
At home, they tumble, run, and shout;
Like others of their age and ilk,
They dote on sweets, they thrive on milk;
They are, their mothers sadly sigh,
With strangers always very shy.
Petits bébés, as here they're styled,
Cry very like my neighbor's child.

I, noting thus what's said and done,
Judge the world is, or should be, one;
It is the planet's blackest blot
That it should be—and that it's *not*.

—IRWIN EDMAN

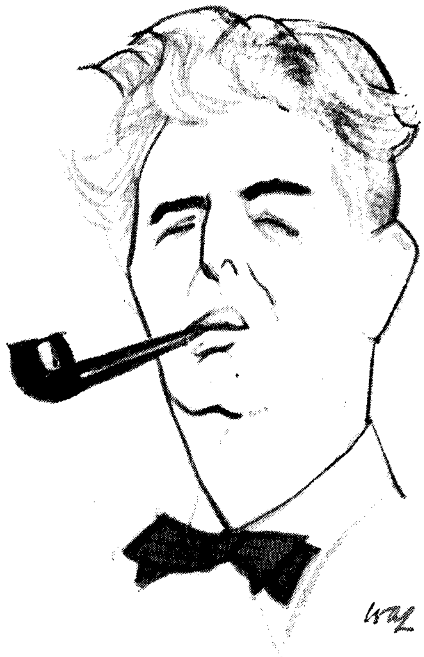
• •


STAGE 9
Peter Arno

"Damn it, there must be some taboo subject we can approach honestly and fearlessly!"

PROFILES

THE WORLD OF CASPAR MILQUETOAST



Harold Tucker (H. T.) Webster, the creator of Caspar Milquetoast and various other inhabitants of a black-and-white world given over to the adventures of wild-eyed bridge players, fanatic fishermen, humorless wives, badgered husbands, perfumed poodles, wistful children, and radio addicts, is a tall, bulky, mild-spoken, almost theatrically handsome man of sixty-four, who has been cartooning for nearly half a century. He has contributed at least three phrases to the language—"life's darkest moment," "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," and "timid soul"—and his most famous character, Mr. Milquetoast, is almost as firmly established in the national mythology as Jesse James, Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons, Chief Sitting Bull, and Casey Jones. There are times when Webster complains about the even tenor of his days, saying that his life is as dull as that of a clerk in a department-store basement, but to most people it would seem varied and crowded enough. Besides drawing the fifteen thousand single-panel cartoons on which his present eminence rests, as well as a large number of other cartoons, he has had the satisfaction of seeing eleven books of his pictures published, has gone around the world, has fished the continent from Canada to Florida, has broken himself of a vicious habit of playing poker only to fall an equally helpless victim to bridge, and has moved cross-country by slow stages from Tomahawk, Wisconsin, where he grew up, to Stamford, Connecticut, where he now lives. His outstanding distinction, however, is that he is one of the few comic cartoonists operating today who ever indulge in comedy. Even his detractors grant him this much. "It so happens that Webster is not one of my enthusiasms," a particularly severe fellow-cartoonist said recently. "I think he had a chance to become a real critic of American life and muffed it, just as Charles Dana Gibson muffed his chance. One thing, though, I have to hand him. He makes people smile. Considering the way the comics have gone all to hell—what's comic about them, for God's sake?—you have to give him credit for that."

Webster's admirers feel that such credit is something less than generous. They argue that he is not only gifted with a rather special talent for humor but is practically the only cartoonist in the comics field who takes his material from the everyday happenings of everyday existence, reporting the actualities of American life. Without him, they say, the comics would be devoted almost entirely to space ships, detectives, supermen, ape men, and a crowd of hillbilly morons. Some of his admirers, pointing out that all the early comics started by satirizing American customs and manners, see Webster as a kind of solid, incorruptible Cincinnatus of the drawing board, steadfastly clinging to the old-fashioned virtues. "Let's agree that Webster isn't as sharp and biting as some people might want him to be," said another of his professional colleagues the other day. "But who's doing a better job? It may be that he could have been a great commentator on our society, like Low, in England, and it may be that his pictures are nothing but footnotes to the time we live in, but as footnotes they shouldn't be underestimated. Webster has something to say and knows how to say it, and no student of life in these United States can afford to overlook him."

The subject of this controversy tends to regard the argument over his merit largely as proof of the fact that people love to argue. Moderately astonished that he has reached the point where his work is a matter of controversy, he isn't sure it's worth the commotion. "There's no mystery about me," he says. "I guess I *am* mild, and I don't especially like to be otherwise. Every man has to do things his own way. I'd like to do something telling now and then, and sometimes I try. A while back, I got outraged by the Ku Klux Klan. I drew a picture showing a hooded figure entering the door of his home. It was night outside and he was returning from one of his raids. His robe was muddy and spattered with gore, and he was throwing a length of rope to his children. It ran under the heading 'The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime,' and the caption was 'Souvenir, Kiddies.' I didn't see how anybody could mistake my meaning, but the picture was widely misunderstood. A lot of people thought I was trying to be funny and wrote complaining letters to the editors of the papers the picture appeared in. Some of them even said I was preaching intolerance. How anyone could have arrived at that conclusion, I don't understand. But I don't draw pictures like that very often. My principal ambition is to amuse people, not to instruct them. It's never been my hope to be another Daumier. I say that because I know I couldn't be. My goodness, those fellows don't happen every day. All I've ever wanted to be is a cartoonist. That's all I want to be now."

Webster has wanted to be a cartoonist nearly as long as he has been smoking tobacco. He picked up the nicotine habit when he was seven. He was then living in Tomahawk, Wisconsin. His father, a druggist, had moved there from Parkersburg, West Virginia, where Webster was born on September 21, 1885. Starting in on cigarettes, he smoked them until he was nine. Then, having specifically decided he would like to be a cartoonist when he grew up, he celebrated by graduating himself to cigars. By the time he was twelve, he was getting rid of two or three stogies a day. As he is now six feet three inches tall, he doesn't feel that tobacco stunted his growth. During his grammar-school days, he also had a try at chewing. He became curious about a brand of chewing tobacco called Peach Pie. Getting hold of a slice, he took a hearty bite, munched it thoroughly, and swallowed it. It didn't taste anything like peach pie. He hasn't chewed tobacco or placed a great deal of trust in advertising since.

Webster's father moved to Tomahawk with the idea of growing with the West. The town, a lumbering community in the Wisconsin woods, didn't do much growing (its present population is 3,365), but it gave the young Webster a background of frontier experience, and he has often made use of it. Many of his pictures, particularly those that deal with the minor triumphs and disasters of the small boys who appear in his "The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime" and "Life's Darkest Moment" series, are a nostalgic, even sentimental, record of his own backwoods childhood. Tomahawk, when Webster was growing up there, had progressed only a few steps beyond the bow-and-arrow age. "It was wild country," he remembers. "Really wild. The woods were full of game, the streams were alive with fish, and a number of Indians still lived in the neighborhood." One winter afternoon, when Webster was about fourteen, he and another boy went skating up a frozen stream to check some trap lines they had set out. They came across a birch-bark canoe lying half buried in snow bottom side up, which looked as if it no longer belonged to anybody. It was a fine example of birch-bark craftsmanship. The two boys righted it and, continuing upstream, began sliding it along the ice, with the intention of hiding it somewhere until spring. They had hardly started when they heard a racket behind them and, glancing back, saw about twenty Indians marching in their direction. The Indians seemed vexed about something. Abandoning the canoe, the boys took to their runners. "I never moved so fast," Webster recalls. "I suppose those Indians were just having fun with us, but I still like to think they were out to get our scalps."

One of the local Indians served as the subject of the first drawing Webster ever sold. He was a panhandling Chippewa known in Tomahawk as Injun Pete. He had reached that stage of the white man's civilization in which he was nearly always under the influence of a patent medicine called Peruna. Uncommunicative even in his own language, he could say only four words in English. They were "Merry Christmas, ten cents," and they were adequate for his panhandling purposes all the seasons of the year. Webster, whose determination to be a cartoonist had caused him to subscribe to a mail-order course offered by the School of Illustration, in Chicago, drew a picture of Injun Pete and sent it to an outdoor magazine called *Recreation.* He got five dollars and twelve free copies for it. Five dollars being a considerable sum of money in those days, he felt he was on his way. He was then fifteen and in his first year of high school.

Having his mail-order course to keep up with, a job as a delivery boy to occupy his afternoons, and the need to play a certain amount of hooky in order to go hunting and fishing, Webster didn't have much time for his studies. There was nothing in the Tomahawk High School curriculum, anyway, nearly as interesting as the four out-of-town newspapers to which he had subscribed for the purpose of keeping up with what their staff artists were drawing. They were the New York *World*, *Herald*, and *Journal*, and the Chicago *Record*. Webster paid for them out of the money he made as delivery boy. The rest of his earnings—except what went for cigars, fishing tackle, hunting gear, and other incidentals—he saved. He wanted to go to Chicago and study as a day student at the School of Illustration. After that, he hoped to become a staff artist on a newspaper. Engraving and printing hadn't been developed to the point where photographs were widely used in newspapers, and every newspaper of any consequence had a staff of artists as well as a staff of reporters. It was the artists' job to supply pen-and-ink drawings, from imagination, of fires, explosions, murders, executions, earthquakes, and other violent acts of man and God, and to make on-the-spot drawings of trials, sports events, and other occasions and do sketches of the famous and the notorious. Webster's parents didn't quite approve of their son's choice of a career; they had read and heard about the bohemian life of the artist and the hard time artists had making a living. "I told them I didn't aim to be that kind of artist, an art artist," Webster recalls. "But, even so, they weren't any too pleased. They kept thinking of the sort of life folks led in 'Trilby.' "

BY the time Webster was seventeen and had been working as a delivery boy for two years, he had accumulated a hundred and fifty dollars. He had also accumulated a great pile of pictures he had been inspired to draw by the School of Illustration. This institution was under the direction of Frank Holme, a well-known pen-and-ink artist of the early years of the century. Holme wrote the text for the lessons, which were illustrated pamphlets sent out once a month. They had such titles as "General Illustration," "Drawing for Reproduction," "Portraits," "Composition," and "News Illustration." There were twelve in all, and the course cost twenty dol-

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"Two cups light-brown sugar, two cups sifted flour, half cup butter, one egg, half teaspoon cinnamon . . ."

lars. "Fashions change in story-writing as well as in matters of dress," the text of one of the pamphlets explained, "and the illustrator must keep up with the times. A few years ago the romantic school was in vogue and the public taste ran to love stories or tales of adventure. . . . In later years the realistic school has changed all this and the authors deal with facts. Their stories are based upon actual conditions and truth of representation in the subjects described is the object to be achieved. The style of picture has kept pace with this evolution in literature."

Webster is inclined to think that the realistic school here described was pretty tame compared with the realistic school of today, which he cannot bring himself to admire, but he still considers the advice to be essentially valid. It made a great impression on him at the time. With the hundred and fifty dollars in the bank and with the horizons of Tomahawk appearing more and more limited, he felt the time had come for him to get started on his career. In 1902, he gave up his job as delivery boy, quit high school, received the reluctant blessings of his parents, and headed for Chicago to attend the day sessions of the School of Illustration. That was the last time he ever saw Tomahawk, except for a brief visit in 1911. "I've occasionally thought of going back, but I've never gone," he says. "It's changed, I know, and I prefer to remember it the way it was."

Staying alive was not expensive in 1902. Webster found a place in Chicago where he could get board and lodging for five dollars a week. Even with smokes, he figured that his modest bank account would be sufficient to keep him at the School of Illustration for several months. After that, he hoped to find a job. He began to look for employment sooner than he had anticipated, however. This was due not to any extravagance on his part, or to any misconception about the stability of the Teddy Roosevelt dollar, but to the fact that the School of Illustration was on its last legs. Twenty days after Webster arrived in Chicago, its legs gave out for good. There being no other school in Chicago that Webster wanted to go to, he made the rounds of the seven big newspapers then being published in the city. A few weeks later, having had no luck with the Chicago papers, he was on his way to Denver.

In Denver, Webster got an offer of a job on the *Republican* at a salary of nothing a week, and accepted. He didn't

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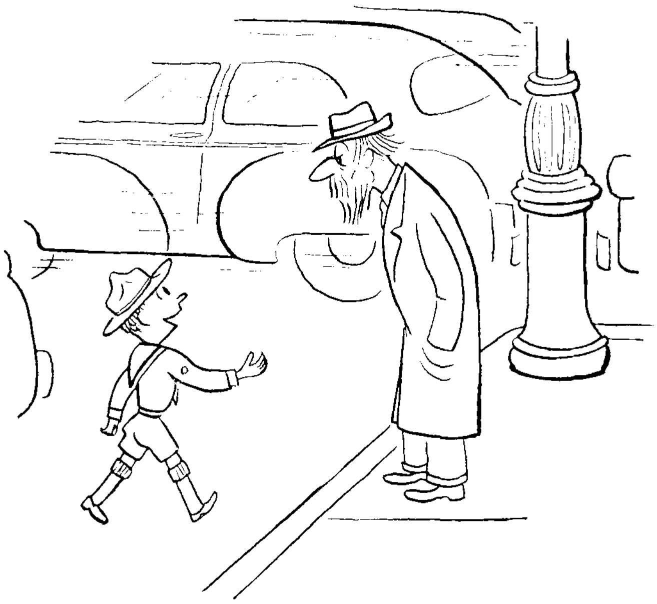

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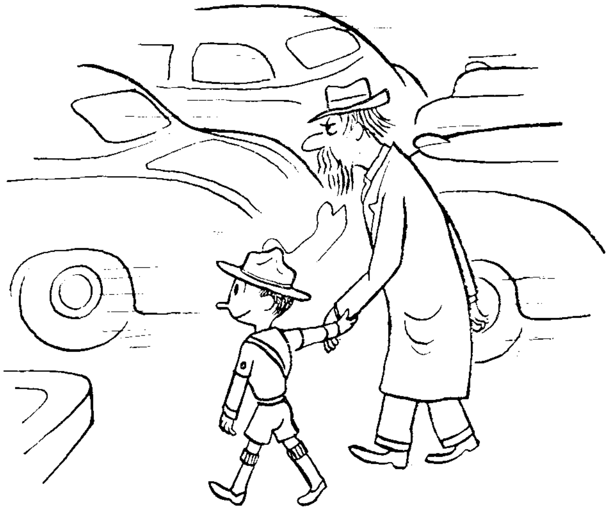

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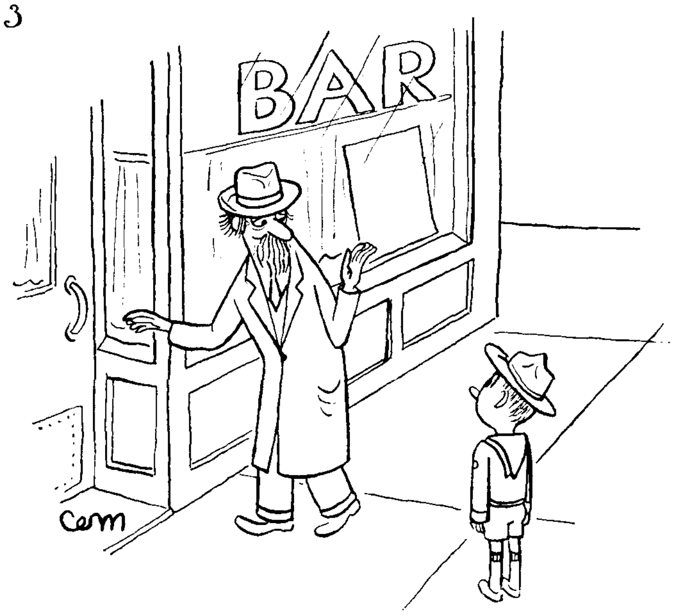

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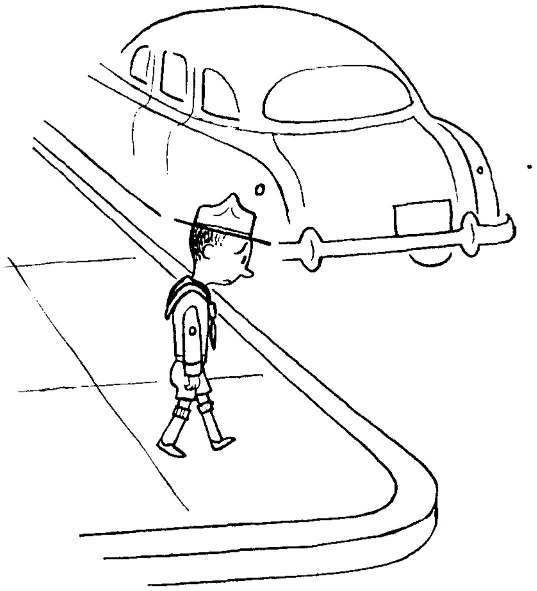

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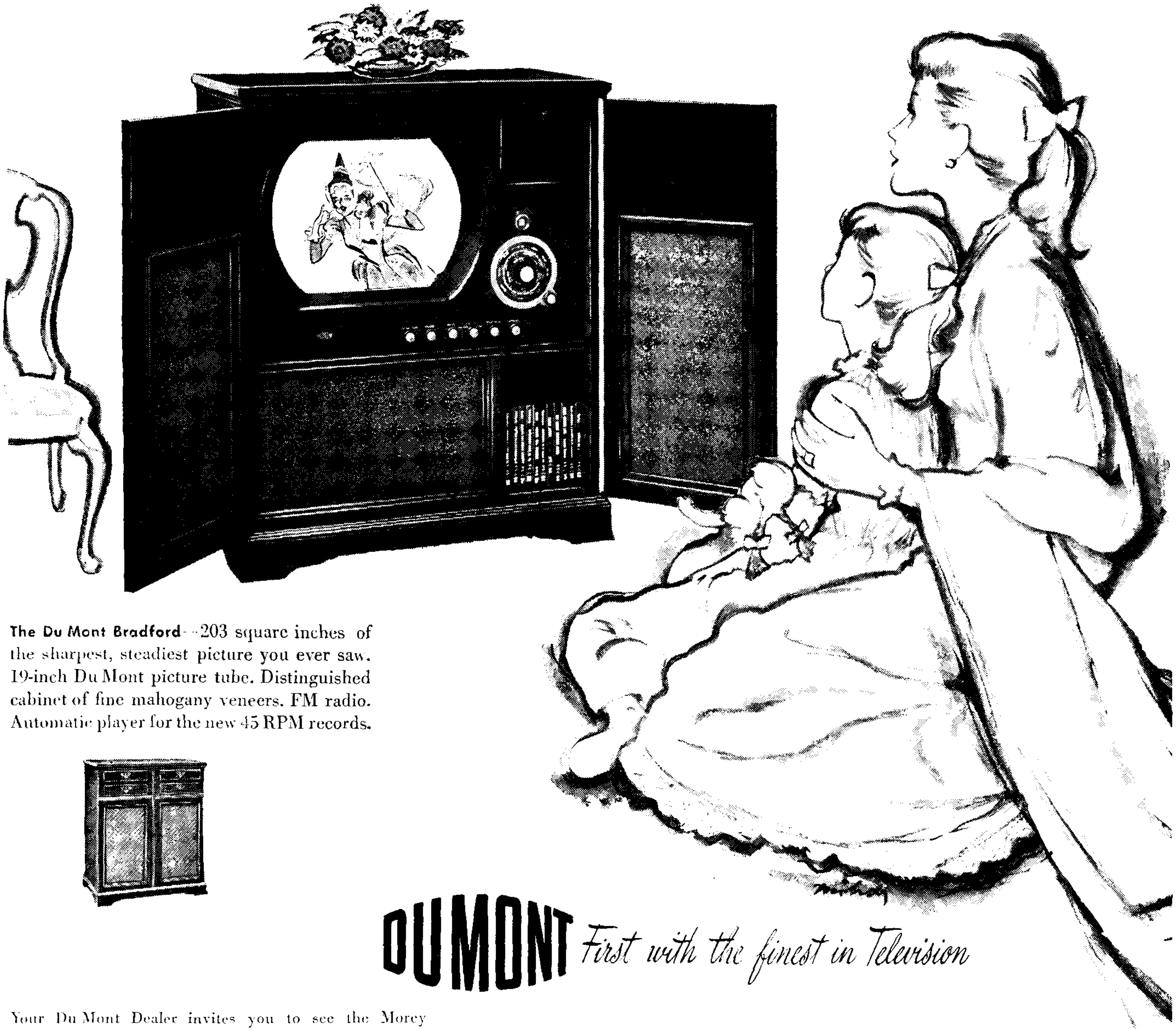

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exactly enjoy the lack of a pay check, but he felt there were non-financial rewards. At least he could tell himself that he was on the staff of a city newspaper and that, financially speaking, there was no direction for him to go but up. His first step up came almost immediately. After amassing two weeks' experience on the *Republican*, he got a job on the Denver *Post*. This one paid money—fifteen dollars a week. Webster was stunned by his sudden affluence. "I thought that was just a perfectly tremendous salary," he says. "If they had known it, they could have got me to work there for a dollar and a half. Fifteen dollars a week was beyond my wildest hopes. My Lord! I figured I could spend a whole dollar on cigars every week!"

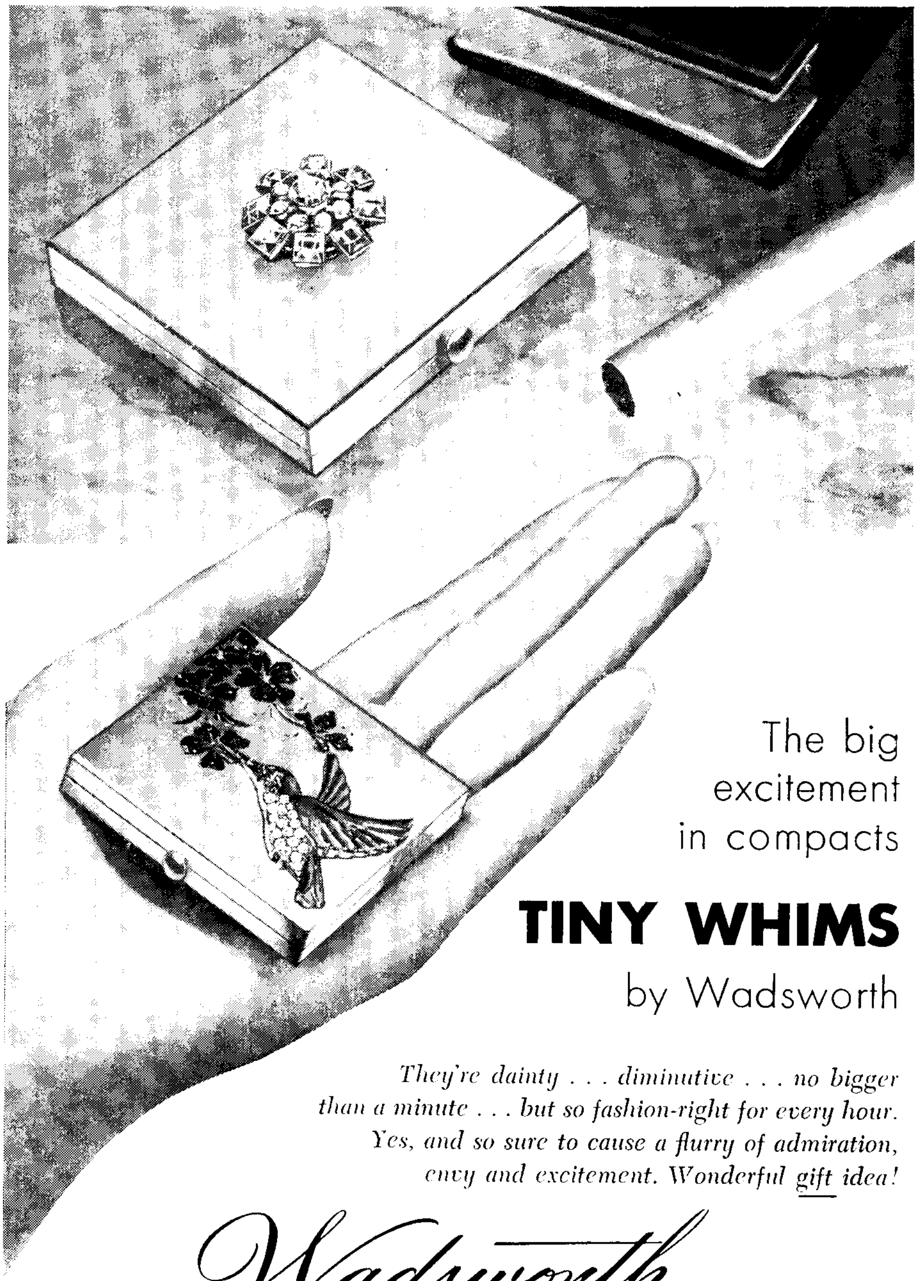
The *Post*, when Webster went to work there, was owned by Harry H. Tammen and Fred G. Bonfils. Tammen was an ex-bartender who had prospered in Denver by setting up a curio store and selling items like Geronimo's scalp to visitors from the East. Bonfils, descended from a Corsican family that believed itself to have Napoleon somewhere in its line, had been a cadet at West Point but had not stayed long enough to graduate. The two men, who were later to write one of the most lurid chapters in American journalism, were then giving a hint of what was to come by printing their banner headlines in red ink. They were so fond of the color that they painted the walls of their office red and called it the Red Room. The people of Denver called it the Bucket of Blood. Webster's recollection of it is one of his most vivid memories of Denver. He also remembers that he considered the streets of the city very clean, after Chicago.

On the *Post*, Webster did sports pictures. He says he wouldn't dare look at them today. The sports editor, with whom he used to attend baseball games, boxing matches, and so on, was a man named Otto Floto. His name was eventually to become nationally known when Tammen, who had an incorrigible weakness for elephants, started a circus and named it after him. Later, it merged with the Sells Brothers Circus, and the name became Sells-Floto. Webster has almost as excessive a failing for the circus as Tammen's, but this is not traceable to his association with Tammen. It goes back to his early years in Tomahawk, when, like nearly all boys who lived in the country, he used to go down to the railroad tracks at dawn and watch the circus unload. He didn't stay in Denver long enough to be influenced by either Tammen or Bonfils. After three months, he quit his job. "I was so overwhelmed by the vast salary they were paying me on the *Post* that when I found out they had added another artist to the staff, I felt there was no longer any room for me," he explains. "It never occurred to me until years later that they might have been able to bear this burden without too much difficulty." Packing his one suitcase, he headed back to Chicago.

IN Chicago, Webster decided to try free-lancing for a time, and the comics looked like the best field to him. The first paper he aimed at was the *Daily News*, because it ran an almost solid page of comics. This form of entertainment, while not new then, was still in the toddling stage. It was a very lusty toddler, however. Richard F. Outcault's "Yellow Kid," done in large single pictures, had appeared as early as 1895, and two years later the comic strip as we know it today, with a sequence of drawings employed to trace the development of a single incident and with the same set of characters appearing day after day, was begun by Rudolph Dirks, the creator of "The Katzenjammer Kids." In 1902, things hadn't, naturally, gone as far as they had by 1907, when the International Kindergarten Union asked parents to bar the "funny papers" from their homes, but it took no great perspicacity on Webster's part to understand that the comics were here to stay. He insists that his first attempts in this direction were terrible—a judgment more or less corroborated by surviving examples of the work he did at the time—but the *Daily News* thought otherwise. It bought so much of his stuff that the management decided it would be cheaper to put him on the staff. He went to work at seven dollars a week. He had just turned eighteen. By the time he was twenty, he had managed to climb back to the financial peak he had reached in Denver. "Fifteen dollars a week still seemed like a lot of money," he says. "It never entered my head that perhaps I was being exploited. My only worry was that they were going to find out I was on the payroll. There was one artist there who was making forty-five dollars a week. Gracious! I just couldn't figure out what one man could do with all that money."

Although there were fifteen other artists on the *Daily News*, Webster found plenty to do. He made small illustrations—what are termed "spots"—for a humorous column called "Hit or Miss," which was written by a member of the staff; he drew sports pictures; he illustrated Finley Peter Dunne's "Mister Dooley," which the *Daily News* bought from a syndicate and ran as a Saturday feature; and he turned out hundreds of what were then known in the trade as illustrated jokes. Nearly all the other artists employed by the *Daily News* made a stab at drawing illustrated jokes from time to time. They were supposed to think up their own ideas and generally did, but the paper had a file of jokes on hand for use if invention failed. Most of the entries were he-and-she jokes, with tramp jokes coming next in the order of bulk. Webster shudders when he thinks about them. He also shudders when he thinks of some of the drawings he did. He has happily forgotten what most of them were about, but one of his first attempts at a comic strip has stuck in his mind. It was done in a sequence of four panels. The first panel showed a young bride making her first batch of biscuits, the second showed her and her husband not being able to eat them, the third showed her feeding them to some ducks in a pool, and the fourth showed the ducks sinking beneath the water. "My!" Webster says now. "Wasn't that terrible?" Terrible as it and some of his other efforts may have been, he looks back upon his *Daily News* apprenticeship as extremely valuable experience. More valuable than anything else, he feels, was just being in Chicago at that time.

It was some years before H. L. Mencken generously christened Chicago the Literary Capital of the United States, but even then such men as George Ade, Eugene Field, Henry B. Fuller, Theodore Dreiser, and Robert Herrick had appeared on the scene. There was a creative bustle and excitement in the air. The office of the *Daily News*, which over the years was to produce so many authors that Carl Sandburg, one of its outstanding graduates, called it the Daily News Academy of Letters, was caught up in the ferment. So was Webster. More specifically, he was brought into contact with the work and the personality of John T. McCutcheon, a Chicago *Tribune* pen-and-ink artist who, until his death a few months ago, was as much a local institution as the grain pit, the Pump Room, and the Loop. A war correspondent, a world traveller, and for over forty years the chief cartoonist of the *Tribune*, McCutcheon is generally acknowledged to have been the father of the "human-interest" cartoon. This kind of cartoon is what Webster specializes in; its chief em-



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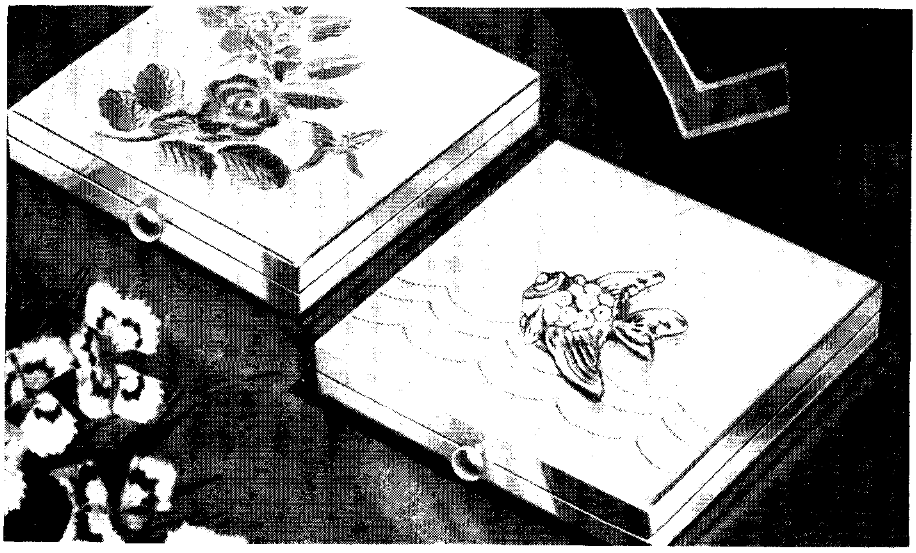

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FAY KANIN'S New Comedy
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phasis is on the little day-by-day doings of men, women, and children.

Webster feels that McCutcheon had more influence on him than anyone else had. "There is no question but that he gave me my first clear idea of the direction I wanted to go in," he says. It took some time for Webster to get started in that direction, however. In 1905, two years after he went to work for the *Daily News*, he moved over to the *Inter-Ocean*. The principal reason for the move was the offer of a weekly salary of thirty dollars. The *Inter-Ocean*, known generally as the *I.O.*, is no longer in existence. Webster is sometimes a trifle melancholy when he thinks of the newspapers he used to work for that are now no more—the Denver *Republican*, the *Inter-Ocean*, the New York *Globe*, and the New York *World*. On the *Inter-Ocean*, he switched from drawing comics and his various other chores to political cartoons. It was a belligerently Republican paper, which had once been owned by Charles T. Yerkes, Chicago's traction boss, and it had no intention of paying him thirty dollars a week to draw human-interest pictures. Besides, it was a time that was still full of the memory of the great Thomas Nast and that was commented upon by such active American political cartoonists as Frederick B. Opper, Charles G. Bush, Homer Davenport, and Charles R. Macauley, and to become a member of that select company—even a fledgling member—was a rather beguiling prospect.

Webster's early reputation, which has been overshadowed by his later work, was made as a political cartoonist. After three years on the *Inter-Ocean*, he received an offer from the Cincinnati *Post*. It needed a political cartoonist and was willing to pay seventy dollars a week. He was then twenty-three and, as he sees it today, exceedingly lucky. "My stuff was pretty atrocious," he says. "I got the job only because there weren't many political cartoonists floating around."

AFTER Chicago, Cincinnati at first seemed on the provincial side. In a few months, however, Webster came to like it. He still likes it better than any other city he has lived in, except the New York of the period before the First World War. Living was cheap ("My Lord! I couldn't *begin* to spend my salary"), his work was appreciated by his employers ("You could get by with anything in those days"), and he was through with his chores by noon ("All afternoon with nothing to do but play golf or go to a ball game"). Only one thing was wrong. Like so many other young men of the time, he was gradually laid low by a bad attack of Rudyard Kipling. After two years of the illness—characterized by restlessness and visions of far places—his constitution reached the limit of endurance. He gave up his job on the *Post*, went to the bank and drew out four thousand dollars he had managed to save without stinting himself, and hit the road to Mandalay.

Webster spent the next year going around the world. Early in January, 1910, he sailed from New York to Naples, then went on to Rome, made a quick trip to Capri and Pompeii, boarded a ship at Naples and voyaged to Alexandria, spent a month in Egypt, journeyed to Ceylon and India, stopped off at Rangoon, made a special side trip to the old Moulmein Pagoda, where he was disappointed to discover that Kipling had touched up the scenery a bit, moved on to Singapore, Hong Kong, and an earthquake in Canton—having always wanted to be in an earthquake, he was glad to check it off his list—and, after going up the Yangtze from Shanghai as far as Chungking on one of the first steamboats to make the trip, left China for Japan and returned to the United States by way of Honolulu and San Francisco. Neither his breath nor his four thousand dollars had given out. He went back to Cincinnati, spent two days visiting his friends, and took a train to New York. A new ambition had gripped him. He wanted to work on the New York *World*. The best time to begin, he decided, was immediately. After finding a boarding house, he unpacked his artist's materials and, the first night he was in New York, drew a picture for the *World*, which was in the market for free-lance drawings. The *World* bought it the next morning. All that Webster remembers of the picture is that it was about Theodore Roosevelt and was reproduced three columns wide.

With two friends from Cincinnati, Webster soon set up housekeeping in an apartment on West 148th Street. The men paid a total of forty-five dollars a month for seven rooms and got their first month's rent free for signing a lease. Before the rent-free month was out, Webster had a job. He was hired, at a hundred dollars a week, as a political cartoonist by a recently formed syndicate known as the Associated Newspapers. Among the other members of the stable were Dr. Frank Crane, Thornton Burgess, Jay N. Darling, and Robert L. Ripley. Aft-

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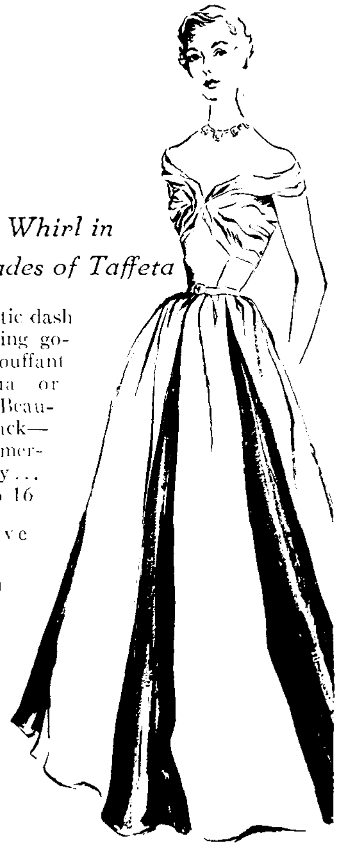
er toiling for the syndicate for eight years, from 1911 to 1919, Webster received an offer from the New York *Tribune* and accepted it. By that time, he had stopped being a political cartoonist and was drawing human-interest pictures exclusively. He has a simple explanation of his metamorphosis. "As a political cartoonist, I was in hot water all the time," he says. "I didn't like being in hot water, so every now and then I'd do a human-interest picture. Little by little, they caught on, and I did more and more of them. Once I got started on that track, I was glad to keep going. I found that drawing human-interest pictures was what I wanted to do more than anything else." In 1916, he met a Toledo girl named Ethel Worts, who had come to New York to study at Columbia. After a two-week courtship, they were married.

Webster remained with the *Tribune* until 1923. Then, with his reputation fully established, he was asked to go to work for the *World*. He jumped at the chance. The *World* was at a high point of prestige, and to be a member of its staff was to be a member of journalism's gilt-edge aristocracy. Like many other members of that aristocracy, he speaks in a hushed, reverent tone when he recalls the old days in the domed Pulitzer Building, at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge. And, like everybody else who was connected with the paper at the time, he looks upon its demise as a dire, unmitigated calamity, several degrees worse than the Johnstown flood. One of the things in his life he is most thankful for is that he didn't have to participate in the *World's* deathwatch. Early in 1931, a few weeks before it folded, he left it for the *Herald Tribune*. It was no secret that the *World* was going to collapse, and when Webster was offered the *Herald Tribune* job, he thought he'd better take it. He's been there ever since.

THE wares that Webster displays in the *Herald Tribune*, and in a hundred-odd newspapers in which his work appears, via the *Herald Tribune* syndicate, are a tested line of merchandise. Some of the items are relatively new; others have been on the market for years. On Mondays, he presents his Caspar Milquetoast, "The Timid Soul." Tuesdays bring "Life's Darkest Moment," which he began doing at rare intervals, under the title of "Little Tragedies of Childhood," back when he was working for the Cincinnati *Post* and couldn't find anything worth drawing a political cartoon about. One of his



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newer and more spirited items, "The Unseen Audience," a running commentary on the follies and foibles of radio and television, appears on Wednesdays. Any one of three series meets the demands of the trade on Thursdays: "How to Torture Your Wife," an exploration of some of the less blissful moments of the connubial life, as seen from the distaff side; "How to Torture Your Husband," in which the shoe pinches the other foot; and "And Nothing Can Be Done About It," wherein a woman is generally portrayed as being unable to get the point of a joke—usually one that is something less than hilarious—being told by a male companion, presumably her husband. On Fridays, there is "Bridge," a direct reflection of Webster's own passion for the game. Saturdays are given over to "The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime," which, like "Life's Darkest Moment," dates from before the First World War. And the week is rounded out, on Sundays, by the reappearance of Mr. Milquetoast, in a half-page comic strip that is printed in color.

Mr. Milquetoast first made his appearance in 1926, when Webster was on the *World*. At that period, he was drawing a Sunday strip called "The Man in the Brown Derby," based on the adventures of an average man, and he thinks that this personage may stand in the same relation to Caspar Milquetoast that Piltdown man stands to twentieth-century man. "But I'm not sure," he says. "I'm not sure of anything that has to do with the origin of 'The Timid Soul.' All I remember is that I did this one picture without having any idea that it would turn into a series, and that several weeks later I did another. After that, I did a Timid Soul picture once a month or so, and then a little more frequently, and finally—well, there he was."

By 1931, the Timid Soul was there in sufficient quantity to be made into a book—a collection of pictures, with an introduction by Ring Lardner—and to have become one of the outstanding characters in the comics field. For such a withdrawn, retiring person, his subsequent career has been rather sensational. A radio show has been built around him, and so has a television program, and in 1937 Franklin D. Roosevelt, seeking a phrase to indicate his disapproval of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 who argued that too much power shouldn't be vested in the Chief Executive, called them "timid souls." More recently, in a world that sometimes appears to be dominated by the overly aggressive, it has been suggested that it might be a happier place if we had millions of Mr. Milquetoasts, and that beneath his unprepossessing exterior there beats a stoutly courageous heart.

> How comfortable it would seem [wrote an editorialist for the New York *Herald Tribune* on July 7, 1946] when those of commoner types careen along a platform knocking bundles from packed arms or butt through a subway door, scraping garments off other passengers, if all the butters were to be transformed into Milquetoasts! . . . For nobody any more murmurs, "Do go first" or "I fear my cigar annoys you." Usually nobody says anything in *circumstances where brusque action can serve.* This is the real reason why the United Nations are encountering difficulties in uniting. Each wants to butt and jostle, even when observing parliamentary law and diplomatic usage. . . . If the cult of consideration for others, the cult of Mr. Milquetoast, could gain scope and force, every problem could be settled to the general satisfaction, each party gladly yielding a little. . . . Mr. Milquetoast is not cowardly. His abiding fear of trespassing on others' rights, of hurting someone's feelings, of seeming to presume or being unkind gives him a mild look, that's all. . . . Inward chin and downward mustachios are no sign of their possessor's faint quality of soul. If enough genuine, sincere Milquetoasts could be found to make up an organization, they might guide us to the earthly paradise.

The Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram*, on its editorial page of September 30, 1947, had this to say:

> If this world were all bullies, with outjutting jaws and the full character that is supposed to go with them, how long would it last? . . . Further, the jutting chin is much overrated. Too often there is little but bluster behind it. . . . Even in pugilism the prognathous jaw often proves more glassy than the less pronounced one. If Mr. Milquetoast's jaw is not an assertive one, it is just a physiological variation, and it has no reflection and influence on his character. They also serve whose chins slant in. . . . In the London war bombardments it was discovered that many a reputedly timid soul had the stuff of heroes in him. . . . Caspar Milquetoast is of such underlying mettle.

The editorialist of the Worcester *Telegram* felt so strongly about the matter that he suggested Webster ought to give Mr. Milquetoast a break now and then, to let the stuff of heroes appear. "Otherwise," he continued, "the time may come when Webster just goes too far, and . . . when, driven by righteous resentment and long-pent rebellion . . . he [Mr. Milquetoast] unleashes a sock that will rock someone to the very heels. . . . May the cheers come soon!" This point of view is shared by many, some of whom have written Webster. He is sometimes tempted to go along with them and let Mr. Milquetoast triumph over his environment instead of being constantly defeated by it, but he always puts the temptation aside. "It wouldn't be in character," he says. "Mr. Milquetoast just isn't like that." He feels that Mr. Milquetoast must stay in character even in his private life. Once, when Franklin P. Adams, in his column, spelled "Caspar" "Casper," Webster wrote him a letter. "Mr. Milquetoast has spoken to me about your spelling of his name," Webster told Adams. "He says that his family has always spelled it with an *a*, but that they are notoriously bad spellers and you are probably right."

KEEPING Mr. Milquetoast going, along with drawing his other pictures, takes up most of Webster's time. He likes to be ahead in his work—at the moment he is three months to the good—and when in Stamford goes to his studio every day, including Sunday. His studio, which he refers to as his shop, is a big, well-lighted one-room building attached to his house by a covered passage. Books overflow their shelves onto tables, chairs, and the floor, and newspapers are heaped about, together with stacks of the originals of his pictures, mounds of old and current magazines, and an accumulation of cardboard boxes of different sizes. Any time he wants to find anything, however, he has no trouble putting his hands on it. Recently, wishing to check his memory about a matter that had come up in conversation with a friend, he got up from his chair, went to a drawer, opened it, blew off some dust, rummaged a moment, and came up with what he was after—a newspaper clipping seventeen years old. The walls of his studio are a little more crowded than those of the Pitti Palace. There are cartoons; sketches; a couple of pen-and-ink drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, whom Webster regards as one of the best black-and-white men this country has ever produced; autographed photographs; four George Bellows lithographs, one of which, the famous "Stag at Sharkey's," the artist autographed for Webster; a framed specimen of handwriting by Mark Twain, one of his two heroes; and, in a high, special place all by itself, a portrait engraving of his other hero, Abraham Lincoln.

Webster has read every line Mark Twain wrote, and one of his prized possessions, which hangs on a wall of the living room of his house, is a letter from him. He received it after he had made a pen-and-ink drawing of Twain

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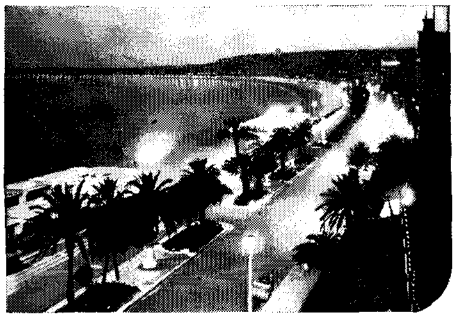

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in Chicago in 1905. It appeared in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and Twain, who was tired of being made to look like a combination of a Southern plantation owner, Santa Claus, and Merlin by artists and photographers both, wrote to tell Webster what a good, straightforward likeness he thought it was.

Mark Twain's influence on Webster is apparent in any number of the artist's pictures, and particularly in those that have been done for "The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime" and "Life's Darkest Moment." One that was published a few months ago showed two small boys standing on a riverbank and watching an old side-wheeler come upstream under a full head of steam. "That's what I'm *gonna be* when I grow up. A *pilot*," one of the boys was saying. The influence that Lincoln has had on Webster is not so readily apparent. The inspiration for his most successful single picture, however, unmistakably came from him. The picture, which ran under the caption "Hardin County, 1809," came out on February 12, 1918. It showed two backwoodsmen having a conversation in the snow, one standing and the other on horseback. "Any news down t' th' village, Ezry?" asked the first. "Well," said the second, "Squire McLean's gone t' Washin'ton t' see Madison swore in, an' ol' Spellman tells me this Bonaparte fella has captured most o' Spain. What's new out here, neighbor?" "Nuthin' a tall, nuthin' a tall, 'cept fer a new baby down t' Tom Lincoln's," replied the first man. "Nuthin' ever happens out here."

If everything goes smoothly, Webster puts in only a four-hour to five-hour working day. It generally takes him that long to do a picture. He remembers one joyful occasion when he turned one out in twenty minutes—his record—and he remembers numerous other times, not nearly so happy, when he stayed humped over his drawing board for as long as twelve hours on a picture. Fond of reading and puttering around in his studio until after midnight, and frequently working that late when he gets stuck, Webster hasn't heard the dawn chorus, except on fishing trips, in a good many years. He gets down to breakfast between ten and eleven o'clock, reads the *Herald Tribune*, taking a look at his picture for the day to see how it stands up in print and being dissatisfied more often than not ("There are times when everything I do seems perfectly awful," he says), fills the first of the ten to fifteen pipes he smokes a day (he switched from cigars to a pipe about eighteen years ago), and then goes out to his studio. His drawing follows the same schedule as the appearance of his pictures—"The Timid Soul" on Sundays and Mondays, "Life's Darkest Moment" on Tuesdays, and so on. If he has a clear idea of what he wants to do, he makes a rough pencil sketch of his picture immediately; if not, he sits, worries, and stews. He frequently finds himself sitting, worrying, and stewing for hours at a time.

Webster thinks up most of the ideas for his pictures himself. Since they are his stock in trade and he knows he'd go bankrupt in a week without them, he is never quite free from the pressure that conjuring them up imposes. The mail brings him around forty suggestions for pictures a month, from all parts of the country, but hardly any of them are suited to his purposes. Over the years, he has found that approximately one out of every two hundred is worth using. Many of the suggestions he receives are in the form of bread that he has himself cast upon the waters; his correspondents are always sending in ideas he has already used. Basically an even-tempered man, given to spells of quick, rumbling laughter, he sometimes gets extremely depressed by the difficulty of thinking up good ideas. "Take 'The Timid Soul,' " he said to a caller a few nights ago, as they sat in his cluttered studio. "I often feel I'm letting him be too silly—people wouldn't act that way, no matter how timid they were. It's not that I want him to be that way. It's just due to my desperation about ideas. And then when I *do* get a good idea for a picture, I don't seem to be able to draw well enough to do anything with it. Look at this one. Awful! The idea is passable, but the execution is dreadful. Awful! Simply awful!"

Webster draws with his left hand. He lost the use of his right one in 1927, when he was on the *World*. It was the price he paid for his first vacation after his trip abroad. Having worked for seventeen years without a real break, and feeling he had to get away for a time, he arranged to go to Europe for three months. Being no more than a week or so ahead in his work, he could get the time off for the trip only by persuading the *World* to rerun during his absence some of his pictures that had already appeared in it. This the *World* agreed to do, and he started digging out the originals and cleaning them up. Some of them went back to his first days on the paper, and they were covered with stains, smudges, ink spots, and even footprints. At the end of a month of

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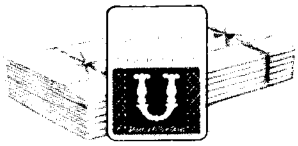

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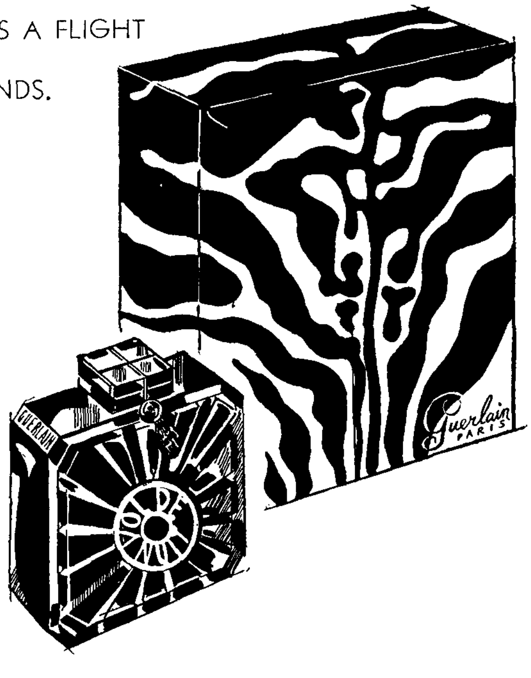
this kind of grind—drawing new pictures and putting the old ones back in shape—his right hand began to hurt. He kept on working anyway, feeling that his three-month vacation would bring it around. It didn't. When he got back, his hand hurt so much he couldn't use pen or pencil. The various doctors he went to had no trouble diagnosing his ailment—it was a severe case of writer's cramp, they said—but none of them could do anything for him. He started teaching himself to draw with his left hand. He was able to do this in four months and has been a left-hander ever since.

For some years, it has been gossiped in New York that Webster doesn't do his own work any more. This isn't true. Ever since his right hand went out of commission, he has had an assistant, Herb Roth, a cartoonist and illustrator who was on the staff of the *World* when Webster worked there. After making a pencil drawing of a picture, Webster inks in all the characters and some of the detail. Roth then finishes it off. It might be thought that the fact that Roth lives in Larchmont and Webster in Stamford would complicate things somewhat, but the two men have worked out a fairly simple arrangement. Roth drives to Stamford once a week and picks up the pictures Webster has done since his last visit. Returning to Larchmont, he gets them into final shape and takes them back to Stamford the next week. Webster looks them over and then, if he is satisfied with them, mails them to New York.

ALTHOUGH Webster was something of a man-about-town in his earlier years in New York, he rarely comes to the city any more. He has been here just once this year, to see a ball game. He is only moderately active in the social life of Stamford, where he has lived for the past twenty-six years. He and his wife, who have no children, spend most of their evenings at home. Webster permits himself one big night a week. Every Tuesday, no matter what, he and three old friends get together for a bridge game. The foursome has been meeting regularly for ten years and, in point of residence, pretty well covers lower Connecticut: one, a lawyer, lives in Bridgeport; another, also a lawyer, lives in Fairfield; the third, a doctor, lives in Westport, a bit closer to Webster's home. They take turns being host and play for stakes never exceeding a fourth of a cent a point. They also go on fishing trips together. On their last trip, which lasted



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four days, they played fifty-four rubbers of bridge and caught one fish. It was unanimously pronounced one of the best excursions in years.

Webster's first love in card games was poker. He used to play all the time and after he came to New York frequently sat in on games adorned by the presence of Lillian Russell. She was in her late fifties by then and had retired from the stage, but Webster remembers her as still being very beautiful. He remembers her more vividly as the best lady poker player he ever knew. "She never asked who opened or how many cards anybody had drawn, and she never had to be reminded it was her bet," he recalls. "A thoroughly admirable woman." Webster swore off poker for the same reason De Quincey swore off opium; he felt things had gone much too far. The end came in the spring of 1935, after a game in a room in the old Waldorf-Astoria that lasted forty-eight hours. It began on Friday afternoon at one o'clock and broke up at one o'clock the following Sunday. "That game finished me," Webster says. "I figured that if I didn't have any more sense than that, I ought to quit. Poker can do strange things to a man. I remember the wife of one of the fellows in that game was seriously ill in a hospital. By rights, he should have been with her—after all, she could have died—and there he was, playing poker. I realized it was time to quit. Besides, bridge is a much better game." In the winter months, which Webster and his wife spend in Palm Beach, he plays bridge every night. He became an official member of the winter colony when he bought a house there in 1942, after renting a place in Delray Beach for fifteen years. His new house is a brick structure of modified plantation design, a short block from the water. He follows the identical working routine in Palm Beach that he does in Stamford, even to his arrangement with Herb Roth, who also winters there.

A high point of the year for Webster is when, each summer, the circus plays in Bridgeport. The Websters invariably drive over for it, as happy and excited as any farm couple going to the fair. Webster has always been mildly hypnotized by life under the big top, and there are times when he thinks he might have had a pretty good life as a clown. Some thirty years ago, he did make a short trip with the circus. He was accompanied by his wife and the late Clare Briggs, one of the abler American comic-strip artists. Briggs and Webster appeared in the ring as clowns,

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and Mrs. Webster rode an elephant in the "spec," the pageant with which every circus performance begins. Webster particularly enjoyed the experience because it was the one time in his life he could face up to a crowd.

"The very thought of having to get up before a crowd terrifies me," he recently remarked. "In that respect, I suppose I'm like Mr. Milquetoast—I suppose I'm like him in many ways. As a matter of fact, to come right out with it, he's pretty much of an autobiographical character. A lot of times, I have him being overwhelmed by a situation that could readily overwhelm me. For one thing, I've always stood rather in awe of authority. I blanch when I hear a cop's whistle. I was driving the other day with the radio turned on. A cop's whistle came over the air, and then a voice saying, 'Hey, you! Where do you think you're going?' It was part of the program, but I thought it was a real policeman, whistling and yelling at me. I put on the brakes so hard I nearly wrecked the car."

One of Webster's friends, taking it up from there, has since said, "Sure. That's just the sort of thing Webbie would do. But that's not what makes him Mr. Milquetoast. It's something else entirely. Take a good look at Mr. Milquetoast and you'll find that the big reason he has such a hard time in this world is that he's a gentleman. A gentleman with the accent on 'gentle.' Well, Webbie's like that, too."

—HAMILTON BASSO

•

Francis Hackett is known on both sides of the Atlantic. Six of his works, all obtainable at the library, are part of the exhibit. His wife, Signe Toksvig, magazine writer and biographer, is too.—*Newtown (Conn.) Bee.*

Hmm. A looker?

•

The twin fears, as he [Senator Dulles] saw them, were rain, which might keep the voters away, or fair weather, which might find voters taking to field and stream instead of the polls.—*The Herald Tribune.*

And then there's fear itself. Don't forget that, Senator!

•

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[*Dr. Philip C. Jessup quoted in a news release of the U. S. Information Service.*]

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THE THEATRE

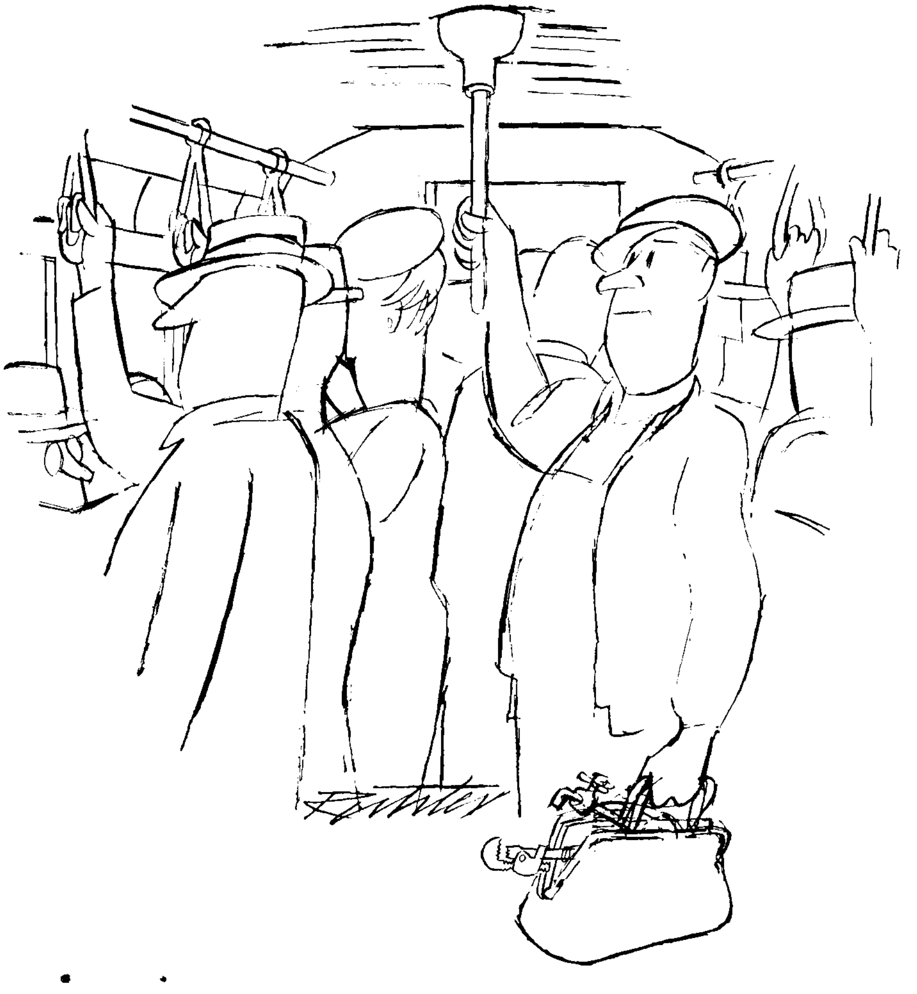
THE END AND THE MEANS

"MONTSERRAT," Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a French play by Emmanuel Roblès, is an interminable, repetitive, and, I'm afraid, only occasionally eloquent debate on whether or not a dedicated revolutionary is justified in betraying his country and sacrificing six innocent lives for the ultimate good of the cause. Mr. Roblès and Miss Hellman say he is, and, given the specific conditions of their argument (a cynical representative of decadent Spain opposed to the great South American liberator, Simon Bolivar), I am ready to concede they make their point. The question of how this proposition would sound if it had been a little less heavily weighted on the side of social change—if, for instance, the issue had been capitalist democracy opposed to state socialism—is something else again. I would say that the habit of setting up highly special circumstances to prove general theories, fairly common among playwrights these days, is to some degree self-defeating, on the ground that controversies between men and monsters have no more real moral significance than contests between cowboys and Indians and are apt to stir an audience on just about the same level. In the case of "Montserrat," it seems to me that this black-and-white technique is more than usually apparent, and that in spite of some dramatic scenes and effective speeches, the piece at the Fulton is a disappointingly contrived and hollow play.

The hero of "Montserrat" is a young Spanish officer of that name, stationed at Valencia, in Venezuela, in 1812, when his countrymen are occupying the city. He is technically an aristocrat, but the ladies of his family have apparently been guilty of some indiscretions at court and he describes himself as "a child of disorder and fashionable impurities." I'm not sure to just what extent his disgust with Madrid society is supposed to be responsible for his political behavior, but very soon it turns out that he has been supplying guns to Bolivar, who is now a fugitive in the hills. The action of the play begins when the young man's commanding officer, a figure of malignant urbanity matched in my memory only by Mr. George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," discovers that his subordinate knows Bolivar's hiding place and sets to work to force this information from him. Torture, it seems, is useless in the case of a Spaniard and a soldier, but the inquisitor is a resourceful man and he hits on an ingenious expedient. Soldiers are dispatched to bring in six people from the streets, and though their selection is said to be arbitrary, it is remarkably varied and artistic, consisting of an elderly merchant, a sculptor of religious images, an actor, a housewife, a young Indian, and a rather pretty girl, occupation unspecified. It is explained to Montserrat that these men and women will be taken out and shot, one by one, until he reveals Bolivar's whereabouts.

As you might expect, he refuses, and the rest of the evening is mainly concerned with these executions, or, rather, since they take place offstage, with the speeches preliminary to each of them. It had never occurred to me that Miss Hellman has an obvious mind, so I suppose that Mr. Roblès must be charged with the rather pat and theatrical revelation of character that develops in the majority of these cases—the merchant behaving in the craven and despicable manner natural to a man of property in the theatre of the Left, the artist preoccupied with his tragedy of work left unfinished, the actor pitifully acting, the housewife simply heartbroken at leaving her children, only the young girl and the native boy, uncorrupted by possessions or personal ambition or family ties, being willing and even proud to die for the future. The succession of murders (their metronomic regularity may be a structural fault, by the way) is certainly uncomfortable to watch, but there is a quality of automatic pathos about the victims and of almost comic villainy about their executioner that works fatally, in my opinion, against any real feeling of pity or indignation.

The cast assembled and directed by Miss Hellman is headed by Emlyn Williams, who plays the wicked Spanish officer with such admirable style and authority that it is hard not to find him the most fascinating character on the stage and even not to sympathize somewhat with his impatience with a good



deal of the virtuous nonsense addressed to him by the hero. This part is taken by William Redfield, who has a candid, boyish appearance and demeanor not too easy to reconcile with the subtleties of revolutionary thought. The others include Francis Compton, as a worldly cleric, and Reinhold Schunzel, William Hansen, Vivian Nathan, John Abbott, Julie Harris, and George Bartenieff, as the six unfortunate bystanders. Allowing for a slightly disconcerting variation in accents, especially in the pronunciation of the name "Bolivar," I thought they all gave first-rate performances. Howard Bay's single setting is handsome and ominous, and the gentlemen's uniforms, executed by Irene Sharaff, made their wearers look very virile indeed.

BECAUSE of the short interval elapsing between the opening of "Lost in the Stars" and the appearance of this magazine, it will be possible for me to comment on it only very briefly here, saving a lengthier comment for another issue. As I'm sure you know, this musical play is taken from "Cry, the Beloved Country," Alan Paton's novel about an old Negro minister in South Africa whose sister and son have left their native village and come to bad ends in Johannesburg, she as a prostitute and he as the murderer of a white man. It was a strangely touching book, with deep and melancholy poetry in it, and I wish I could say that Maxwell Anderson, who revised the book and wrote the lyrics, and Kurt Weill, who furnished the score, have succeeded in transferring its feeling and quality intact to the stage. Unfortunately, they haven't, though they have produced a work that is full of moving scenes and often quite lovely to listen to. Their failure, I think, lies partly in the fact that Mr. Paton's story asks for a much fuller and more subtle definition of character than is possible in their medium, and partly in rather more obvious defects in acting, scene designing, and direction. As I say, I'll go into all these matters later and, I hope, more satisfactorily. At the moment, I can report only that "Lost in the Stars" was a mild disappointment to a man who went to it with very high hopes.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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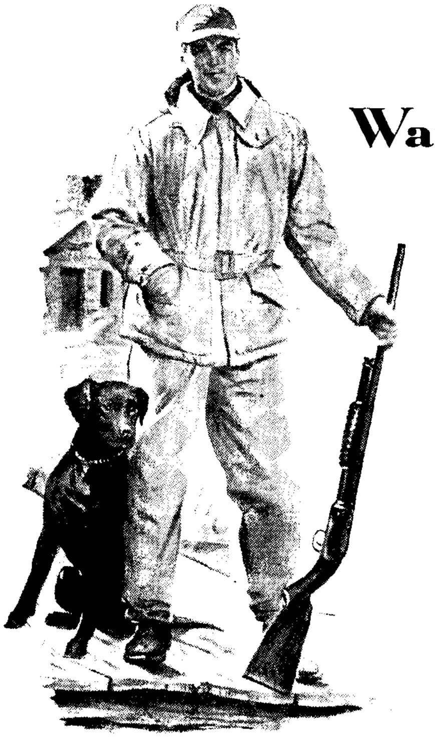

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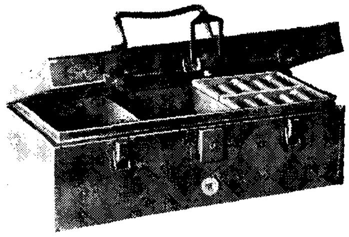

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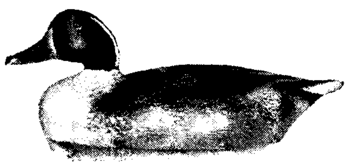

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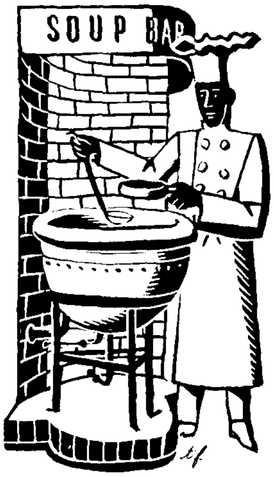
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 27

ACCORDING to friends of the administration, the session of Congress due to open January 3rd will devote itself to passing the President's domestic program, thereby complementing the work of that adjourned on October 19th, which, as everyone knows, was the session devoted to passing his foreign-policy program. Masquerading skim milk as cream is an important branch of the art of politics, and the transformation of the Eighty-first Congress from one that appeared so short a time back to differ in only dimly perceptible and politically inconsequential ways from the Eightieth Congress into a vigorous, creative legislature, efficiently spreading its labor over its allotted time, is a stunning example of the kind of verbal salvage operation the President seems able to carry off so successfully. It was just a couple of months ago that his disgust with Congress was so great that he renewed his threats to catch a train and tell the country why it wasn't getting what it had voted for. And it was not two months ago but only the day after Congress adjourned, having listened to his warm message of praise, that the President at his news conference said, when the matter of catching that train came up, that he'd cross that railroad bridge when and if he came to it. Yet the official line of his office at the moment is that the session was a very satisfactory one, that Congress did all that could humanly be expected of it, and that, having taken care of our global interests, it is now in good shape to tackle domestic legislation. Its neglect of the domestic program is simply and reasonably explained: Speaker Rayburn told the President, according to the Washington *Post*, "You've submitted a two-session program. No one session of Congress that ever met could be expected to handle it all."



The official line overlooks two facts of major importance. One is that the 1949 session lasted nearly as long as two ordinary sessions, and the other is that, given the opportunity, most of the foreign-policy legislation enacted this year would probably have been enacted by the Eightieth Congress, which President Truman held to be either the worst, or next-to-worst, Congress in American history. It would not have passed the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, from which this Congress withdrew many stingers put in by the preceding one, but it would almost certainly have passed the extension of the Marshall Plan, which was authorized by the Republican Congress, and the ratification of the North Atlantic Pact, the work on which was begun when the State Department had no justifiable hope of bringing it before a Democratic Congress. It is also conceivable that the Eightieth Congress would have agreed to the Military Assistance Program, as a necessary concomitant of the Pact. Thus, while the administration can say, if it wishes to, that it got its foreign program through the first session and expects to get its domestic program through the second session, it would be representing the facts with greater accuracy if it said that it got the bipartisan sections of its program through this year and plans to try the partisan sections next year. Since Congress has already turned down enough of the latter to permit the assumption that it will reject most of the rest, it would appear that if logic has any close connection with politics, the administration is just whistling in the dark.

The really odd thing in the present situation is that it may be whistling some prophetic notes. Logic simply doesn't have any close connection with politics, and it is possible that the same men who looked upon the President's domestic program with a fishy eye this year may think better of it next year. Next year is an election year, and if, while the congressmen are back among their constituents, they find that the President's program is still as popular as the 1948 election returns seemed to indicate, they may feel called upon to revise some of their principles. If Dulles should lose to Lehman in the forthcoming New York election, revision would appear to many congressmen to be an urgent matter. Furthermore, if a substantial part of the administration's domestic program isn't passed in 1950, the President is likely to dig out some of his 1948 speeches and, forgetting his recent statement about this Congress's "accomplishments," call it a "do-nothing" one. This was perhaps the most telling phrase he used in the Presidential campaign, and several political strategists believe that the voters were more impressed by the charge that the last Congress was slothful and inactive than they were by the fact that the views of its majority were counter to those of the President. Although there are circumstances under which a do-nothing Congress might be the very best kind of Congress, the term is an odious one to most Americans, and it has been interesting to hear the Republicans, who might very well be serving their ideals by sitting on their hands, chiming in with the Democrats in an effort to prove that *something* was done in the 1949 session. The chances are that both Republicans and Democrats will want to "do" more in the next session, and the only way they can avoid the do-nothing stigma will be by doing what the President wants.

THE House Committee on the Armed Services, before which the unedifying row between generals and admirals recently took place, plans to resume its hearings in January and then prepare its report. The rest of the country may follow these subsequent developments with interest, but as far as Washington is concerned, the game is over and the Air Force has won, 100–0. In the minds of most non-military people here, the issue was settled when, about a week ago, General Bradley took the stand and stated the Air Force case more strongly than even the Air Force men had dared to state it. Once Bradley showed up on the Air Force side, so did most other people, including a lot who the day before had thought they were on the Navy side. If Bradley had come out in favor of crossbows or spears, everyone might have agreed with him about that, too. I know little about Bradley's standing among his colleagues in the Pentagon, but it would be very difficult to exaggerate the respect in which he is held among civilians here, both in the government and outside it. His predecessors, Marshall and Eisenhower, enjoyed greater prestige throughout the country and the world, but in Washington Bradley is the most popular of the three. When, therefore, this soft-spoken, conciliatory man—whose prejudices, if any, might be expected to favor the infantry, which also has a few things to feel miffed about—said that the Navy was talking through its hat and that our investment in the big bombers was sound, it was felt in most quarters that the last word on the subject had been spoken. Some big names—Eisenhower, Marshall, Herbert Hoover, Mark Clark, and Louis A. Johnson—followed Bradley to the stand, but they did not get as much attention as many of the lesser figures who testified earlier got, for by then everybody had applied the popular rule of thumb: When in doubt on military questions, follow Bradley.

It was perhaps inevitable that in a contest between the Navy and the Air Force for the favors of Congress the Air Force should be the winner. It has always been the winner lately, and that is the basis of the Navy's complaints. Because of the seniority system, the chairmanship of the House Committee on the Armed Services fell, when the Democrats organized Congress in January, to Representative Carl Vinson, of Georgia, who, because of his decades of service on the old Naval Affairs Committee, is an unrelenting partisan of sea power, but not all the rest of his committee share his view, and in the House and the Senate the friends of air power are in the majority. It is not difficult to see the appeal of air power to the Congressional mind. Costly as airplanes are, they are the cheapest instruments of offensive and defensive strength. If a victory could be gained simply by bombing an enemy senseless, it would be an inexpensive victory indeed. More important still, air power can be developed to considerable strength without universal military service. The Air Force's demands for personnel are small compared to those of the Navy and the Army, and if the air-power theorists are right it would be possible to win a war without interfering much with the lives of the voters or the voters' offspring. All this has led Congress to favor the Air Force, most recently in the session just ended, when, on its own initiative, Congress voted a fifty-eight-group Air Force instead of the forty-eight-group one the President had asked for, and authorized $740,000,000 more than had been requested. It is doubtful that very many congressmen know how many planes and what sort of planes go into a group, but they all know what a plane is, and most of them feel that the jolliest, most comfortable way of winning a war is to drop big bombs out of big planes. It is believed here that the Navy would not have got a hearing in Congress at all if the development of the People's Democratic Bomb by the Soviet Union hadn't shaken the advocates of air power and forced them to make at least a gesture toward reconsidering their position.

If, however, Congress has lately

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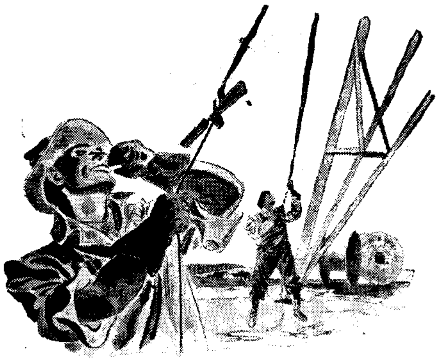

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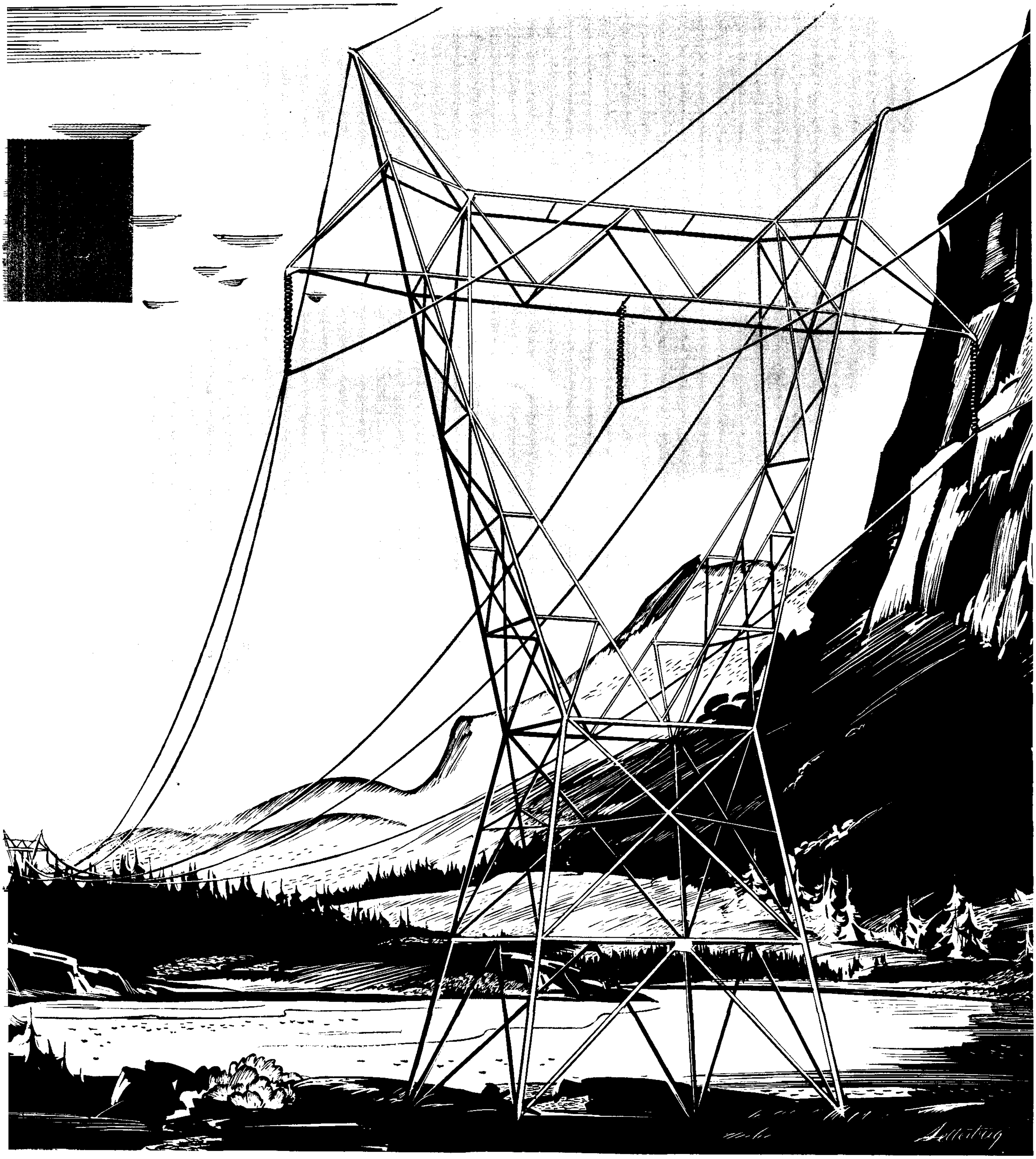

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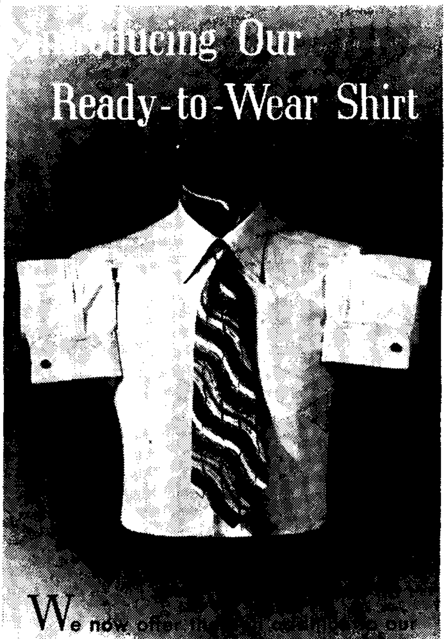
favored the Air Force, most of the rest of Washington was disposed, up to Bradley's statement, the other way. People elsewhere may have been scandalized when Captain John G. Crommelin, Jr., moving furtively about in the National Press Building like a cop-shy bookie, passed out the documents on the disintegration of Navy morale, but this city's reaction to his breach of discipline was not unfavorable. In fact, Crommelin brought back memories of Billy Mitchell, and most people found it easy to believe that the Navy had received a nasty and unmerited kicking around from the Air Force and Secretary Johnson. The truth is that several factors have lately created strong, though not necessarily intelligent, sympathy for the Navy in Washington. For one thing, practically everyone in government knows, or thinks he knows, what it is like to have one's agency trampled over by a more powerful agency. When the Navy said that it was being unified out of existence, a strong bond grew up between it and members of other branches of the government who believe they have been handed the short end of the stick in some unification or reorganization deal. For another thing, there is very little love for the Air Force in Washington. Its officers are thought to be a noisy, swaggering, overbearing crew, and its high-pressure publicity campaigns, though manifestly slick and effective, are deeply resented, primarily because they *are* slick and effective. In contrast, the Navy men are looked upon as a mellow, cultured, gentlemanly lot, and although this opinion is compounded largely of spite and of romanticism, it is an estimate that seemed superficially justified during the recent hearings. Braggadocio and cocksureness were observable attributes of the Air Force men, whereas the Navy men appeared to be, on the whole, quiet, restrained, and *eager not to give offense*. With one or two exceptions, the Navy men stated their arguments lucidly and supported them with what seemed a thorough, though perhaps unenlightened, reading of history. On the other hand, General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, the Air Force Chief of Staff and the Air Force member of the Joint Chiefs, when asked how he happened to be unaware that a certain situation existed, answered, "I dunno. I read mostly the funny papers and the headlines." It was often pointed out that the Navy knew too much history and too little nuclear physics, but that didn't alter the fact that the ghostly voice of John Paul Jones fell more pleasantly on the ear than the breezy,



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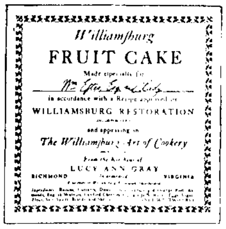

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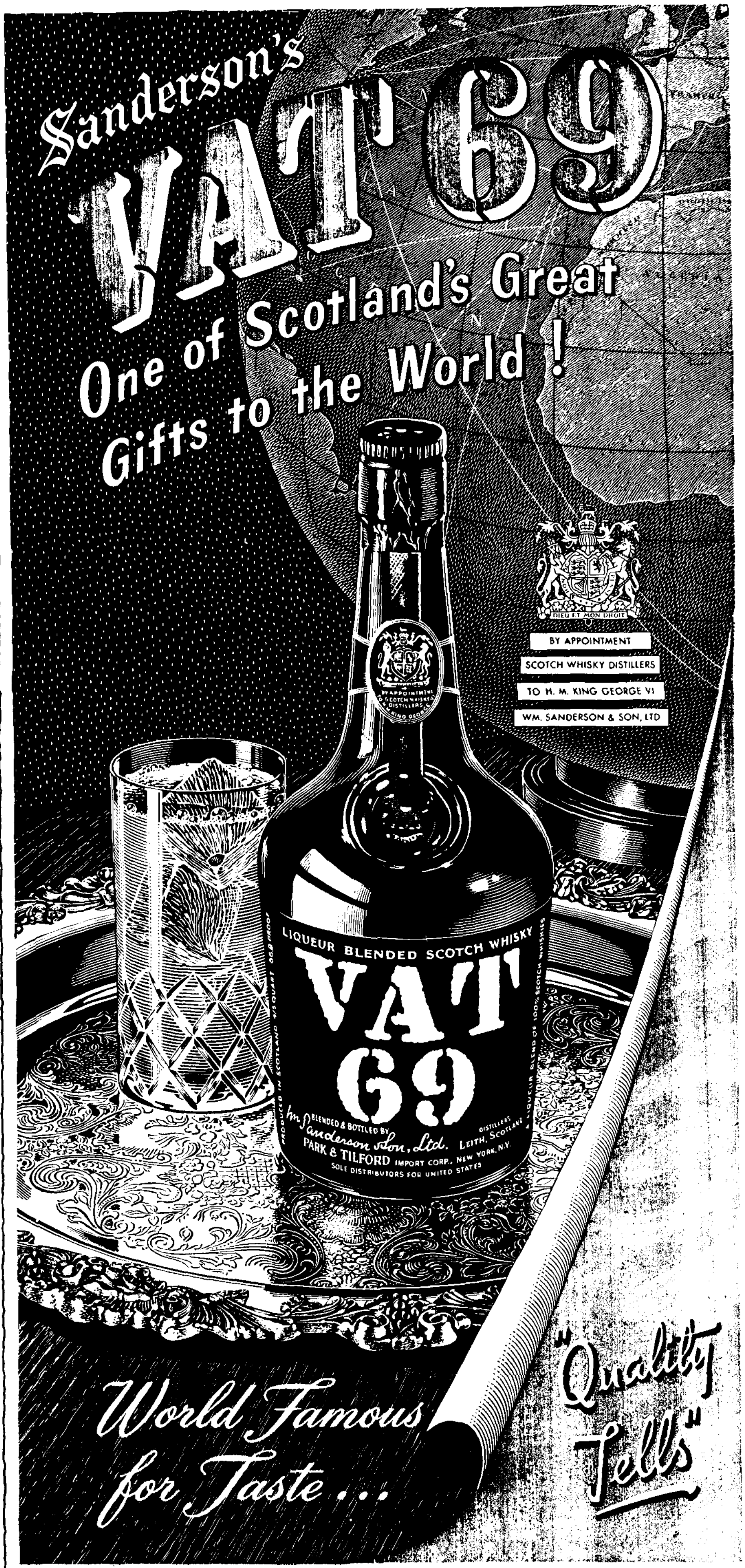
WINGED victory, then, has in many ways been a bitter pill in Washington. Although most people feel that air power deserved to carry the day in this particular conflict with sea power and that it will be a good thing if the Navy is prodded out of what Henry L. Stimson once described as the "dim religious world in which Neptune was God, Mahan his prophet," some of the consequences won't be too easy to take. One is the emergence from this ruckus of Louis A. Johnson as perhaps the strongest man in the government. Washington's attitude toward the Secretary of Defense is pretty much of a piece with its attitude toward the Air Force. His admirers here, outside his circle of friends, cannot be counted in the hundreds or perhaps even in the tens. There is, it is true, a school of thought that holds that an aggressive, thick-skinned administrator like Johnson, a man who understands, as Lenin did, that eggs must be broken if an omelet is to be made, is just what the Defense Department needs at this stage in its history. This school, however, is not a large one, and none of its members profess to be charmed by Johnson's methods or his outlook. Fairly or unfairly, most people here regard him as a politician on the make. It is commonly believed that he got his job by hammering so hard on the White House door and by reminding the President so frequently of services rendered in 1948 that the President felt he had to request the resignation of James Forrestal and appoint Johnson his successor. Nearly every move Johnson has made since then has been judged here—and all this may be most unjust—in terms of how it advances him toward what everyone assumes is the goal he seeks, the Presidency.

In view of the widespread reluctance to lend Johnson a helping hand, his progress from one triumph to another during his seven months in office is evidence of his extraordinary ability and luck. No one here would deny his ability, but his luck is much more remarkable. In late March, when he moved into the Pentagon, it was predicted that his ambitions and his talent for blundering would undo him long before the cold weather set in. Instead, his career has been notably furthered and every blunder has turned out to be a success. One of his biggest successes was his choice of Gordon Gray, an experienced and highly talented public servant, for Sec-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retary of the Army. Johnson's first choice was Curtis E. Calder, a New York utilities executive. Calder might have served with as much distinction as Gray, but not many people held that view at the time. Johnson, however, who likes to talk, leaked his news to the press before Calder had decided whether to take the job or not. Peeved and embarrassed, Calder declined the offer, and so, because of Johnson's inability to conduct negotiations privately, did several other candidates. Thus the field was cleared for Gray, then Under-Secretary of the Army and, according to the experts, by far the best man for the job. Now Johnson is receiving credit for an inspired and nonpolitical appointment.

Throughout the country, to judge by reports, Johnson is being rewarded with praise for almost every step and misstep. He has been acclaimed by everyone but the Navy fliers for his courage and decisiveness in stopping the construction of the aircraft carrier United States, yet it is felt here that, regardless of the military wisdom of the decision, the administrative wisdom of it, particularly since the keel was laid three weeks after Johnson took office, is open to question. The stop order, issued after what was apparently a most perfunctory discussion among the Joint Chiefs of Staff, brought the Navy to near-mutiny, resulted in the Congressional hearings, and has already forced a shakeup in the personnel of the Joint Chiefs. Johnson, evidently, is going down in the books as the man who brought about unification, but some observers feel that his major contribution has been to disunification. He has been getting wads of publicity for the economies he and his press agents say he is making in the military establishment. Some of his economies, among them his dismissal of a hundred and thirty-five thousand civilian employees, will save money, perhaps without impairment of service, but many of the most impressive ones—the elimination of dozens of boards and committees with long and fancy names—can result only in paper savings, because the boards and committees never existed except on paper. None of these questions seem to get raised outside Washington, and Johnson is being built up as a demon administrator, a snipper of red tape, and a politician solicitous of the taxpayer's dollar. Fresh from his defeat of the Navy in the House Committee hearings, he made further time in Congress last week by assuring it that he could get along on next year's reduced appropriations and that he might even be able to

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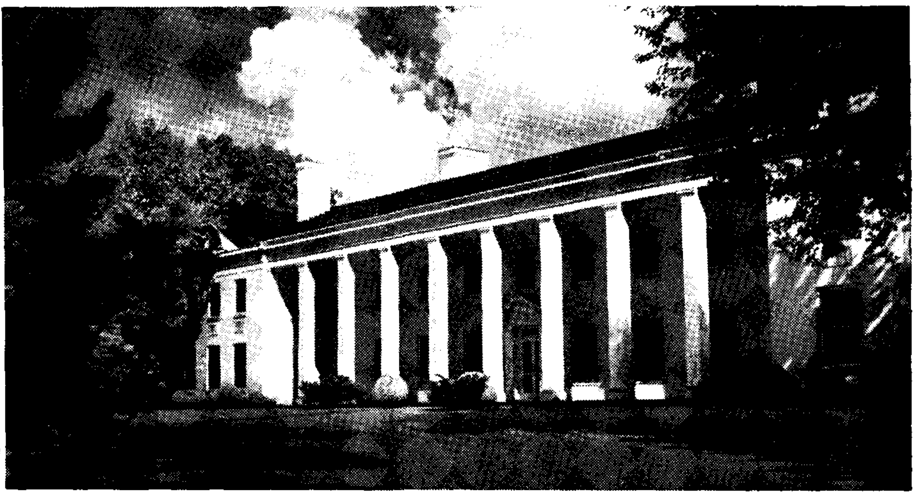
turn a portion back to the Treasury. The business community will exempt him from its general plague on Democrats as one Democrat Who Cares. It will also, no doubt, be pleased to learn that Johnson has hired a firm of "management engineers" to introduce "modern scientific business methods" into the Department. (One of the few moments of comic relief in the House hearings occurred when the firm's head chart-and-graph artist was testifying learnedly about the "horizontal piling up" in the Pentagon and explaining the difference between the "crash phase" and the "basic program" in administrative science. A committee member interrupted to recall that this same gentleman had earlier applied scientific methods to an enterprise with the result that it cost twice as much to run as before. The committee ragged the witness for fifteen minutes about this.) Whether or not Johnson is shooting for the White House in 1952, it would be hard to imagine a man with a better set of Presidential gimmicks. He couldn't carry Washington, but then Washington doesn't have the vote.

THE Sadler's Wells troupe will be here for two days in November, and although the event will be a treat for those who have managed to get seats, the realization that it will also be an ordeal for both the spectators and the company has reminded people of their unenviable situation in regard to the legitimate theatre. Washington is theatreless. The Sadler's Wells performances will be held in Constitution Hall, which, since the National Theatre became a movie house a year ago, is the only place in Washington, aside from a college auditorium and a burlesque house, where live entertainment can now be handled. What is charitably called the stage in Constitution Hall is a platform that makes a fine, sturdy rostrum for a lecturer or even a string quartet. It will take a ballet, too, or so the Sadler's Wells technicians have decided, but its proportions are such that the company can put on only a truncated and relatively colorless version of the show it is putting on in New York. The troupe is travelling with fifty tons of scenery and costumes, and it will be able to use only one-third of these in Washington. It will not attempt "The Sleeping Beauty," because it won't fit on the platform. The audience will suffer not only from knowing that it is missing some of the most striking parts of the repertory but from having to sit in Constitution Hall. The



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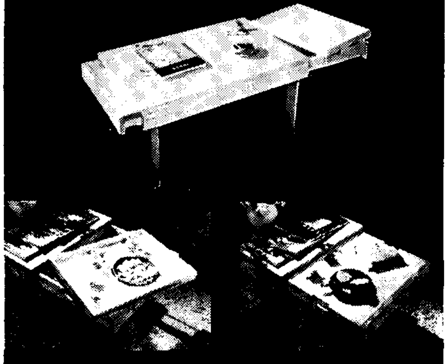

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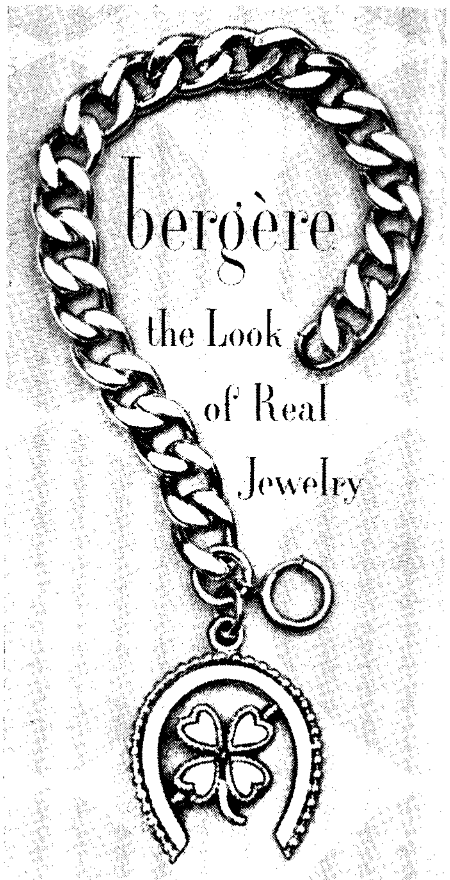
layout of this place resembles that of some of the old New England meeting-houses. The center is filled with pews that face forward. On both sides of the Hall are banked rows of seats at right angles to the stage. These provide an excellent view of the parishioners in the center, but if anyone wishes to see the performance he has paid to see, he must risk either a crick in the neck or a cramp in the back. And while the floor-level seats are all right for lectures or recitals, where it doesn't matter much if the performer seems to be on his knees, the odd perspective they afford has certain disadvantages for ballet.

The fact that the capital of the United States, which has also been on many occasions in recent years the capital of the world, has no legitimate theatre disturbs a considerable section of the population. Up to a few years ago, the decline of the theatre followed roughly the same course in Washington as in other cities. In the last century, there were, most of the time, upward of a dozen houses doing business here. Twenty-five years ago, there were four or five. By 1946, there was only one, the National, and it shut down after a long series of events, the first of which was an angry speech by Ingrid Bergman, in town with Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," following her discovery that her play could not be seen by Negroes. Although the situation was hardly a new one, Miss Bergman's speech led to a number of protest meetings and picket lines, which led, in turn, to the announcement by Marcus Heiman, the owner of the National, that he would turn it into a movie house if the picketing didn't stop. The picketing didn't stop, and when the Dramatists' Guild and Actors' Equity declared Washington out of bounds unless tickets were sold to all comers, Heiman made good his threat. That was in August of 1948, and since then the nearest year-round theatre has been Ford's, in Baltimore.

Efforts have been made to bring the theatre back to Washington. Marcus Heiman has been implored to give in to the Dramatists' Guild and Equity, but his position is that he won't be the first to flout the customs of the community. No one knows, of course, exactly what the customs *are*. Under Heiman's management, Negro artists were allowed to perform on the National's stage but no Negroes were allowed in the audience. In Constitution Hall, Negroes are allowed in the audience but not on the stage. At the Uline Arena, where many local sporting events are held, Negroes,



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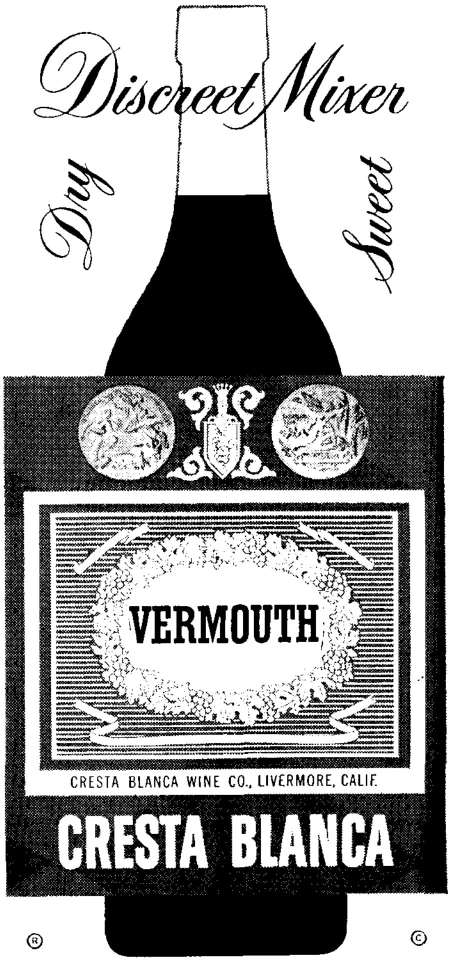

until a short time ago, were permitted to attend prizefights, wrestling matches, and similar entertainments but were barred from such classy affairs as ice-skating shows. Now they can see anything. It has been a confusing situation all around. The American National Theatre and Academy has now offered to take a ten-year lease on the old Belasco Theatre, on Lafayette Square. The Belasco was bought many years ago by the government, which planned to tear it down and replace it with an office building; the office building is still a long way off, and A.N.T.A. is willing, if the government will agree, to pour several hundred thousand dollars into refurbishing the theatre, and then to lease it. If it does so, no racial discrimination will be practiced. Senator James Eastland, of Mississippi, has said that he will fight on the Senate floor against the leasing of the theatre. Eastland, though, seems to be the only Senator, even in the Southern delegation, who has much appetite for this cause, and Senator Ralph Flanders, of Vermont, a tough man in any floor fight, has said that he will take on Eastland any day. Washington is encouraged, and it may be that the anomaly of there being no theatre in the city that considers itself the headquarters of free culture will soon cease to exist. Perhaps, if the Belasco reopens, Washington can do what the sensible French have done—get a law passed making it illegal to turn a legitimate theatre into a movie.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Harley E. Knox, Mayor of San Diego, California, left here early Friday morning for Acapulco, aboard a plane of Aeronaves de Mexico, accompanied by his wife. The Knoxes plan to spend two days fishing and resting in the tropical resort, returning to Hotel Del Prado this morning. They will visit Xochimilco in the early afternoon and the bullfights in Plaza Mexico in the "tarde." On Monday morning, they will drive to the Hotel Hacienda Vista Hermosa at Lake Tequesquitengo and from there on to Taxco, returning to Mexico City Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning, October 12, they will return to their home in San Diego, where they will probably have to enter the hospital. —*Mexico City Novedades.*

Sure. But they'll have their memories.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari*]

. . . bought a slave—a scraggy fellow with one eye. His name was Kaptah. —*Page 65.*

The trembling Kaptah stared at them with eyes as big as snaffle rings . . . —*Page 156.*

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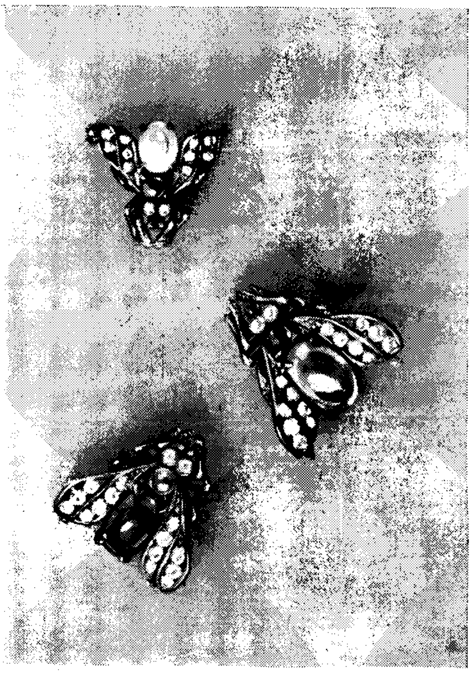

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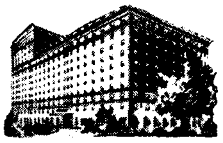
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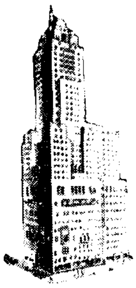
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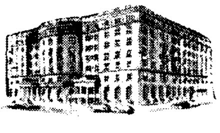
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OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is reluctant to use Taft-Hartley methods in an effort to end the steel and coal strikes. He would apparently prefer to *wait until he considers the disease* as bad as the remedy.

•

It is good news that the Missouri Pacific has gone back into the railroad business. It makes one hope that steel and coal will eventually resume their chosen lifework.

•

Among those who saw Notre Dame slaughter Annapolis at Baltimore last Saturday was Louis E. Denfeld, the newly ousted Chief of Naval Operations. It must have seemed natural to the Admiral to see the Navy getting pushed around by brutal civilians.

•

A Mississippi oil millionaire wants to spend a lot of his money fostering racial *and religious bigotry. He* is strongly in favor of Jeffersonian democracy—except *that silly part about all men being* created equal.

•

The government of Czechoslovakia is making notable progress with its program of nationalizing everybody. It has already worked down the list far enough to reach hockey players and stamp collectors.

•

News comes from California that Joe Louis is now engaged in constructing low-cost houses. It is pleasant to hear that Joe has become a builder-upper instead of a knocker-downer.

•

Last week New York observed the forty-fifth anniversary of the subway system. Old-timers can still remember the tragic day when the population was first driven underground.

•

A bronze statue of Lady Godiva, clad only in her flowing tresses, has been unveiled at Coventry. The citizens of the town feel that after nine hundred years it is all right to peek.

•

Harvard announces that women will be admitted to the Law School next year. The Portias may brighten up the scenery, but they can do nothing for that football team. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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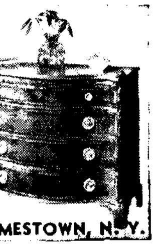

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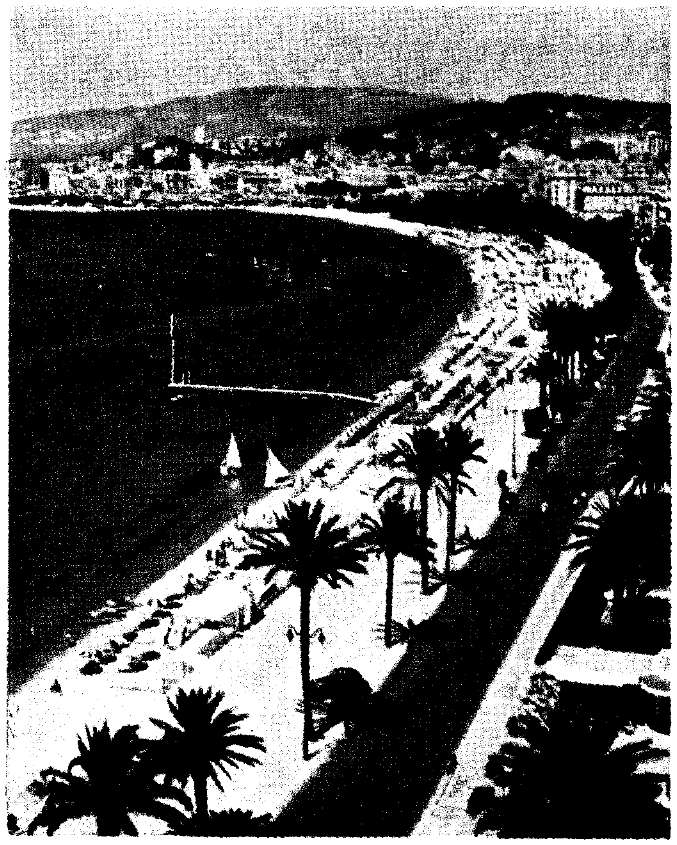

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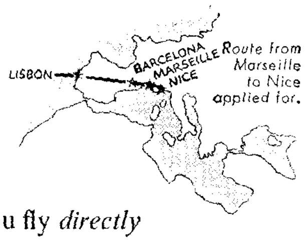

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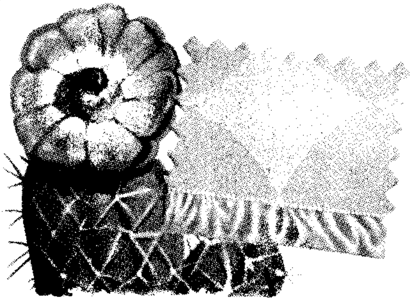

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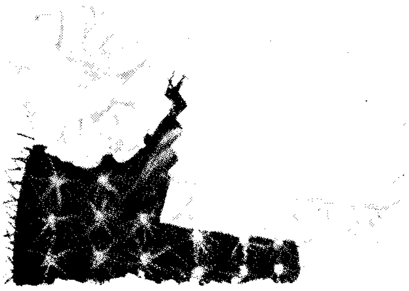

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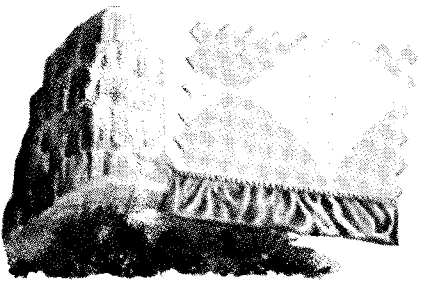

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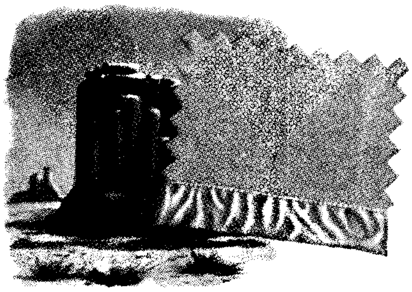

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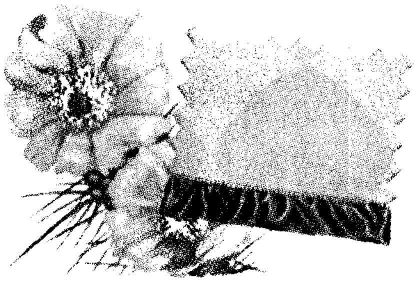

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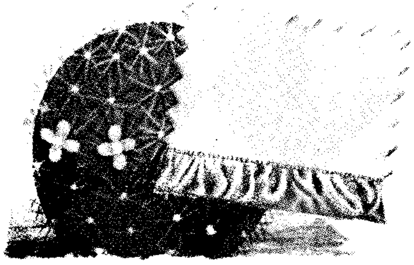

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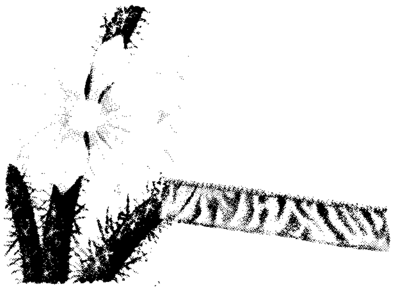

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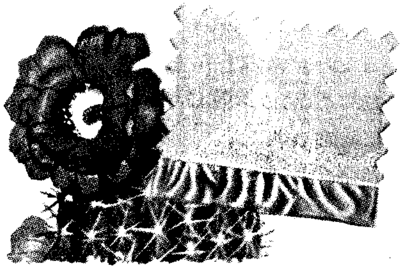

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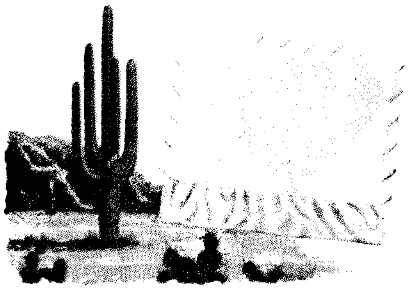

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THE ART GALLERIES

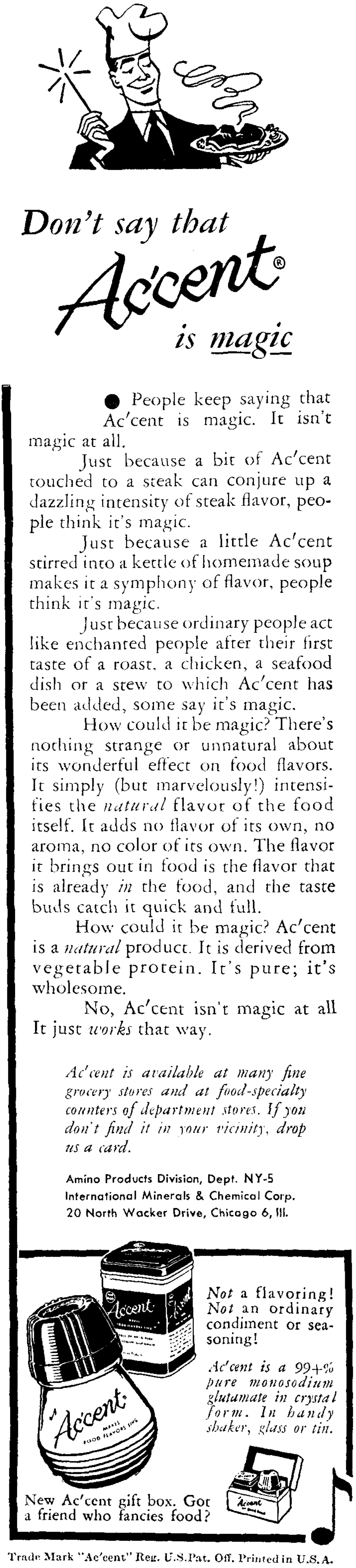
Ben Shahn and the French Triumvirate

BEN SHAHN's new show of paintings and drawings, at the Downtown Gallery, is his first since the big retrospective of his works the Museum of Modern Art put on in 1947, an affair that was, in a way, unfortunately timed. It came when Shahn's style was changing radically, and this, because the show necessarily put as much emphasis on his dark, flatly painted, and sometimes too photographic earlier pictures as it did on the lighter, more subtly handled later ones, gave an inconclusive impression of the man's career. This is not to deny that the exhibition contained a number of recent pieces that were excellent. (I still remember the cryptic "Renascence," of 1946, and the haunting "East Twelfth Street" and "The Violin Player," of 1947.) But it was hardly a summing up; it left one uncertain what direction the artist might take next, and in this respect the present collection, containing only works done in the last two years, is a lively and instructive addendum. It shows, I think, a tendency, still tentative, to return to the simpler and more concrete philosophic expression of his earlier painting, along with an inclination to retain the bright color and the canny economy of drawing that he began to develop later. As I say, this is tentative, and there are exceptions to the trend. Though in such pieces as the stark and startling "Arch of Triumph," with its ruined steel tower, and the heraldic "Allegory," he still resorts, and successfully, to the semi-Surrealist, symbolic manner that has characterized so much of his recent work, there are others, such as "May 5," "Miners' Wives," and the darkly red, very handsome tenement-street scene called "Sound in the Mulberry Trees," in which the approach is simpler and the message uncomplex. "Vanity," with its overalled man carefully combing his hair before a mirror, and "Interior," in which a farmer is seated at an old-fashioned harmonium, are also definite reversions to the affectionately ironic studies of similar subjects he used to make, while in "Tennis Court," though it is not a particularly good canvas, he again reveals his ability to capture that quality of sadness and vague foreboding that once-peopled places can have.

I don't want to belabor these trends in Shahn's work, or to set them up as indications of how his future work may develop. He is a man who has changed before and will unquestionably do so again, and in most cases the changes have been for the better. There is some faultfinding to be done about the current show, but there are also a number of positive advances to be recorded. The faults, I think, are chiefly those of excess, which are always better than those of caution. Shahn has matched his swing toward brighter color with an increasing tendency to use a lot of white, perhaps to reduce the tensions his higher-keyed palette creates. In some paintings, such as "Summertime," he goes too far with this, and an odd and somewhat unpleasant chalkiness of texture results. Again, in "The Anatomical Man," his use of symbolism becomes too farfetched for understanding. What the picture portrays is a series of miniature sideshow tents (or are they bathing pavilions?) on a beach, with a large anatomical chart mounted on stanchions in their midst, and though the craftsmanship displayed is excellent, I must say that the painting gave me no clue to its meaning and no feeling, either, of that encompassing mood or of that metaphorical suggestion that are often the symbolist's substitutes for direct meaning.

For all that, Shahn is still one of the few really talented American artists today, mature technically and with a keen sense of social justice (see "Death of a Miner," and the stern and powerful "Miners' Wives," already mentioned), qualities that give added depth of passion and vigor to his work. If his struggles toward the full realization of his capabilities lead him now and then into missteps, these only make his progress the more interesting.

THERE are a couple of modern French exhibitions that are well worth visiting, one at the Hugo Gallery and the other at Paul Rosenberg, and both featuring paintings by Braque, Matisse, and Picasso. There is enough difference in periods to prevent any conflict, and the shows complement each other rather nicely. The Braques at the Hugo are almost all very late ones, which makes them the feature of the show, for apart from the pieces in the



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Museum of Modern Art's Braque exhibition last year, we haven't seen much as yet of this artist's postwar production. His style certainly is changing, and though he's now sixty-seven, he displays a remarkable inventiveness and freshness of perception. The changes indicate a partial return to realism. Forms are less fragmented, and in his "Fishbowl," done this year, and the slightly larger "La Moisson," done in 1948—the latter a still-life arrangement of harvesting implements, a sheaf of wheat, and so on, all in the sunniest of colors—there is hardly a touch of abstraction. "La Caisse," also of 1948, is more in his usual style, and there's a big and slightly earlier "Interior with Palette," very flowingly designed, that is one of the handsomest things of his I've seen in some time. Among the works by the other artists, there is a fine Matisse "Landscape with Cactus," done in 1908, in his early Fauve period, and a well-executed "Figure," by Picasso, dated 1938.

The group at the Rosenberg is more routine in selection, but it is a good-looking and interesting showing. It essays to present a capsule survey of each man's mature production, and the range is from a cool, lovely Matisse, "Open Window at Etretat," dated 1921 and reminiscent of his paintings of Nice, made a few years earlier, to a Braque, "Table with Vase of Lilies," dated 1943, which suggests the change in style that the show at the Hugo Gallery emphasizes. In between, there are a couple of Picassos, both done in the middle twenties, that I liked especially—an interior called "Still Life with Fishes," and "Bust and Mandoline," a real tour de force of clashing yet controlled colors—as well as a big, restrained "Pitcher, Guitar, and Fruits," dated 1925, by Braque. I must say that it's nice to have these three Old Masters still operating.

—Robert M. Coates

•

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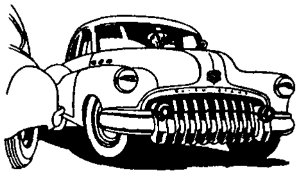

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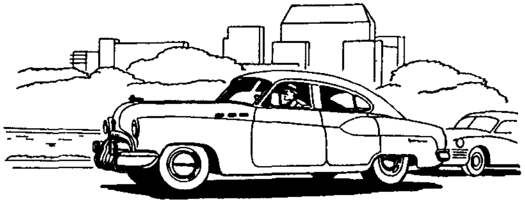

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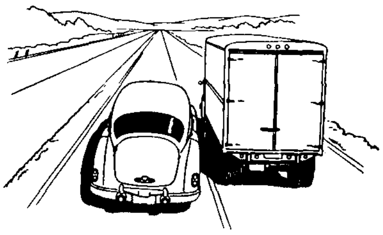

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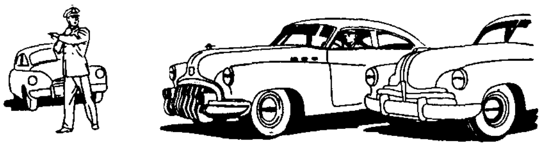

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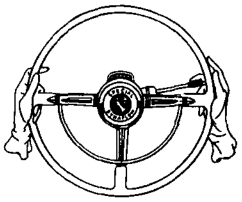

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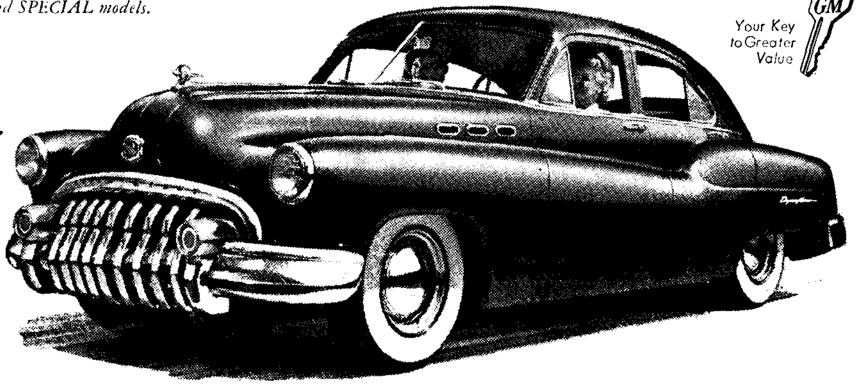

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A HIGHLY REMOCKABLE CHIMPANEZE WITH A HEAD CHUCK-FULLA GRAIN MATTER

I HAD mailed a package at the Beverly Hills Post Office and was on my way out when I sighted the familiar figure of Benny Greenspan at a nearby letter chute.

"Hi ya, Benny," I said, going toward him.

He pushed a letter into the slot labelled "Los Angeles," then, turning to face me, briskly rubbed his hands. "That letter's goin' right straight to the Motion Pitcha Association, Artie, and, believe me you, when them babies read what's there, first thing they're gonna do, they'll kick a certain cluckhead, namely, Mr. Ernest Forbish, Esquire, right the hell outa Hollywood, just where he belongs. Fa your information, he's a no-good, low-down, chisellin' heel of a louse. And furthermore," he added, eying me belligerently, "you can go ahead and tell him so with my compliments."

"But I don't even know the man," I protested.

"I oney wish I was in your shoes, that's all I can say," Benny said peevishly. Then he went on, in a voice filled with self-pity, "A million-one perfessions in this here world, and I hadda pick on the heighth of idiocracy, namely, the flesh-peddlin' racket! Why, I coulda been in the liquor game, whereby evvey time a lush gets hisself loaded—bong!—that's so much cash in my register. I coulda maybe owned a piece prizefighter, a champeen, even, so's I'd be in the chips today, a regella gay Othello, galvinatin' around town with a brunette doong the week and a well-stacked hunk blond special on Sundays. Oh, no! Little Benny Greenspan hadda go and get hisself mixed up with a stinker who's a thorough louse from his top to bottom, a character who's simply got one thing in his heart, namely, larceny, a creep who—"

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"Benny," I said, shaking my head bewilderedly, "you've lost me. What's this all about?"

"Perhaps if I commence from the very beginnin'," he suggested, "maybe you'll see if I'm entitled to a beef or not. Come over here, Artie, where we won't be in nobody's way."

BENNY took me by the arm and directed me toward one of the high writing stands against the wall. Then he said, "About, oh, about ten months ago I'd say this was—maybe a year—I'm drivin' back to my awfice and, brother, I'm all pooped out, bein' I had my nose to the groundstone the whole, entire day, goin' from this studio to that studio tryin' to hustle me a fast buck. Anyways, I finey gets to my awfice and, lo and behold, there's an animal there, a real, live, honest-to-God chimpaneze. And guess what? He's got on clothes—a hat, a coat, a necktie, even—all dressed up to the hills, like any normal human bein'. And there's my entire staff, plus some clients who've been waitin' to see me, and there they are, all corrugated around this here ape. A floor show I got on my hands alluva sudden! So I breezes right through to my private awfice, and I presses the buzzer my seckatary should come in. So in comes my seckatary, and I says to her, 'What the hell is this, an agency, the Barman & Bailey Circus, or what? Now, you tell whoever brung in that grown-up monkey I want him right smack out here, but quick!' 'Oh, but he's very cute, the chimpaneze,' she says. 'Cute or not cute,' I yells on her, 'you know my policy is strickly human talent, not animals. Frankly, Gussie,' I says, 'I'm supprised at you.' So she tells me she explained the owner all that, but he wouldn't take no 'No' fa no answer. Besides, she says, all he wants is a quick two minutes. 'O.K.,' I says, 'but I'm gonna brush off he and his fur-lined chum quicker than you could shake a stick at.'

"Well, sir, a few seconds later in comes this here chimpaneze, together with his owner, who inaduces hisself to me, namely, Ernest Forbish—an old man a the mountains, a skinny bean pole who looks like he's been livin' in a dark cave most his life. A regella herman, what else! So right away he gives me a big pitch how from all the agents in town he's picked on me I should handle Pal, which happens to be the chimp's name, and, boy, he says, am I a lucky guy! You hear? Alluva sudden, I'm elected an animal agent, so I'm lucky. Some jackpot!

"I figger I better get ridda this beanbag and his buddy, so I informs him he's got the wrong place. 'If you wanna spot your pet in pitchas,' I says, 'my advice is you should contack the Animal Handlers & Trainers outfit, which is where the studios call up when they wanna use that type type.' Right away I hears a noise, and I turns around and, lo and behold, it's the beast, he's flashin' me his teeth. Natchelly, I gets a little nervous. 'Look, Mister,' I says to his jockey. 'That's no baby bunny you got there, so hozz about tyin' him to a leech?' 'Pal is a little sore,' says Ernie. 'He don't like to be considered like the averitch animal. It so happens he unnastands evvey word you're sayin'.' Artie, I look at this here cracked-pot like he's a starch, ravin' nut who just excaped some bughouse or other. 'I mean it,' he says. 'Pal is a highly remockable chimpaneze with a head chuck-fulla grain matter. You don't believe me, watch this.' So he tells the monk he should come over to me and shake my hand, which he does, and he damn near tears my mitt right outa my sleeve. Next thing, Ernie says to me, 'You mind if Pal smokes a cigar?' Before I know it, he motions Pal to go over to the humordor on my desk, and I watch while he helps hisself to one a my special Upmanns, and he takes out a match from his pocket, lights it on the pair pants he's wearin', and he calmly begins puffin' on my four-bit heater.

"Frankly, Artie, I'm agasp. I just couldn't hardly believe my own two eyes. Finey, I says to Ernie, 'That's very clever, but ain't you worried all that smokin' is gonna stint his growth?' 'Nah,' he says. 'Why, Pal simply dotes cigars, the exack same way a baby dotes a piece candy.' Then he asts if I got a shavin' kid handy, which I happened not to have. 'That's too bad,' he says. 'Otherwise, you could watch how he shaves his very own self—a barrel a laughs. Another thing,' he says, 'if there was a stove and some eggs around, he could knock you out an omelet, I guarantee it'd be the best you ever tasted in your entire mouth.' Finey, he gives Pal a newspaper and tells him he should sit down and relax hisself while him and me discuss business. And so help me, Artie, that's exackly what the chimp done—he sits down, takes out a pair eyeglasses from his pocket, and calmly turns one page on top the other, like if he knows what the hell he's readin'."

"An amazing animal," I said.

"Amazin', nothin'! He's simply sensational!" asserted Benny. "Anyways, while Pal's nose is knee-deep in the paper, Ernie explains me that the studios are wreckin' their brains tryin' to get some laughs in their pitchas, that insteada hirin' comics and gag writers they should grab holt of Pal, who is

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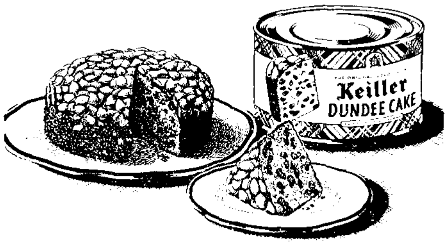

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good fa a million-one yocks, bein' he can do exackly what any human bein' could do, and still at the same time no human bein' can do what he could do, namely, be an animal. Furthermore, he says, if I could get Pal a contrack at a substantial salary—he's not inarrested in no weasly bit-player's pay—he'd be willin' to gimme more than my usual ten per cent, namely, twenny per cent, so hozz about it?

" 'Frankly,' I says, 'animals are strickly outa my line.' 'What'sa matter?' he says, and he's gettin' hot unnaneath his collar. 'You maybe got some grudge against animals?' Alluva sudden Pal puts down the paper and again he makes with the choppers. Right away I says, 'Now, look, Ernie, don't get me wrong. Personally, I got nothin' against animals. Why, some a the best pets I know are animals.' 'I'm glad you feel that way,' he says, and before I know it, out comes some clippin's and some pitchas from his pocket.

" 'Lookit this,' he says. 'One a the biggest box-awfice stars in his day—Ring-ting-ting, a dog. I know you're thinkin' that's all ancient history. Aw right, grab a gander at this.' He flashes me another pitcha. 'That there is Lassie,' he says, 'another dog. Right now he's sittin' very pretty with a contrack over at Metro, and you wanna know hommuch that animal knocks down a week? Plenty! Here's another,' he says, and he waves a clippin' in my kisser. 'That there is Trigger, a horse. Roy Rogers dassent make a Western without his nag rides along with him. Now, here is my idear.' And he explains me all about the Tarzan series and the Jungle Jim series and the pitchas with that Indian boy with the turbine on his head—all movies which could used a talented animal who shaves, cooks, sews, rides a bike, and feeds his very own face. 'You got the contacks,' he says to me. 'Once you get Pal a break and establish him pitchawise, that dough will come pourin' in hand over foot. Just you maul it over and leave me know.' Then him and the chimp depart my awfice, holdin' their hands together like if they was them two characters from the Bible—you know, Damon and Goliath."

"Damon and Pythias," I said. "And they weren't in the—"

"You gonna listen or you gonna inarrupt?" Benny snapped. "Anyways," he went on, "I finds out that Larry Colton, who is one a my clients, he's about to direck a foreign-type pitcha, all about Indoor China or someplace,

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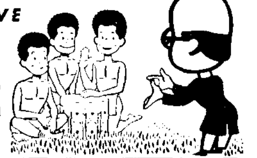

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so I tells Larry about Pal, figgerin' there might be a spot. At first, he gives me the dead pan, but when I explains him all his cute stunts, Larry begins to pert up. Right away, I hustles the ape over, and this time Ernie brung the shavin' kid along. Brother, when Pal begins to ladder up his kisser and to make with his barber routine, it was a pitnic! Larry's simply hysterical, and I knows I am in.

"So we talk terms and we settle on a price which Ernie thinks is strickly from hunger. 'You mock my words,' he says, 'when Pal hears hommuch he's gettin', he won't work. He is gonna goldbrick.' 'Look,' I says. 'Leave him do a couple pitchas and I guarantee you I'll get him a bump. Besides, why tell him the renumeration? What he don't know won't hurt him.' So Ernie calms down, and then he informs me could he borry two hunnard bucks on account he is so much in hock, specially with the feed bill—Pal eats like a horse—he's afraid an injunction's liable to be slapped on him so that the chimp won't be able to fill the commitment. You hear? Even before we gets started, I'm awready two Cs in the hole! But what the hell, I figger, I got holt of a valuable piece property, and if he cracks through O.K., well, like Ernie says, that dough will be pourin' in like hot cakes. A fine pourin' in!"

"You mean you couldn't get him any more work?"

"Natchelly I got him work," Benny said. "I got him two straight jobs, one right on top the other. What I mean, I din see head nor tail from any that sugar Ernie borried. Finey, one day I says to him, 'Hey, hozz about feelin' a little a that legal tender you loaned me from?' So he starts payin' me back in drips and drabs, but so far no commission. So I says to him, 'Look, bub, seems to me we made an arrangement whereby my slice is twenny per cent.' 'Fa cryin' out loud, stop houndin' me!' he yells on toppa his lungs. 'If you want your dough, why don't you get Pal some real money insteada makin' him work fa peanuts?' Alluva sudden it's *my* fault I ain't gettin' my commission!

"No kiddin', I felt like pokin' him one in the snoot, oney about this time I gets a call from Jerry Hall, over at Monarch. They seen Pal's first pitcha and they are so enthused they think they could use him in a major part in a comedy they are producin'. So I goes into a big hassle over terms, and after argyin' myself black and blue in the face, I finey sets a deal, and guess what—I manage to get the gorilla five

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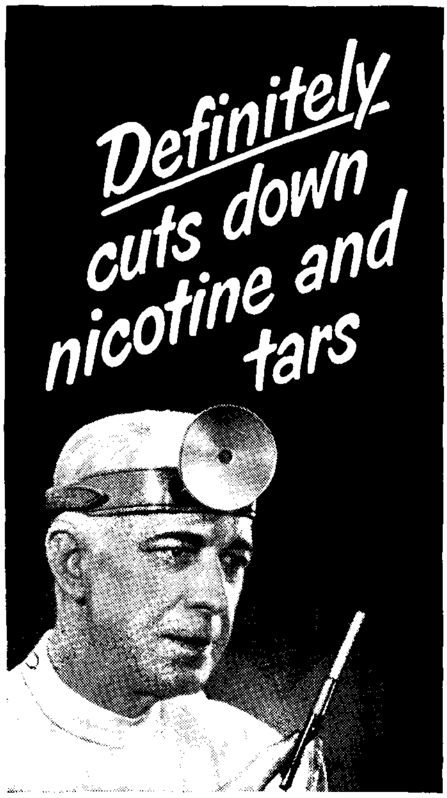
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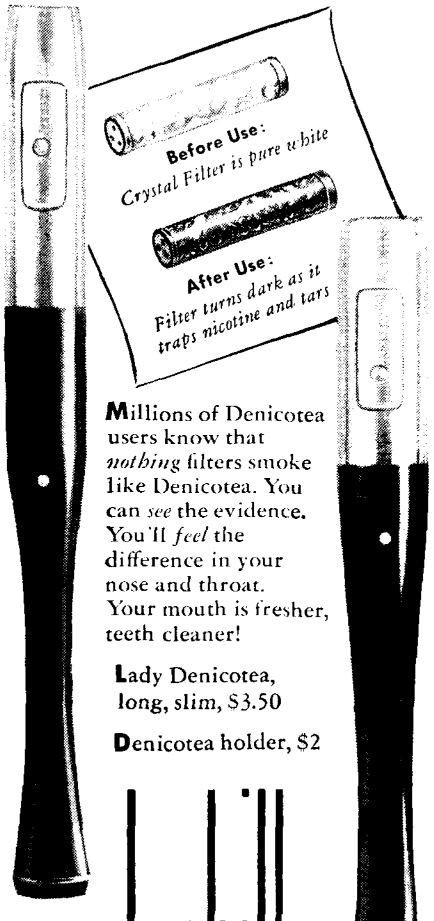
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hunnard smackers per week, which ain't flypaper, considerin' he's oney an animal. I mean, after all, what expenses has he got? No wardrobe, no entertainin', no house, no swimmin' pool, no nothin'! Folly me?"

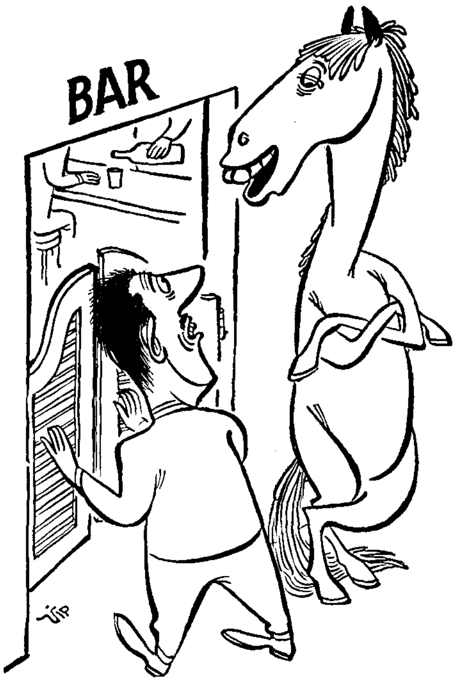
"Of course," I said.

"But you think Mr. Ernest Forbish is satisfied?" Benny slowly shook his head. "Uh-uh! Not *him*!" he said. "He says from now on he is gonna set the deals, and, believe him, he'll get more dough. 'Yeah, you do that,' I says. 'Oney make sure I'm compensated fa services, plus the balance what you owe me.' I'm very sarcastical, see.

"Well, Artie, the pitcha's been shootin'—oh, about two weeks—when I gets a phone call from Jerry Hall it's imperative I meet him on the set immediately, somethin' very dastric has happened. Right away, I gets a sneaky feelin' it's the goddam chimp, and, sure enough, when I gets to the sound stage, I couldn't hardly believe my own two eyes. Pomeranian's broken loose! The furniture is busted, there's glass all over the place, and I notice Pal, he's all chained up, there's a wild look to his eyes, and he's spittin' somethin' fierce. 'What happened?' I says to Ernie, and he informs me that somebody musta told Pal what he's gettin', and that made him so mad he started in wreckin' the joint and he simply refuses to do a stitch work till there's a salary adjustment. A fine hoddeya do!

"Then Jerry sees me, and he takes me to one side and he says, 'Look, Benny. There's somethin' screwy goin' on. Whoever heard a monk demandin' more money right in the mist production? If I'm gonna scrap two weeks' shootin',' he says, 'you're the party's who's gonna be responsible.' You hear? 'Look, Jerry,' I says. 'Hommuch is this big ape holdin' you up for?' 'He's demandin' a five-hunnard-buck bonus,' he says. 'O.K.,' I says. 'You tell Ernie you'll pay it, and I'll give you the dough outa my own personal pocket, inasmuch as I set the deal and I don't want no hard feelin's between the studio and I.'

"Well, sir, the minute that pitcha is over, I'm right there cornerin' Ernie, who pays me back the balance he borried but insteada givin' me my twenny-per-cent cut he chisels me down to ten per cent. Wait," Benny said as I started to speak. "That ain't all. The topper is he goes ahead and he discharges me. He claims I'm an incomepoop, that he hadda go ahead and promote that extra bonus his own self. 'That's *not* so,' I says. 'It was the chimp who done it.'



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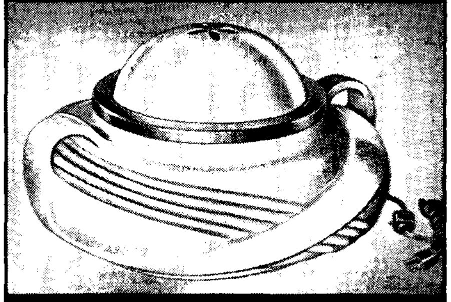

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Then Ernie laughs in my face and tells me Pal wasn't even on the set that day. It was his sister, Sal, a very wild beast who he brung along just to wreck the joint so's he could highjack the price. 'Thank you fa explainin' me all that,' I says. 'Thank you very much. You see,' I says, 'that five hunnard bucks came outa my pocket, so you will please fork over that amount.' 'Mr. Greenspan,' he says, 'my answer to you is three little words, namely, "Kindly drop dead!" '

"Now do you blame me fa tryin' to get even with that lousy, double-crossin' louse? You blame me why I'm burnt up like a regella piece toast?"

Benny looked at his watch and scowled. "Boy," he said as he started to leave, "I better be gettin' back to the awfice and start rendin' my clients some service. And from now on," he added, "I'm never handlin' nobody with more than two feet in my whole, entire life." —ARTHUR KOBER

•

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY
204 SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
EXchange 5-4500

September 21, 1949

DEAR DR. G——:

Thank you for your letter and the check of $9.80 which was enclosed. I shall endeavor to explain the difference of 3c between your records and ours for the telephone bill GRamercy——. This difference goes back to the July 6 bill which totalled $18.69. On July 22 a credit was passed for 63c, leaving a balance of $18.06.

On August 10 a payment of $18.03 was received, leaving a balance of 3c. The August 6 bill totalled $33.21, carrying a balance of $18.06. This balance was carried forward because the payment of $18.03 was not received in this office until August 10, 4 days after the bill had been made up. We applied the payment of $18.03 to the total of your August bill, $33.21, which then left a balance of $15.18.

On September 9 we received a payment of $15.15, again leaving a balance of 3c. During that period the September 6 bill was computed in the amount of $24.98 carrying the previous balance of $15.18. To that total we applied the payment of $15.15 which we received on September 9, leaving a balance of $9.83. Your check which was enclosed for $9.80 has been applied, again leaving a balance of 3c.

On August 6, as you pointed out, there was a machined error in the amount of local calls allowed. It should have been 66 instead of 75.

I sincerely hope this explanation will be satisfactory and of course if there is any further question, we will be happy to discuss it with you at your convenience.

Yours very truly,
MRS. E. R. GRANITE
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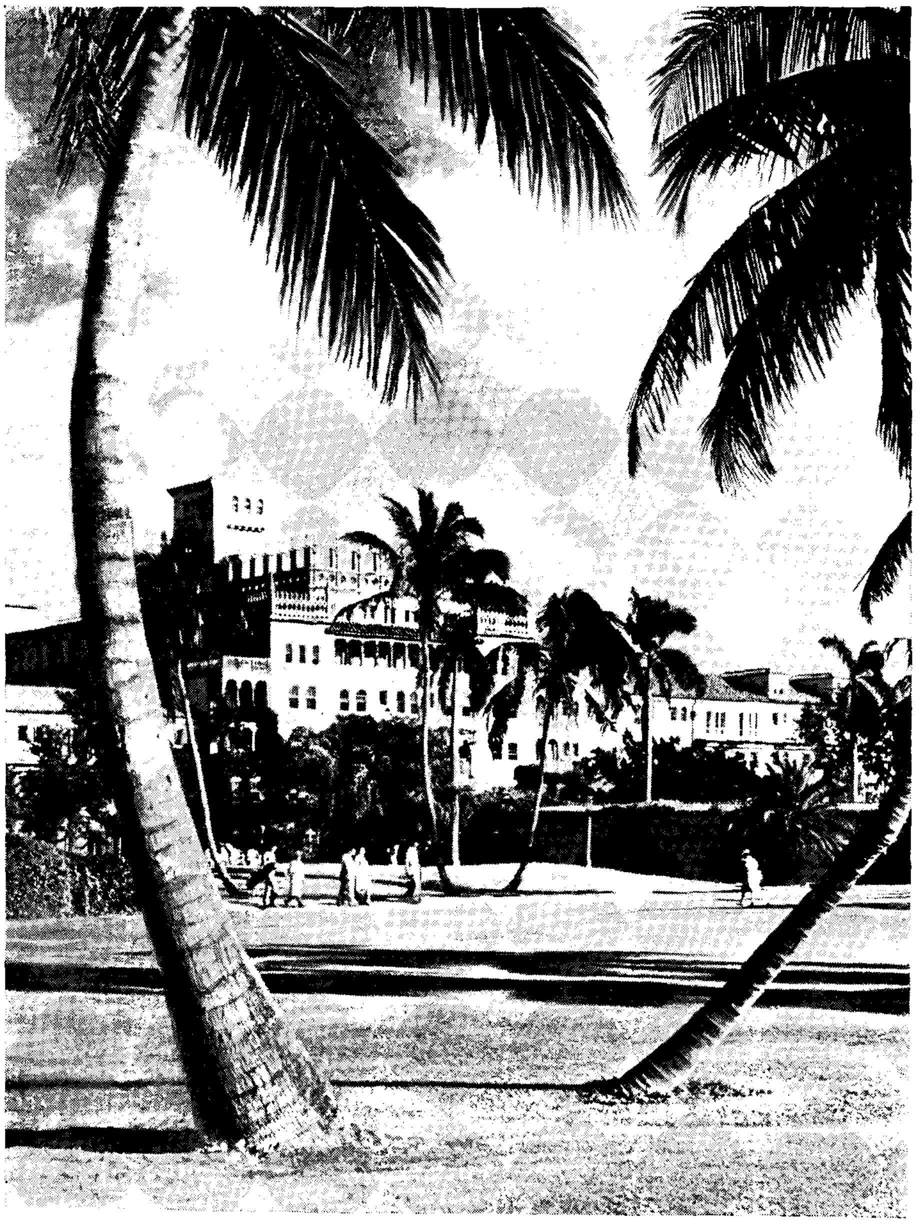

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALL TOGETHER IN WAPPING

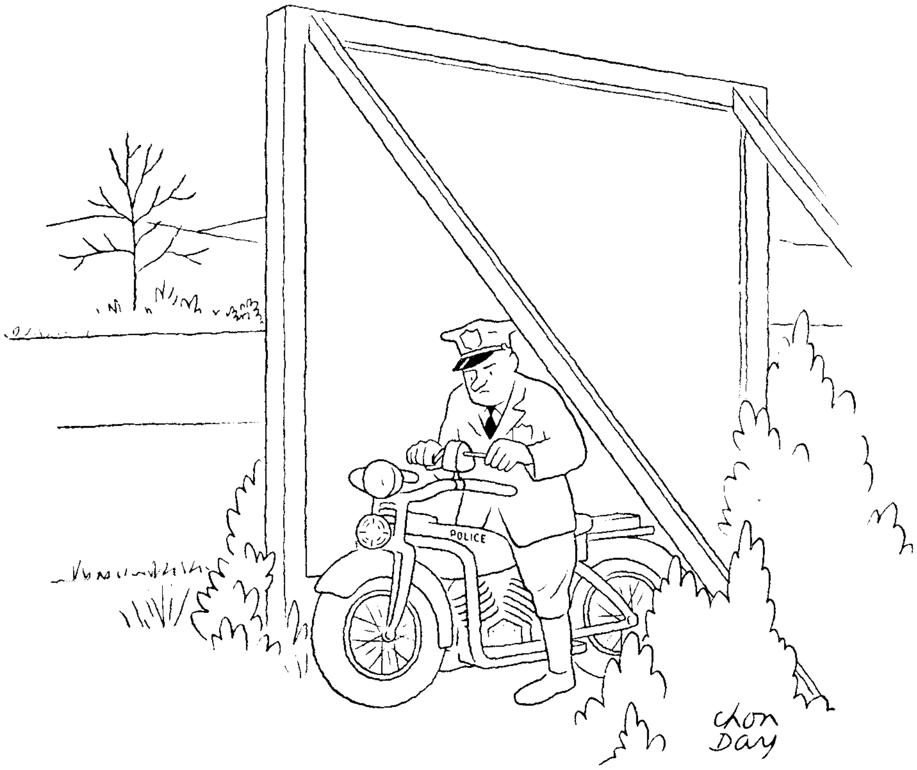
TOWARD the end of 1944, I went down two or three times to the dockside section of London called Wapping to visit an East End family, the Duggans, who had recently been bombed out for the third time, losing two homes in the course of their misfortunes. Stepney, the large borough that takes in Wapping, received such liberal attention in the course of various blitzes that by the time I visited the area its residents had come to accept being bombed out as an almost normal hazard of life, like a leak in the roof or a chimney pot blown down in a gale. All the same, the Duggans' record of being bombed seemed to me, if not to them, a little special. Their first house was wrecked by a high-explosive bomb in 1941, and in 1944 their home over a pub called the Old Sugar Loaf was made temporarily uninhabitable by a V-1. They had just moved back in again when the place was flattened by a V-2, although when I wrote about their experiences, a few weeks later, I was not allowed to say it had been a V-2. Officially, no rockets were falling on London at the time, so the Duggans' final adversary had to be put down as another buzz bomb, censorship having been lifted on V-1s.

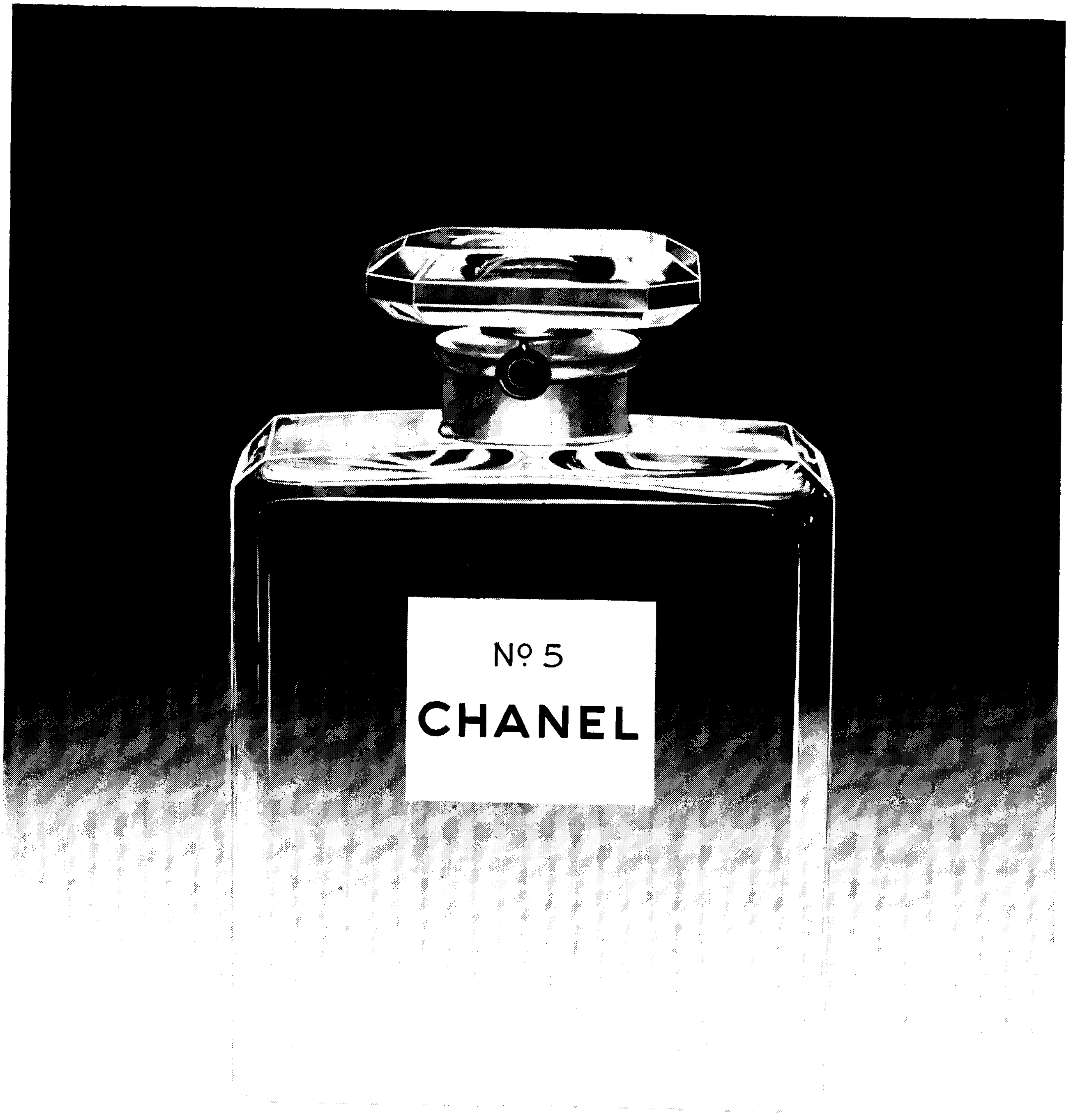
Mrs. Duggan had been badly hurt when the rocket got them. At the time I made the family's acquaintance, she was still in hospital, undergoing a series of operations on her eyes in an attempt to save her sight. John Duggan, a man of sixty, who was then working for the Borough Council as a dustman, and those of his thirteen children who were unmarried were leading a fairly jumpy existence between the homes of three married sons and an air-raid shelter under one of the warehouses on the Wapping wharves. After the war ended, I wondered from time to time how things were going with the Duggans, who when I had last seen them had been just on the point of moving into an old-fashioned house the Borough had found for them down on the waterfront. I wondered how Mrs. Duggan had made out, and how the family was adjusting itself to peace after having had such an excessively harassed time of it in the war. What with one thing and another, however, it was only a few weeks ago that I got around to writing to ask Mr. Duggan if I could drop in one day and see him and his family again. I sent the letter to his old address, in Hermitage Wall, Wapping, because I could not remember the new one. I felt reasonably certain that, Wapping being as plentifully sprinkled with Duggans as it is, the postman could not fail to be directed to the right one sooner or later. Sure enough, as I learned afterward, the letter was delivered to a married Duggan son who still lives in the Hermitage Wall neighborhood, and after a while I had an answer from Mr. Duggan *père*, asking me to come down whenever I liked. "Someone is bound to be in," he wrote.

IT was a nice, sunny afternoon when I went down to Wapping this time. To get there from Charing Cross, you travel on the Underground to Whitechapel, where you change to a smaller, branch train, which, after waiting at the transfer point for what seems an interminable time to see if another passenger or two will turn up, suddenly vibrates madly and careers off toward the docks at Shadwell, Wapping, and Rotherhithe. Wapping Station looks as if it had been designed by someone who had Pluto's underworld in mind. A sooty-black spiral staircase leads from the deep gloom below to an antiquated elevator, in which the ascending souls clank mournfully up into the daylight. Outside, though, the atmosphere is distinctly more cheerful. As I walked along the street, which runs like a narrow gully between towering cliffs of warehouses, the steamers were hooting and the gulls were mewing on the Thames, just beyond the row of buildings to my left. Every now and then, I had to sidestep sharply to avoid being bowled over by a truck driving away from the wharves, or by a load of tea or spices being swung down on a rope from an upper loft. In spite of the bomb damage and some blocks of yellowish brick flats, this part of London makes you think of Dickens. Tiny frame houses that have escaped demolition by either missiles or wreckers are still to be seen here and there. Rusty iron holders for gas lamps hang tipsily at the corners of narrow alleyways down which there is sometimes a glimpse of slimy steps leading down to the river.

I found the Duggans' house quite easily. It is one of a group of dignified eighteenth-century houses, belonging to the Port of London Authority, that extend out on a stone jetty at the entrance to a small dock. The houses give the impression of having been built on a barge moored in the Thames. The Duggans had hung bright Irish-green curtains in two of their downstairs windows, and their front door was hospitably ajar. When I knocked, a dog began barking, and then a fair-haired young man in shirtsleeves appeared and asked me to come in.

On one of my 1944 visits to Wapping, I had a chat with Mr. Duggan in the little three-room flat of a married son, Patsy Duggan, where the father was camping out with three of his then unmarried daughters, Eileen, Peggy,





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and Sheila. The family's present quarters seemed a pleasantly spacious contrast. The front room, into which the young man showed me, had a high ceiling and large, handsome windows, and it was not difficult to picture a prosperous Port of London official of earlier times sitting there in a wig, warming his toes by the fire and sipping a glass of fine French brandy. There were three people in the room now—Mrs. Duggan and her second daughter, Maggie, a blue-eyed married woman of forty-two (the children cover an impressive range of ages, from thirteen to forty-four), and Eileen. Eileen comes in the middle section of Duggan offspring, being twenty-five. An attractive, jolly-looking girl with a husky voice, she still wore her hair in a long bob with heavy bangs jutting out over her forehead, just as she had when we met five years ago. Like her sister, she was wearing a coat. "I've only popped in to see Mum," she said, after introducing me to her mother. "I'm married now meself. I'm Mrs. Lilley, like the flower." She giggled. "Eileen Lilley—sounds sort of silly, doesn't it?"

The young man who had let me in left the room, mumbling something about cups of tea, and Maggie explained that he was not a Duggan but a boy named Bill Penney, who had been living with the family for some time. "Oh, yes, there are always troops of us, one way and another," Mrs. Duggan said. "Of course, we're not so big a party as we was—Eileen and Sheila both being married—but we're still a tidy packet to cook and clean for, believe me. Peggy 'as to look after most of that since I lost my eyes."

WE all sat down, Mrs. Duggan groping around until she found the chair she wanted. A woman with strong features, she is, I should say, in her middle sixties. Her iron-gray hair was done in a bun at the back, and she was wearing little heart-shaped gilt earrings, which gave her a faintly gypsyish appearance. I said I was glad to see that the bomb injuries had not scarred her face.

"I've got a 'uge great scar running up there," she replied, pointing to the back of her head. "But you can't see it now my front's grown out. They shaved all my front 'air when I was in 'ospital. When it started growing, I 'ad ends going out this way and that, so I was a regular old piece of forked lightning. But the doctors couldn't save my sight. I 'aven't seen daylight since the day the rocket come down on us." She passed her hand over her forehead and sighed.

"She gets a lot done, though," Maggie said quickly. "She shops all the groceries. Don't you, Mum?"

"Yes, I *do*," Mrs. Duggan said. "I like to know what I've got in the 'ouse. One of the girls takes me along to the shop and leaves me there. I've shopped at the same grocer ever since I've been in Wapping, and that's some years, I can tell you. They all know they can't palm any old thing off on me. But it's a job feeding such a bunch. It's worse than what it was in the war, seems to me. Then we 'ad all that leasing and lending—tins of meat and such. But now there's no more of that, and sometimes it's enough to worry you sick to know what to give the men that'll put a bit of nourishment into them. The Government keeps saying that we're better nourished than before the war. Well, I'd like them to come down 'ere and tell me 'ow. Only a few penn'orth of meat a week, and Peggy goes down to the meat market and shops that of a Friday, because I like to give them a couple of nice dinners of a Saturday and Sunday. After that, it's one long 'eadache to know what to put into their blessed mouths till the next Saturday. They aren't keen on fish, to speak of, and there's precious few eggs. Our men work right by, and they come 'ome to dinner every day."

"We go 'opping every summer down in Kent," Eileen said. "That is, all us girls and Mum go for three weeks, to pick 'ops, and leave the men to look after themselves. Last summer, you'd 'ave laughed. Dad did the shopping. When 'e saw the bacon, 'e raised an awful row. Oh, 'e did go on when we got back—said the shop 'ad swindled 'im. Turned out 'e thought the bacon ration was 'alf a pound each, and 'e was ever so taken aback to find it wasn't only a couple of rashers."

I asked how Mr. Duggan was.

"Oh, *'e's* all right," Mrs. Duggan said robustly and with a shade of impatience. "'E won't ever die, 'e won't. 'E isn't working for the Stepney Borough Council now—retired last May. But 'e got 'imself another job, because 'e couldn't bear to be sitting round the place all day, and we couldn't bear to *'ave* 'im sitting, come to that." Mr. Duggan's daughters giggled. "So now 'e's a driver's mate, working with a haulage contractor. 'E'll be in presently. Before 'e left the Borough Council, 'e used to do a bit of road-sweeping for the contractor sometimes when 'e wasn't out on the dust van. That's the way 'e is. There's a convent just up the street—we're all Catholics, you know—and one of the sisters said to me, 'Mrs. Duggan,' she said, 'I can always tell when Mr. Duggan 'as been round. It's a pleasure to step across 'is pavements,' she said. 'E's always like that, 'e is—must 'ave everything just so. It was the same when 'e was shelter marshal in the war."

Bill Penney came back just then, carrying a tray on which were some cups of tea, and we each took one, except Mrs. Duggan, who said she didn't fancy any. Bill went out again and returned with a baby, a stout object done up in pink wool rompers. He sat down and began to joggle it on his knee in a businesslike way.

"That's my sister Sheila's little girl," Eileen said. "Four months old, aren't you, ducks? Sheila married 'er boy—the one in the Navy that was with 'er when the doodlebug fell. Remember? 'E works at the docks now, like my chap."

The Duggans lost all their belongings in their final bombing, but they seemed to have furnished this room, at any rate, quite comprehensively. It contained armchairs, several pictures of dogs and one of the Virgin, and a piano with vases of pink paper carnations and some family photographs on top of it and a music rack beside it. Eileen got up, fetched one of the photographs, and handed it to me. It was a highly colored composition showing Sheila's wedding group, and I recognized Mr. Duggan, rosily tinted, peering between the flounces of a couple of bridesmaids.

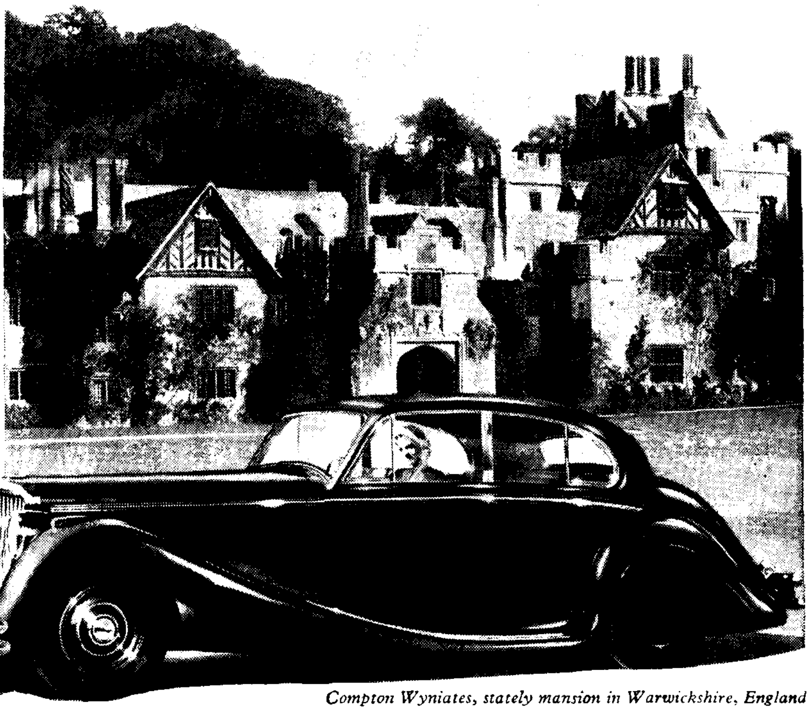
"Dad sings," Eileen said, nodding toward the music rack as she replaced the picture. "In 'is young days, 'e used to 'ave a smashing voice. 'Song of the Thrush'—that's 'is big number."

"It took us a good while to get a piano again," Mrs. Duggan said. "You ought to 'ave seen this place when we moved in. It was like the stable at Bethlehem, that's what it was like."

"No, Mum, a dentist's waiting room, more," Eileen said realistically. "*You* know—a table in the middle and a few 'ard chairs round the walls. Only, we didn't 'ave the magazines. We 'ad some cups without 'andles, and the W.V.S. were ever so good, and the Assistance Board lent us beds and some blankets. Then, after a bit, we bought the stuff they lent us."

"The fire watchers were in 'ere most of the war," Mrs. Duggan said. "Then the Borough moved them out and moved us in. 'We'll move you out, Mrs. Duggan,' they says, 'directly we find something else for you.' Well, that's

Jaguar



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At this juncture, the baby discreetly let out a squawk and Mrs. Duggan turned her face in her granddaughter's direction and chirped briskly.

"Sheila pops in and leaves the kid with Mum while she goes to work," Maggie said. "She does part-time dressmaking. All us married ones do a bit of work if we can, to 'elp out on the money."

Eileen said that she had got married just before Christmas and that she and her husband were living in one room over in Plaistow. "Goodness knows when we'll get anything better," she went on. "Lots of couples like us 'ave to live with their families, so I suppose we're lucky, really. I work in a whiskey distillery. Export, export, that's all you hear, but we're slack just now, so they're putting us girls on to gin."

"It's slack with us, too," Bill Penney said, still bouncing the baby gently. "I work at a brewery across the river. No one's drinking as much as they were. Can't afford it. Same as with smokes."

I asked what the other Duggan sons and daughters were doing, and Eileen and Maggie began to tell me about them. Ellen, the eldest daughter, lived in the neighborhood with her family. Johnnie, the eldest son, had stayed in the Merchant Navy, and when last heard from was in Singapore. Timmy, who had helped make invasion craft during the war, was still in shipbuilding, and Patsy had come out of the Royal Signals and gone into the shipyards, too. They both had homes of their own nearby. Teddy and Joey were now with a trucking firm and had settled just around the corner with their families. Frankie worked on the docks and lived at home. Maggie and her family were living in a flat in the old fire station, and Maureen, who had been a kid in boy's pants when I last saw her, was twenty years old and working in a baker's shop. I asked if she still preferred pants to a skirt, and Mrs. Duggan nodded. "She'll get married in trousers, see if she don't," she said.

Eileen explained that Maureen was engaged to Bill Penney and that Peggy's

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fiancé, a young man called Eddie, who worked in a bell foundry, was also living in the Duggan household at the moment.

"That makes eight of us at 'ome," Mrs. Duggan said, "including my little boy Terry, who's still at school. And, of course, any of the others who are liable to pop in—I've got over thirty grandchildren, I think it is. It's a lot on Peggy's shoulders. She's only twenty-three, and it's 'ard work for a girl like that."

Peggy came in at that moment. It developed that she had been getting cleaned up to go to the movies with Bill and her mother. She had on a blue dress and new-looking, tan ankle-strap sandals.

"I always go if it's a good picture," Mrs. Duggan said. "One of them tells me from time to time what's going on, and I can 'ear the voices. I enjoy it because it takes my mind off things. Since the bombings, I can't seem to stop worrying. My Terry, who was with me when the place came down on us that last time, 'e was jumpy for months. 'E used to get sudden sweats. Oh, it would pour out of 'im! But 'e's all right now, and full of beans."

Mrs. Duggan told me that after the rocket fell, she was sent to the Moorfields Eye Hospital, and then to Torquay, on the Channel, to convalesce. At Torquay, she stayed in a home, sponsored by the British War Relief Society, for rehabilitating war-blinded civilian casualties. Peggy had gone down to visit her there now and then.

"It was beautiful, wasn't it, Peggy?" Mrs. Duggan said. "Every mortal thing you could want. Me and Mrs. Jenkins were there together—Mrs. Jenkins lost an eye in the same rocket as got me, so we sort of stuck together. But it upset me to be there—it did, really—all among people with no eyes. There was a little kid of four, and a young lad of fourteen, who 'ad lost an arm, too. They taught that boy a trade wonderful. But I couldn't seem to rest. I was always 'anging round the kitchen like a lost soul, asking for them to give me a bit of peeling potatoes or drying dishes, and at last I says to the lady in charge, 'Look,' I says, 'for God's sake, let me get back to Wapping, for I'm 'alf dotty wondering what's 'appening to them all.' So they sent me back, and our priest and two sisters from the convent were 'ere waiting to welcome me when I set foot over the door. And presently Mrs. Jenkins comes back, too."

"It seemed funny at first when the war ended and we stopped sleeping in

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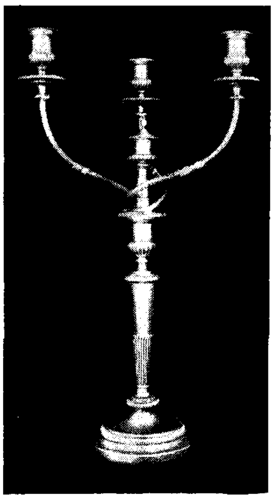

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"the old shelter under the Colonial Warehouse," Eileen said. "Regular creepy without a few 'undred people breathing all round you. We sort of missed the life, in one way. We used to 'ave fun down there in the old days." Peggy nodded rather dubiously.

At that moment, with a bang of the front door, Mr. Duggan arrived home from work. He is a chunky, energetic man who is now sixty-five but does not look it. He shook hands with me and announced, "It's being so cheerful that keeps me going"—a tag line from the radio program "Itma," which the late Tommy Handley made so popular in Britain. Mr. Duggan waved an arm about the room. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "Not so bad as when you saw us last, eh? Of course, it's not like the stuff I lost in the bombing—*oh*, no. All solid ma'ogany with claws, that was. But where can you find that sort of stuff today? A lady asked the company I work for—I'm doing haulage now, you know—to come round and move 'er furniture for 'er the other day, and when we got there, we 'ardly needed the van. You could 'ave strapped the 'ole lot on your back and carried it away easy. Shocking!" He cast a truculent look around at his family circle and continued, "Since this doesn't 'ardly seem to be the place for a quiet chat, what about stepping out for a little walk round? You might like to take a look at Wapping again."

EILEEN hastily declared that she would have to be running along in a minute or two, anyhow, but Mr. Duggan's mind appeared to be made up, so I said goodbye to his wife and the others and he and I started off. He seemed to brighten up as soon as we got into the street. "That's my pub," he said, jerking his head in the direction of a small, snug building on the corner. "It's full of 'istory. Used to be called the Red Cow, donkey's years ago, and they say Judge Jeffreys, the famous 'anging judge, used to do 'is 'angings out at the back. Of course, I don't know about that. Before my time, that was. That's one of my girls' friends in there." He stopped and tapped smartly on the plate-glass window, behind which a blurred pink smudge of a face belonging to a woman sitting in the bar parlor turned inquiringly in our direction. Mr. Duggan chuckled and walked on. "She's the landlady," he said. "I go in there and 'ave a pint and a game of darts now and then, and I'm not such a jackass at darts, either."

We turned down a side street, and

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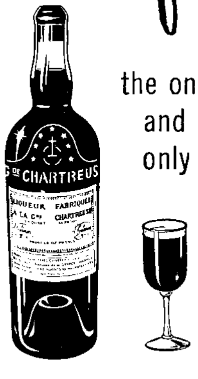

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Mr. Duggan resumed pensively about former times in Wapping. "My old lady—my mother, that is—used to live in a row of 'ouses which 'ad monstrous great cellars," he told me. "They 'ad secret passages leading out at Traitors' Gate in the Tower, so they said. My old lady remembered going down them as a kid with a lighted candle, and the candle going out in the foul air, and were those kids glad to find their way back again, all alive-oh! Those 'ouses 'ave all gone now. I was born 'ere, and sometimes I don't properly recognize the place myself, what with the bombings and other changes. Now, look at this."

We had stopped in front of a little, ruined church facing a small, sooty graveyard crowded with pitch-black eighteenth-century tombs heeling over at all angles. "The church is coming down—tower unsafe," Mr. Duggan said. "The Germans dropped two or three bombs round the graveyard—the kids were always popping in with a skull, or some poor soul's thighbone, or something similar. Now the Borough plans to 'ave all the gravestones out, arrange them round the walls, and make it into a nice little garden for old folks to come and sit in. Not that they'll get *me* to come and sit in it. *Oh*, no! Not much! All the same, it won't be bad. There's a blackbird up in that bush sings a treat in the mornings. I can 'ear it over at my place. When the dockers go 'ome of an evening, it's as quiet round 'ere as in the country. Quieter, on account of no cows or other disturbances."

We walked on. A couple passed us, wheeling a perambulator, and the man nodded to Mr. Duggan. "Known to one and all," Mr. Duggan observed with satisfaction when we were out of hearing. "But it's different since the war. New people have moved in, and lots of old Wapping people who moved away on account of the bombings 'aven't come back again. It's not what it was. Now, 'ere's Hermitage Wall, where me and the Missis 'ad a number of 'ouses in our day. It's still a fair mess, as you can see. They talk about rebuilding, but it will be a number of years before they get on with it, I should say."

The two of us stood there for a minute or two, looking at the spaces where the Duggans and other Wapping families had once had their homes. When I had last passed that way, in 1944, the demolition men had not finished removing the shattered walls of the bombed houses, and one could still guess roughly what the neighborhood had looked like. But now the empty spaces were flat and

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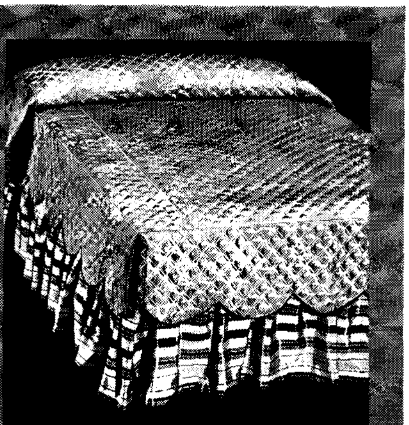

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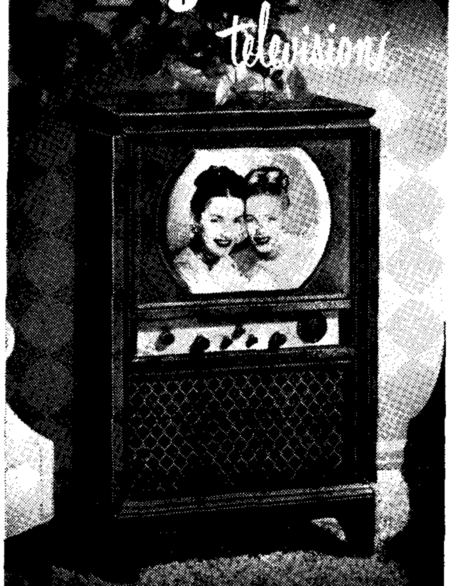
green and curiously quiet, with an air of having been untouched for centuries.

Mr. Duggan cleared his throat. "Of course, the sites come in remarkably 'andy as playgrounds for the youngsters," he said as he guided me on. "Another good thing about the bombings, they cleared out a good few of the old tenement courts which 'ad been considered old-fashioned when I was a young lad. A lot of the people there were living in a way that was truly 'orrible. Some of them never took a wash and 'adn't a suit of clean clothes to their name. But now they've been settled in places where they're more out in the open, so to speak, and the neighbors take notice of what they're doing, and when they put up fresh window curtains last, and so on." Mr. Duggan called my attention to a block of modern flats at the end of the street. "They're new since the war," he said. "I went along and 'ad a little chat with the superintendent of the building, but when 'e 'eard the size of my family, 'Jack,' 'e says, 'you don't want a flat, you want a couple of blocks of them.' Of course, most of my children are married now, but I can't rightly say they're gone. All of them are always popping in and out, and then, if we should 'ave a little jollification of any kind—a wedding or something like that—in a flat, the neighbors are bound to complain. The Missis likes an 'ouse, and she won't leave Wapping, so I guess we'll stay down in that old place on the river until the Council finds us something better. Sometimes I get tired of an everlasting mob of people rushing through the 'ouse. Did I ever tell you that I wrote poetry? Well, I do, but you need peace and quiet for that sort of thing, and 'ow are you going to get it at 'ome? You're probably not, that's the answer."

Mr. Duggan stopped abruptly and pulled a wad of frayed papers out of his coat pocket while a group of small boys who had been scuffling about in the road after a ball watched him with interest. He handed me one of the papers, a frail-looking typewritten copy of a poem called "All About the Fire of Wapping," done in the free-and-easy, jingling style of an old broadsheet. One stanza ran:

In Wapping there are some still
To get to move would cause a Thrill.
They Love the place as in the Past
And will stick there till the Last.

"It's all good stuff, very good stuff," said Mr. Duggan with satisfaction, taking back his manuscript and carefully replacing it and the other papers in his



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pocket. He turned and looked over the group of little boys and said, "One of those is my grandson. Name of Denis. 'Alloa, young Denis!" Young Denis, overwhelmed, darted away, followed by his tittering friends. "You can't step far in Wapping without running into a Duggan," said his grandfather proudly.

Mr. Duggan now set off at a smart, loping pace, every now and then pausing to make some nostalgic remark. "Used to be a little street called Milk Court there," he said at one point. "I think my old lady said there was a cow barn there in the old days." Another time, staring at a grimy wall, he said with a sigh, "When I was a kid, a nice, respectable old girl called Mrs. Wilkins was on this corner. She's dead and the 'ouse pulled down years ago."

The river smells blew strongly up through one of the narrow alleys, and we saw a steamer's red funnels rising above a row of low sheds. "There used to be a Dutch boat in dock there during the war," Mr. Duggan said thoughtfully. "I took off her garbage on the old dust round. A very fine ship. I used to get eight bins or more off her. A beautiful ship! I miss the old job, in a way. The new one keeps me on the move, though, which suits me all right. Me and my mate take stuff down to the West End, where I get a view of the New Look, the Dirty Look, and any other sort of look that 'appens to be around. Sometimes we go on a long haul, to Portsmouth and such. It's 'ard work, and only four pound sixteen shillings a week. I get my old-age pension, but it's cut down to ten bob a week, on account of me still working, though over-age. The youngsters pay something every week to their mother. *I'd* 'ave to be a regular Customs man to get it out of them, believe me. I leave everything like that to the Missis. She shops the food and sets it in front of me, and I don't ask where it comes from or what she paid for it. But there's not much money to throw about nowadays—I know that."

MR. DUGGAN said that he would see me back to Wapping Station. A borough-election poster on a wall we walked past prompted me to ask him where he stood politically. "We're all Labour down 'ere," he said. "There may be Communists in Whitechapel and Limehouse, but not round Wapping—*oh*, no! If you ask me, the Government 'ave done a pretty good job right through it all. No disrespect intended to either party, but old Churchill led us wonderful in the war, when

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it was a question of fighting for our lives, if you take me. Old Attlee 'as to tell people to work 'arder all the time for something they can't see immediate, and it's 'uman nature to get fed up from time to time. Of course, we're not out of the woods—not by no means—but the Government 'ave got a lot done, and I think they'll get in at the next election. Look at this National 'Ealth Service. It'll be a wonderful thing when they get it going. It will be a bit of 'istory. I saw our doctor not long ago, and 'e says to me, 'Jack, I'm going to give you a bottle of medicine,' and I says, 'I know why. You want to count me in on your list of patients.' Only my little joke, of course. It's being so cheerful that keeps me going."

I asked Mr. Duggan if any of his family had ever thought of emigrating, and he stopped in his tracks and gave me a blank look. "Emigrating?" he said. "Why should they emigrate? Not out of Wapping, they don't, or if they do, I've never 'eard of it. What's wrong with Wapping?" We walked along. "Of course," he said reflectively after a time, "some of the young ones grumble. This is wrong, that's wrong, and all the rest of it. But the way I look at it is this. We come through the war all right, except for the Missis' sight, and me losing my glasses and all my medals *and* my solid-ma'ogany furniture with claws, and I don't expect to replace any. But it might be much worse. One day comes and another goes, and I take it all as it comes, tell the truth, so long as I wake up alive in the morning, and my grub is on the table before I go to work, and we're all together in Wapping. Yes, it might be ever so much worse."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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—*Robert Louis Stevenson in "Apology for Idlers."*

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Three is a throng,
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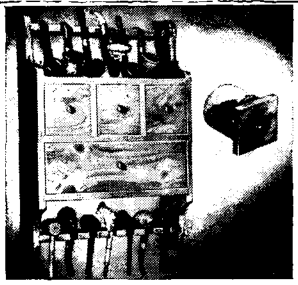

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THE RACE TRACK

Not So Special

FIRST, I suppose, must come the Pimlico Special, in which Capot again beat Coaltown. As you know, the meeting of those two in the Sysonby Mile at Belmont last month produced the best race of the year—of several years, for that matter. But it is no betrayal of confidence to say that what happened at Baltimore last week really wasn't much of a show. You can see a more exciting one in the eighth race at Jamaica any afternoon that you feel you need to see the eighth race at Jamaica. Capot was quicker out of the starting gate, but Coaltown sprinted and took the lead for a few strides as they passed the stand the first time. A moment later, at the clubhouse turn, Capot was in front once more, and watchers knew then that they could draw a ring around his name on their programs. After that, he pulled away steadily and won by a dozen lengths. Without wishing to detract from Capot's triumph, I must say that I couldn't help feeling that Coaltown was not at his best. That evening, there was a report that he had gone lame, but if he had, it wasn't apparent when he walked back to be unsaddled after the finish. He looked a trifle jaded, however, which wasn't altogether surprising for a colt who had been in constant hard training for nearly two years. Capot, on the other hand, was never in better form, and certainly would have beaten Ponder, too, if Ponder had gone to the post. As a matter of fact, he was eligible for the race, but Greentree Stable's trainer, John Gaver, declared that he would not start Capot if Calumet Farms started both Coaltown and Ponder. Facing the prospect of another walkover in the Special, like Whirlaway's in 1942 and Citation's last autumn, the Maryland Jockey Club persuaded Calumet to run only its best bet. Just the same, Ponder received a blanket with his name on it, the management's present to all starters.

Since Capot has beaten him twice, I daresay it will be difficult now for the pollsters to name Coaltown the Horse of the Year (though I expect some of them will vote for him anyhow). I have no doubt in the world that having a Horse of the Year is edifying to horseplayers, but it has always seemed a pretty silly business to me.

FROM all accounts, the Marguerite Stakes, won by Bed o' Roses at Pimlico last Saturday, was a better race to watch than the Special. My favorite observer was on pins and needles until Bed o' Roses settled down to running (she was next to last for half of the mile and a sixteenth), but everything turned out beautifully, and she won by lengths from Striking and Fais Do Do. Since Bed o' Roses has started in twenty races this season (she won eight of them), it would seem that she has done enough and I don't expect she will run in the Pimlico Futurity this weekend.

GETTING back to Jamaica, the best performance there last week was Royal Governor's in the Questionnaire Handicap. The big, rangy chestnut splashed gaily through the mud to win his third stakes race in a fortnight. He has moved up in the weights, too, for he received only two pounds from Donor, who finished second, and seven from Vulcan's Forge, who was third. Not bad for a former semi-invalid like Royal Governor. His blood count still drops noticeably after a race, but some time ago Jim Ryan, who handles the horse, hit on a diet that has worked a small miracle on him. Ryan mixes quantities of raw eggs in Royal Governor's oats and gives him gallons of milk. In fact, for a period of months the horse drank no water at all, only milk. "Even now, he has a couple of Jersey cows working for him," Ryan says.

I CAN'T recall when I have seen a less likely collection of two-year-olds running for big money than ran in the East View Stakes at Jamaica last Saturday. Selector, Lotowhite, Androcles, and Questus, who finished in that order, divided $54,975. Colonel Martingale says the whole thing was just an unpleasant reminder that the season is waning. —AUDAX MINOR

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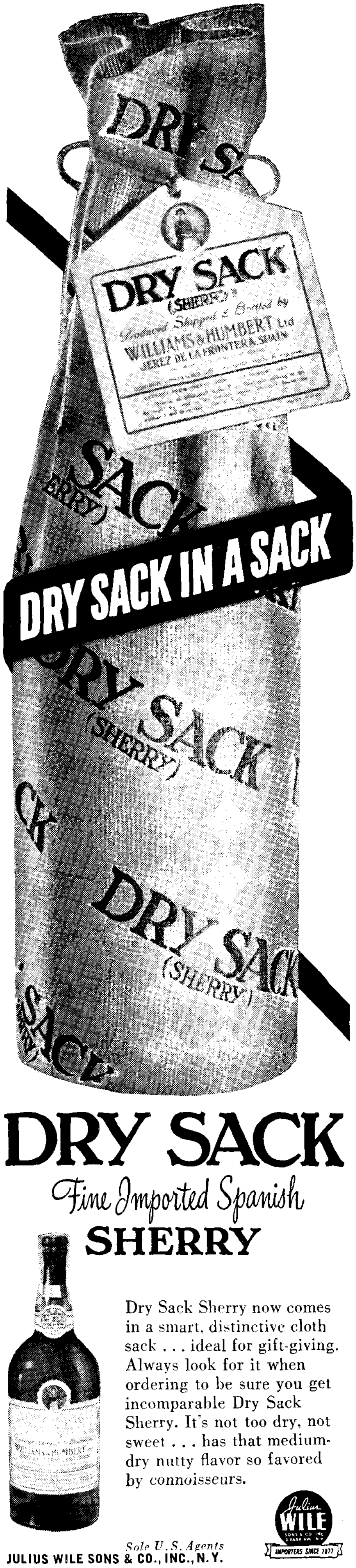

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Schoenberg

AT last Thursday evening's Philharmonic-Symphony concert, Leopold Stokowski paid his respects, rather casually, to Arnold Schoenberg, whose seventy-fifth birthday occurred this year, by sandwiching a snippet from his great cantata "Gurre-Lieder," along with a short work by Heitor Villa-Lobos, between some extremely uninspired performances of music by Wagner and Beethoven. The snippet was the episode known as the "Song of the Wood Dove," which requires only a small segment of the four-hundred-man ensemble necessary for the full work and is therefore, naturally, much easier to do. It was heartening to hear even this fragment of a very impressive composition that has not been performed here in its entirety since Stokowski himself did it at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1932. One of the most satisfying features of the performance was the singing of the American mezzo-soprano Martha Lipton, who gave the difficult solo part both the requisite volume of sound and the appropriate sense of tragic dignity. Various critics have written a good deal about the Wagnerian character of this work, but I find the "Song of the Wood Dove" much more akin to the music of Gustav Mahler in its gloomy, soul-searching, and subjective passion. Actually, it is contemporary with Mahler's later symphonies and, like Mahler's music, reflects the Vienna of Sigmund Freud and the Expressionist painters—a period when the great romantic tradition flared into a last, poignantly poetic flame, during the final years of the Hapsburg Empire. Schoenberg's writing here has qualities of magic and mystery that have all but disappeared from today's music, and probes far deeper into the human psyche than anything written by his equally famous contemporary Igor Stravinsky.

The Schoenberg represented in this work is the Schoenberg of about 1900, familiar elsewhere only in the lovely sextet "Verklärte Nacht," which is now practically a popular classic. It is one of the enigmas of our time that a composer of such obvious originality and communicative power should subsequently have slipped into a realm of cryptic technical ideas where, for nearly forty years, he has produced nothing that seems to have any meaning for the musical public. This technical realm is, of course, the one known to musicians as "atonality," and is detected by the average concertgoer through certain unmistakable features—mainly a cacophony so methodical and absolute that nothing identifiable in the way of a melody or a concord ever interrupts its monotonous flow. The continuing public apathy toward Schoenberg's later work is commonly explained by two theories, one popular among his supporters, the other among his detractors. The first is that the music is ahead of its time, and that the public has just not yet learned to like it. The second is that the music is simply bad or meaningless music. The first of these theories has lately begun to lose some of its force, inasmuch as Schoenberg's earliest essays in atonality are now nearly forty years old and show no more signs of ingratiating themselves with the public than they did when they were first performed. I am afraid that I incline toward the second theory. It presupposes that a composer of great ability may become the victim of a confused and fruitless aesthetic idea. This is a view that I have not accepted lightly, but it is the theory I favor, nevertheless.

It is not difficult to discover behind the aesthetics of atonality the presence of one of those philosophies of historical determinism that have been so dear to the academic German mind from the time of Hegel and Karl Marx to that of Oswald Spengler. Atonality is, as its apologists have frequently pointed out, the logical continuation of a historical trend in nineteenth-century German music. This trend was quite clearly toward the increasing use of dissonance and toward the gradual elimination of the classical canons governing the relationship of keys. Stated simply, this means that Beethoven used more dissonances and more freedom in mixing keys than Mozart, and that Wagner used more dissonances and more freedom in mixing keys than Beethoven. If the trend were pursued to its ultimate conclusion, one would arrive at a type of music in which everything was dissonance and the relation between one key and another became blurred to such an extent that one had no identifiable key at all. This conclusion has been, in fact, reached in Schoenberg's music. Having lost the subtle principle of opposing consonance and dissonance, upon which all classical and romantic music had been based, atonality moved into a realm of pure, unrelieved dissonance. This was, by the logic of historical determinism, the only conceivable direction in which the music of the future could move, and if the musical public didn't like it, so much the worse for them. You couldn't stop Schoenberg because you couldn't stop history.

Now, the logic of this development looks unassailable as long as you accept its deterministic frame. But once you step outside it, a number of objections arise. Music, in the first place, is not a vast, self-contained, historically conditioned organism evolving through the ages independently of the wills of the people who create it. It is something created by individual composers, who are, I trust, men of reasonably free will and who are at liberty to compose any kind of music they like, whether it fits into some academic historical scheme or not. Secondly, the atonalists, in projecting their theoretical extension of nineteenth-century trends to a point where the opposition between consonance and dissonance disappeared, threw overboard music's main propulsive principle. Consonance and dissonance have occupied a place in the narrative form of music not very different from that occupied by good and evil, or by catharsis and suspense, in literary narrative. Moreover, all theories of historical determinism, whether political or musical, tend to overlook the fact that the future is never entirely predictable. There is always the chance that they may turn out to be dead wrong. The theory of atonality thus appears to be suspect on grounds of common sense, and since the music that proceeds from it seems to convey nothing to the majority of music-lovers, it is not illogical to conclude that it represents an aesthetic blind alley that is being bypassed by the actual course of history.

But right or wrong, Arnold Schoenberg, who now lives on the outskirts of Hollywood, has stuck uncompromisingly to the atonal idea, stubbornly certain that history will someday vindicate him. Whatever one may think of the importance of his present work, it is still a fact that the Schoenberg who composed the "Gurre-Lieder" deserves our respect as one of the last great creative figures of the romantic movement. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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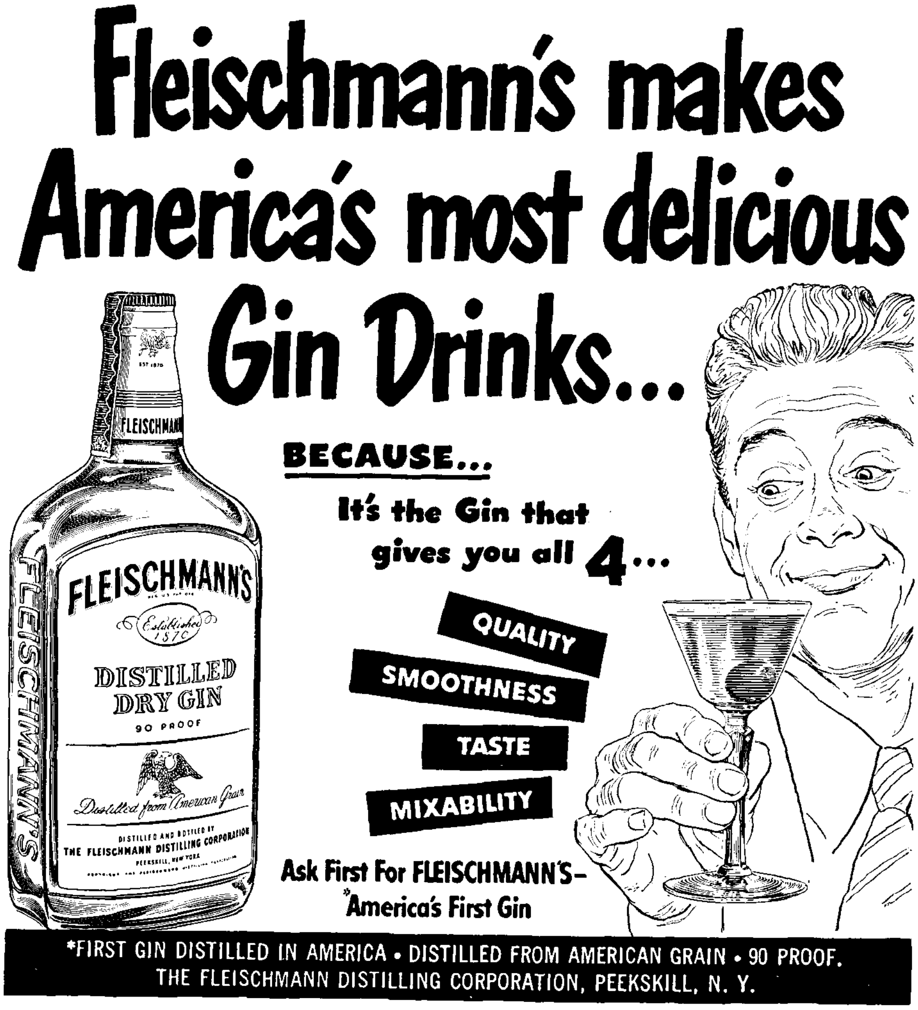

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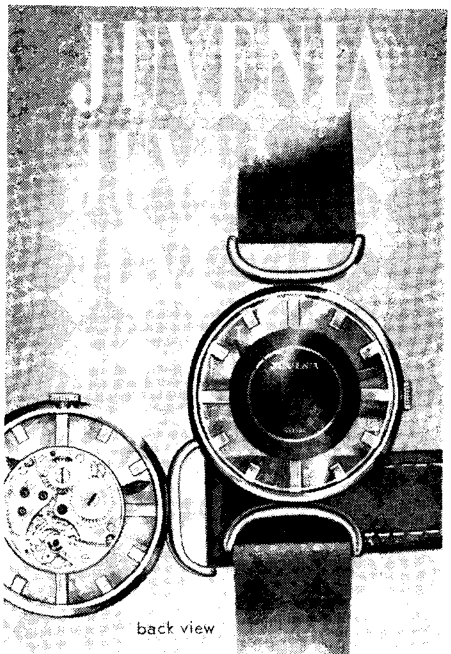

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formidable "Norma" have just been released by Cetra-Soria, the American outlet for recordings by Cetra, an Italian firm, in two albums of long-playing records. Of the two, "L'Amico Fritz" (No. 1203) seemed to me the more pleasing, because the recording job is better and the singing meets the demands of the work more fully. Ferruccio Tagliavini and his wife, Pia Tassinari, carry the leads in the Mascagni opera, and the composer himself, who died in the summer of 1945, conducted the performance. It is an enchanting score, in the Puccini vein, though *not* quite so triumphantly melodic, and a good deal of its charm lies in the measure of attractive sophistication it imposes on a simple, bucolic tale. It is theatre music, lying and lovely, giving a lift to a slight story. The two stars sing it for all it is worth, and the other members of the cast—especially Saturno Meletti, in the role of the matchmaking rabbi—sound as though they had sung this opera countless times and were delighted to do it again. Mascagni's conducting of the EIAR (Ente Italiano Audizione Radiofoniche) Symphony Orchestra and Chorus is fine.

"Norma" (No. 1204), almost half again as long as "L'Amico Fritz," is interesting to have around because of the unique and beautiful melodies (the soprano aria "Casta Diva" being the most familiar and the most arduous) with which Bellini studded his score. The curious fact that it is almost impossible to distinguish the voice of Gina Cigna, the soprano in the title role, from that of Ebe Stignani, the mezzo-soprano singing the second female lead, doesn't add to one's appreciation of this set—though both do some admirable singing—and the vocal efforts of a basso named Tancredi Pasero, in the part of Norma's father, aren't entirely satisfactory. Giovanni Breviaro, the tenor lead, does a good job as Norma's faithless husband, Pollione, and the remainder of the cast is adequate. The EIAR Orchestra and Chorus, this time with Vittorio Gui leading them, turn in another smooth performance.

THERE are, I am aware, those who look askance at orchestral transcriptions of pieces Bach composed for solo instruments or for small groups, but it should be hard to find any objection when the results are as happy and as splendidly played as they are in a Bach program offered by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, on Columbia long-playing record ML-2058. Here, on two sides of a ten-

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inch record, are the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor, the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, the chorale "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," from Cantata No. 147, and the chorale-prelude "Sleepers, Awake!" from Cantata No. 140. One couldn't ask for much more from music, and the performances are magnificent.

I HAD always thought, up to now, the late Richard Strauss's autobiographical tone poem "Ein Heldenleben" ("A Hero's Life"), with its egotistical allusions to his earlier work, was a tiresome piece of music. However, it has recently been made available in an enkindling performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, the man to whom the composer dedicated the work (Capitol-Telefunken long-playing single P-8013). It may be this special affinity that the conductor has with the work—or, and more likely, simply the excellence of the orchestra and the long association of Mengelberg with the score—that makes it so telling and enjoyable a rendition. At any rate, in this recording the music, despite some banal moments, seems to me much more impressive than it ever has before.

THE pianist Gyorgy Sandor, I discovered by listening to him on one side of Columbia long-playing single ML-4193, is a first-rate Chopin man. He delivers masterly readings of the Fantasie in F Minor, the Fantasie-Impromptu in C-Sharp Minor (that's the "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" one), and the beguiling Barcarolle in F-Sharp Major. Most expert interpreters of Chopin have a way of sounding dry—but not Sandor; his tone is warm and alive, in addition to being exquisitely controlled. On the reverse side of the record he reels off another stirring performance, this time of Beethoven's Sonata No. 15 in D Major.

THE first release of the Bartók Recording Studio, of this city, is a long-playing single presenting the New Music Quartet in Béla Bartók's Quartet No. 3 and, on the other side, string transcriptions by Tibor Serly of five piano pieces from Bartók's collection "Mikrokosmos," along with all of Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for String Quartet" (BRS-001). The five short transcriptions, which I enjoyed most, were all aptly chosen for their new tonal setting. In two of these, "Wrestling" and "From the Diary of a Fly," the results of the change from the piano to strings

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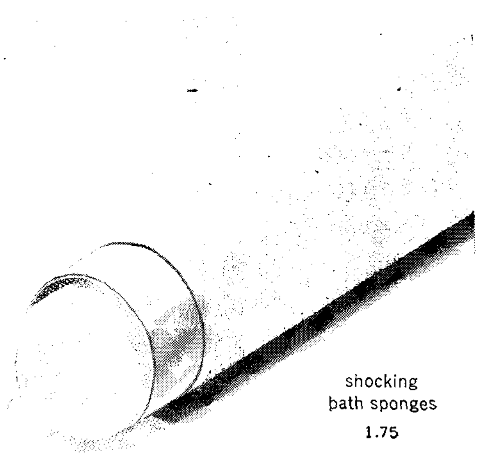

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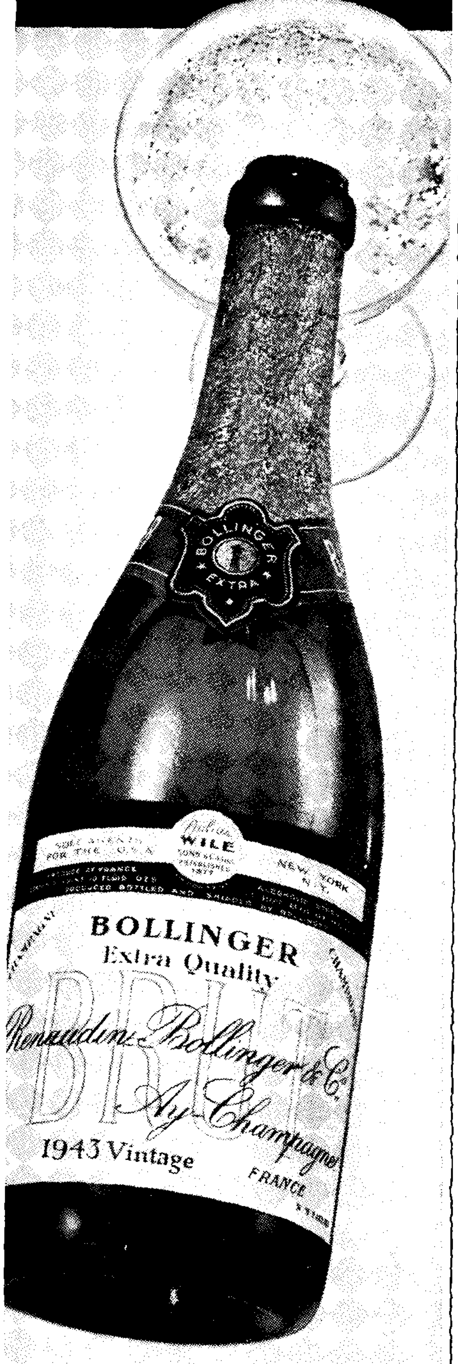

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are especially rewarding; the sustained tones in the first and the buzzing in the second, if buzzing is what you want, are much more effectively revealed, and the pieces are more expressive. The easiest thing I can say about the Bartók quartet, after a few hearings, is that the strings are complaining and abusive throughout. The composition is thoughtful, perhaps a shade too thoughtful, and its extremely complex structure seems to hold back some of its appeal. The Stravinsky works are brief and piquant. The New Music Quartet, by the way, is a good one.

LICIA ALBANESE, the Metropolitan Opera soprano, whose fine-spun singing has always given me a great deal of pleasure, offers six varied songs in a new Victor 45-r.p.m. set (WMO-1316). Miss Albanese, with piano accompaniment, does Caccini's "Amarilli," Alessandro Scarlatti's "Se Florindo è Fedele," Liszt's "Oh! Quand Je Dors," Joseph Szulc's "Clair de Lune," Tchaikovsky's "Lullaby," and Campbell-Tipton's "A Spirit Flower." It's an engaging recital by an accomplished vocalist. These performances are also available on 78-r.p.m. records, as are all new Victor releases.

THERE are several other new recordings I should mention—Glazunov's A-Minor Violin Concerto, for one. It is a showy work in the old-fashioned style, but it is also a buoyantly melodic one, and Nathan Milstein presents it brilliantly, with the assistance of the R.C.A.-Victor Symphony Orchestra, a group of first-rate local musicians, on this occasion under the direction of William Steinberg, in Victor set WDM-1315. . . . Four *intermezzi* performed by the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, of Philadelphia, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting (Columbia single ML-2053), are all popular and delightful excerpts from opera; they are the intermezzo from "Manon Lescaut," the one from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the pair from "The Jewels of the Madonna." They are well played, as is Menotti's theatrical ballet suite "Sebastian," performed by the same combination on the other side of this long-playing record. . . . A sensitive interpretation by Alexander Brailowsky of Chopin's First Piano Concerto can be found in Victor set WDM-1317, with Steinberg and the R.C.A.-Victor Symphony in support. . . . Orovoso's opening aria from "Norma," with interpolations by the chorus, is well presented by Ezio Pinza on Columbia Microgroove single 3-229.

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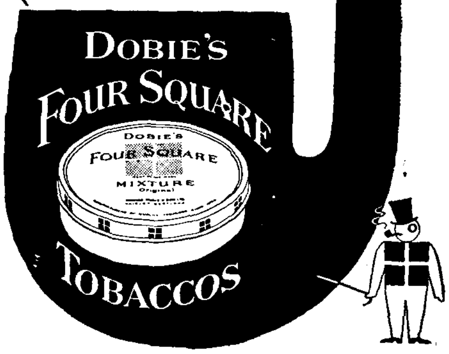

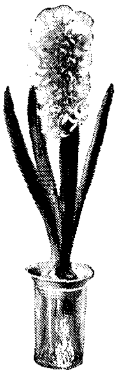

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Afraid? Or just a fool?

The bird will vanish like the roc
And like the Brontosaurus
And other beasts of dwindling stock
Who came (and went) before us.

But who is victor in the strife?
Is it the man who kills it?
When *Cyrtonyx* departs this life,
Is it the *man* who wills it?

What wisdom has this happy hen
That we show such contempt of?
Has it some mystic lore that men
Have never even dreamt of?

The fearless bird falls 'neath the stone.
Are we, in fact, the wiser?
The Montezuma quail alone
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The bird lives free, it fears no harm;
Man kills it if he chooses.
The bird has never felt alarm.
Who wins, O man, who loses?

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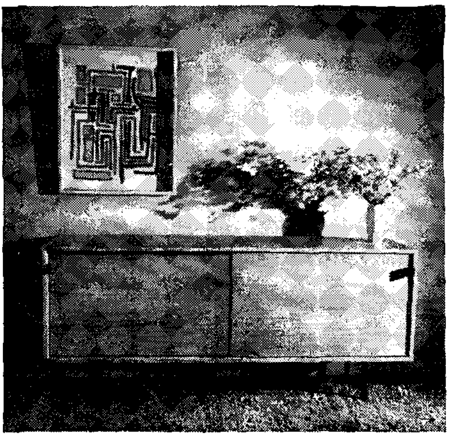

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Photomurals usually give me the miseries, and I have never understood why the two favorite photomural themes—a high-minded mélange of steam shovels and derricks, and a deadly unexciting view of the Manhattan skyline—should encourage anybody to give them houseroom. Apparently, Evelyn Pitshke, a very special kind of photographer, at 101 Park Avenue (40th), is aware that conventional blown-up photographic studies are staggering bores, for she has done something better. To begin with, she urges her clients to choose subjects that are easy to live with and reminiscent of their own environment or interests. Thus, for a New York apartment dweller whose summer home is on the Hudson she has decorated a wall with a photograph of an early-nineteenth-century print of the Palisades, and for a proud dog-fancier she has made a three-panel screen showing four of his prize-winners on a wooded terrace. In making the screen, Miss Pitshke first set up a small-scale dummy of it, using a photograph of the terrace for the background and superimposing on it separate photographs of the dogs (a fox terrier on one wing, a Dalmatian on the other, and a pug and a French poodle on the center panel). After retouching the dummy, she photographed it and used that negative to print the enlargements on a special paper, which was then applied to the screen like ordinary wallpaper. This technique, it seems, not only avoids the indistinct and grainy look so common in photomurals but gives the artist a chance to arrange a good composition and to fix up any imperfections. Miss Pitshke makes murals from snapshots her clients provide, from blowups of old prints, and from photographs she herself has taken. The murals, which are printed in black-and-white, sepia, or gray, are retouched, if need be, with transparent oil colors and then waxed, in order to blend in the retouches and make the surface waterproof. Prices for this elaborate work are $1.20 a square foot in black-and-white or gray and $1.45 for sepia. Screens cost around $50 a wing, and the fee for making the dummy, which isn't always necessary, is $25. There are sundry other charges, which you may or may not run into, such as one for hand-coloring the entire mural or screen, and one for preparing walls for direct mounting, so you had better inquire about extras. Miss Pitshke can be seen by appointment (Columbus 5-4452), and she will submit small photographs of some of the numerous murals and screens she has executed.

At the studio of Charles Gracie, 686 Lexington Avenue (57th), there are screens so different from the ones involving Miss Pitshke's arrangements of photographs that they are hardly recognizable as performing the same function. In reporting on them, I shall have to keep a firm hold on myself if I am to avoid more superlatives than are seemly. Being cautious, then, I'll begin by saying merely that the Gracie firm has a very large collection of antique and modern Chinese papers that are breathtakingly beautiful. Many of them have been made into screens, and the others can be used for that purpose or for wall panels. Gracie, who does a brisk business all over the world, once built a set of screens for the American Consulate General in Hankow; the papers on them had been made for Gracie in China.

Except for some hand-blocked papers, all the modern ones that are colored were painted by hand (the antiques were too, of course), so the pattern is never repeated exactly; the little bird done in hundreds of brush strokes in the upper left-hand corner is never quite the same little bird as the one that flutters on the right-hand side. There are panels on which a cream-colored arbor covered with morning-glories outlines an expanse of silver leaf; panels with bunches of purple and pale-green grapes hanging from a gold-colored trellis on a background of hand-hammered silver leaf (this, I am told, has been used effectively on the ceiling of a small room); panels with allover patterns of birds and flowers in ravishing tones of jade, a clear blue, and an indescribable shade of yellow; panels on which black bamboo stalks are brushed in on dark gray; and more, and more.

There is a large supply of papers that have been covered with hand-beaten silver and gold leaf and then hand blocked; they are uncommonly handsome. Some of them have a conventional design in gold on silver, others have self patterns, and one particular

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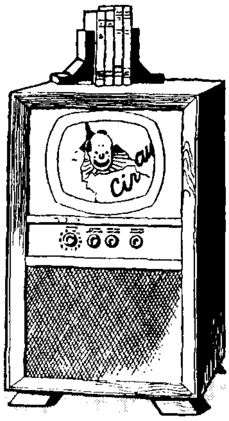

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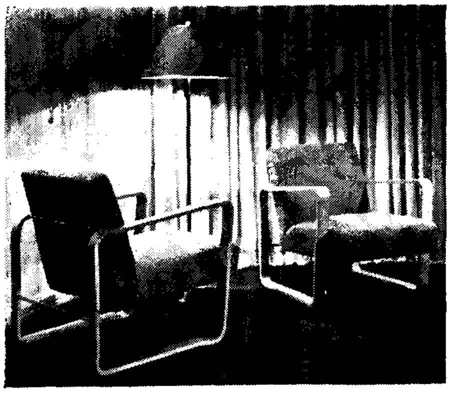

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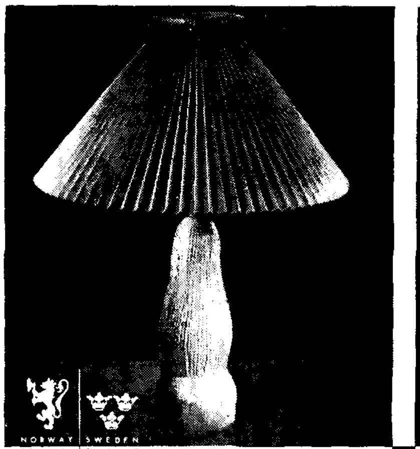
beauty has a rectangular figure in vivid blue on silver. The hand-blocked papers cost from $16 to $20 a panel (one panel makes two wings of an average-size screen), and the hand-painted papers cost from $80 to $130 a panel. All the papers are made of bamboo and will last practically forever.

Gracie's collection of antique screens, hangings, and scenic wallpapers is even more distinguished than his stock of modern panels, and includes some European specimens, in addition to the Chinese. There are, for example, a series of thirteen early-nineteenth-century French papers depicting the story of Don Quixote; two eight-foot-high, five-panel French screens in strong blues and reds that set forth, in the florid manner of the eighteen-twenties, the adventures of Telemachus; and a magnificent seventeen-foot-long parade of horses, on a scroll taken from the Imperial Palace in Peking. Prices for such treasures as these run from—hold tight, now—$1,680, for each of the Telemachus screens, to $5,800, for the Don Quixote set. There are, however, interesting antique panels here for as little as $40. Not antique but copied in China from old Ackermann prints are thirty panels in sepia showing views of New York in the early part of the nineteenth century. The scenes, which begin at the Battery and include the landmarks of the period all the way up to the Audubon mansion, at what is now 158th Street, form a continuous decoration, but the panels can also be bought separately, for $125 each. This big collection must be seen, as they say, to be appreciated, or even to be believed.

THERE are the makings of at least one delightful screen in the new wallpapers at Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street. On an old screen that has been damaged—or has just grown tiresome, as things will—two panels, by Gifford Beal, of casually brushed-in sketches of Central Park would be fun to experiment with. It would be correct to say that Mr. Beal's work shows a Chinese feeling, but everyone must have wearied of being told the same thing about this or that or the other. (And the phrase may soon become downright repugnant, owing to all the bogus Chinese stuff, with or without feeling, there is around.) Anyway, the charming flat perspectives, the long, leisurely brush strokes, and the unabashedly romantic flavor of the panels make them a delight. If you plan to use them on a screen, I recommend



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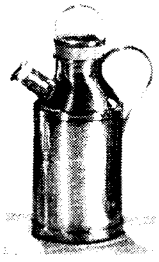

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that it be a four-panel one, like that shown at K. & W., with alternating plain white panels. They would also look fine on two walls of a large room.

Unquestionably the most original of the new Katzenbach & Warren papers is a series of what the firm calls pinups, designed by Marion V. Dorn to give the illusion of objects pinned to a wall. Of these, the most arresting is a design called Master Drawings, which skillfully employs the familiar *trompe-l'œil* technique with what appear to be carelessly pinned-up black-and-white reproductions of sketches by Dürer, Leonardo, Ghirlandajo, Filippo Lippi, and others on a dark-pink wall. The drawings form, for all their seemingly haphazard arrangement, a well-thought-out and extremely decorative geometric pattern. No room could possibly bear up under more than one or two panels of this striking paper, but used judiciously, it should be impressive. Another Dorn pinup shows a collection of enlarged Greek and Roman cameos, which look as if they were suspended from metal tacks on a deep-blue wall. Although the pictured cameos themselves are very interesting (they are all faithfully drawn from famous antique jewels) and the illusion they present is cleverly achieved, I think the design is perhaps overtheatrical, and less successful as household decoration than the Master Drawings. And it is less ornamental, although considerably more unusual, than the third paper in the Dorn series—a flamboyant design of vivid Hawaiian flowers held in a swag of fish net against a wood-grain background. The price of this handsome wallpaper is $12 a roll. Master Drawings and the cameo paper cost $10.50 a roll.

If at first glance Virginia Hamill's new Far Eastern wallpapers, sold by Renverne, at 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), do not appear remarkable for their distinction or inventiveness, you had better take another look. One could, indeed, settle down for several hours in this showroom, creating one unexpected effect after another with combinations of these fascinating papers. Some of them come in pairs—one with an allover abstract design, for example, has as its companion a paper in which the same design is used in a deep border and the allover pattern is of tropical fruit. Such papers provide almost endless possibilities for improvisation and must surely make Miss Hamill the darling of the interior decorators, since, with a

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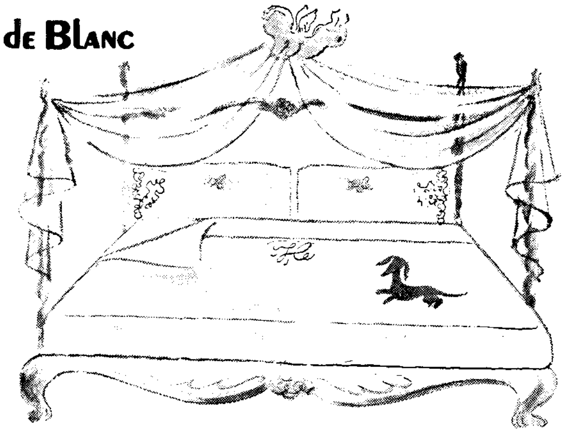

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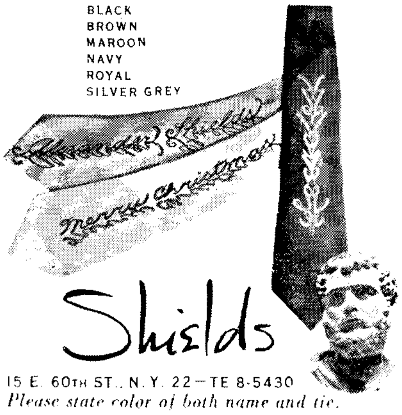

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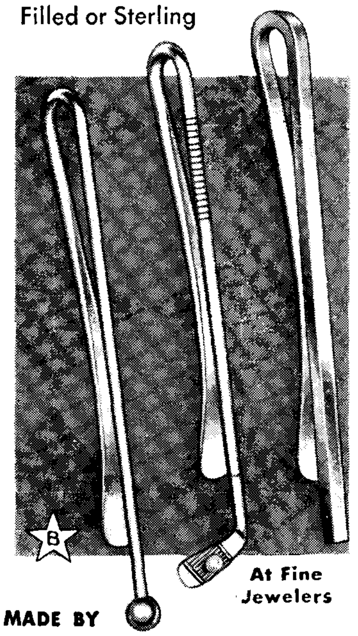

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Nancy McClelland, of 15 East 57th Street, who must already have set some sort of record for unearthing fine old wallpaper patterns, has again delved into the boudoirs of the eighteenth-century French and the cupboards of early New Englanders, and has come up with six delightful papers, which she calls the Bird Series ($3.50 to $19.50 a roll). One of the patterns—a blue swan on a yellow background—has been reproduced from a lovely French original, and the rest are from American originals. From a house in Newburyport, there is a fetching repeat design, done in a soft blue, of a peckish-looking bird of paradise inside an oval of ribbon; another design, found in the official residence of an early Massachusetts governor but not as pompous as you might expect, is of the American eagle hovering over the stripes of gracefully furled flags. All the American patterns except the flag number, which is done only in red, beige, and blue, and which I hope gets called to the attention of the White House renovators, have been reproduced in several color combinations. It is a pleasure to be able to say that neither Miss McClelland nor Charles Gracie makes any fuss about dealing with the homeowner who doesn't want to get entangled with a decorator. —S.H.

•

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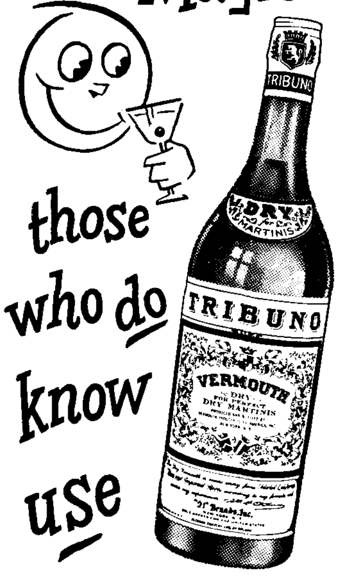

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FOOTBALL

Routine

THINGS went about as expected last weekend. Notre Dame, which hadn't lost a game in thirty-two tries, beat a brave but outmaneuvered Navy team, 40–0, and Trenton Teachers, whatever that is, made it forty-three losses in a row by bowing to Fort Monmouth, 6–0. Cornell smothered Columbia, 54–0, and Army smothered Virginia Military Institute, 40–14, and Princeton smothered Rutgers, 34–14, and Dartmouth smothered Yale, 34–13. And Harvard, which the statisticians thought would nose out Holy Cross, nosed out Holy Cross, 22–14. If the Pittsburgh line hadn't blocked a last-minute punt, Penn would have nosed out Pittsburgh, as was expected on the basis of the records, and the statisticians would have had a practically perfect Saturday. But the Pittsburgh line, which is stacked with names like Bolkovac, Barkouskie, Karanovich, and Gasparovic, surged through as the reliable Dooney was trying to get a punt away, and blocked it, and the ball rolled into the Penn end zone, changing the score from Penn 21, Pittsburgh 20, to Pittsburgh 22, Penn 21. At that, it wasn't a bad try for the statisticians.

ONCE in a while, it is fun to wonder what would have happened in a specific game if one had been able to step in and arbitrarily alter history by changing the result of a single play or ruling. An incident in the match between Yale and Dartmouth aroused that impulse in this department's breast. Dartmouth, which looked perky and full of beans, probably would have won anyway, but even so, the reconstruction of one play might have had a most deleterious effect on Dartmouth's morale. Yale and Dartmouth had whacked each other about, to no purpose, for the whole first quarter. Then Tisdale, the Yale quarterback, got off a handsome pass to his teammate Fuchs, who galloped, behind some equally handsome blocking, to Dartmouth's thirty-yard line. Two plays later, Fuchs smacked through the Dartmouth line and, behind some more handsome blocking, scored a touchdown. Yale kicked off to the crestfallen enemy, and on the next play Clayton, the Dartmouth quarterback, who is as good a man as we are likely to

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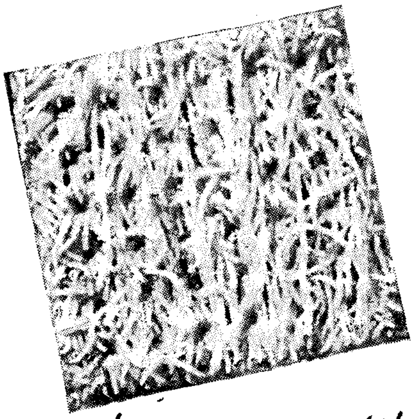

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see in these parts this fall, made his one blunder of the game—instead of tossing a pass to a teammate, he threw it into the grateful arms of Jablonski, a Yale guard, who got to the Dartmouth forty-yard line before he was hauled to earth. But as Dartmouth, by now seeming quite jittery, lined up in defensive formation, the referee ruled that the ball belonged to Dartmouth; Hickman, the Yale coach, had sent in a substitute player at the wrong moment and Yale was technically guilty of delaying the game, so the interception of the pass didn't count. From there, Dartmouth, using first its varsity and then its second-string backfield, went on to five touchdowns.

The Dartmouth passing record—twelve completions out of fourteen tries, for a total gain of two hundred yards—should give pause to the teams the squad still has to play this year. Clayton, who threw most of these passes, handles himself magnificently, coolly dodging intending tacklers until he spots the man he wishes to throw the ball to, and then letting fly with amazing accuracy. His performance is helped by the troupe of agile pass catchers with which Dartmouth is equipped this season. It was also helped on Saturday by Yale's habit—one that has bothered it all fall—of letting potential pass receivers get into the clear, and it was further helped by Yale's inability to outjump the Dartmouth receivers.

The sole Yale interception of a Dartmouth pass does not appear in the official record, for the reasons already detailed, and one of the six fumbles Yale was credited, or discredited, with does not belong on the record, either. Jackson, plowing through the line on a fourth down, reached the Dartmouth thirty-yard line (and a Yale first down) before he was knocked on his back. As he lay on the ground, the ball clutched to one ear, Dey, a Dartmouth back, wrestled the ball away. Since Jackson had the ball when he was downed, it did seem that he was legally entitled to it, but it was decided that he had fumbled the ball and that Dartmouth had recovered the fumble. As you can see, history, even if it does not need remaking, does need an occasional footnote.

—J. W. L.

•

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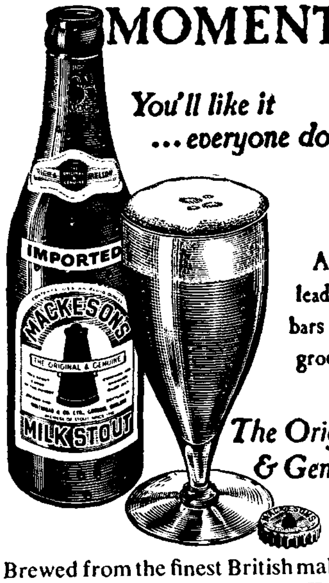

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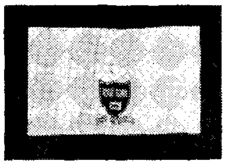

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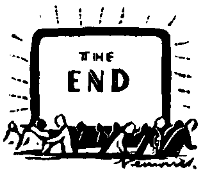
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bogart Foils the Dragon



IF anyone thinks that the Japanese aren't just as tricky now as they were before the war, "Tokyo Joe" will clear up the misconception. Practically all the Orientals in the film are hopelessly addicted to double-dealing, and most of them seem pretty well convinced that if they can smuggle a few exiled kleagles of the Black Dragon Society back into Japan, they won't be troubled much longer with the United States Occupation forces. A particularly nefarious character is one Baron Kimura, purportedly the former chief of the Japanese Secret Service and still a fairly influential man around town. The Baron is played by Sessue Hayakawa, who is as sinister today as he was back in the twenties, when he was the leading Far Eastern menace of the silent movies, engaging in all kinds of inscrutable villainies. Pitted against him is Humphrey Bogart, and seldom has the old gunman had such a tough time making an adversary say "Uncle."

Mr. Bogart is supposed to be a former Tokyo night-club owner who, after serving as a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army Air Forces, has returned to Japan to take up with a Russian wife he walked out on just before Pearl Harbor. Regrettably, he finds that his spouse has divorced him and married a bigwig lawyer attached to the Occupation establishment. He also finds that he is the father of a seven-year-old daughter and that his wife broadcast Japanese propaganda to American troops during the war. This information comes from the wicked Baron Kimura, who threatens to expose the lady if Mr. Bogart doesn't agree to act as front man for an airline. This airline is ostensibly in the business of transporting frozen frogs and chrysanthemums, but the cargo that its backers are really interested in is a trio of hot Black Dragon men who are temporarily holed up in Korea. Preserving the good name of his former wife (she only broadcast because the Japs twisted her arm), saving the Occupation, and rescuing his child—upon whom, I forgot to say, the Baron has put the snatch—all takes a lot out of Mr. Bogart, but in the end, choked with lead, love, and patriotism, he comes through. In addition to Mr. Bogart and Mr. Hayakawa, "Tokyo Joe" offers us Florence Marly, as the Russian lady, and Alexander Knox, as her second husband. The latter is incredibly patient with Mr. Bogart's peremptory demands that he give up his wife, but I guess that's the result of his legal training.

HAVING discovered in Paul Douglas a very funny comedian, Twentieth Century-Fox seems determined to toss him into any kind of picture, whether the script is good or bad. In "Everybody Does It," Mr. Douglas has been saddled with the chore of putting some spirit into a remake of a James M. Cain story in which Warner Baxter and Loretta Young figured to no particular purpose some years ago. Mr. Douglas is here represented as a housewrecker married to a society girl who has an urge to sing and no vocal talent. In the process of trying to dissuade this lady from singing in public, Mr. Douglas finds out that he has a magnificent voice himself. By the end of the picture, he has gone through endless variations on the joke of breaking glasses and mirrors with his high notes, and both he and his wife, played by Celeste Holm, have proved total failures in their débuts. Since Mr. Douglas is presented as a singer of the calibre of Pinza, his failure, through no fault of his own, seems unfortunate rather than funny. Linda Darnell also participates, as an opera singer wild about the housewrecker. Not much comes of this idea, either.

"PASSPORT TO PIMLICO," an English film, is a protracted account of what happens when a neighborhood in London is found to be not really part of the British Commonwealth, having been deeded in the fifteenth century to the Duke of Burgundy. As Burgundians, the Cockneys in the community immediately set up black markets and defy the London constabulary, and are presently put under a state of siege by the authorities in Whitehall. It seemed to me that the whimsey grew thin after a few minutes, despite the efforts of such actors as Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford, and Raymond Huntley, but it may only be that the script is too full of Anglicisms, of both dialogue and situation, for the parochial American ear. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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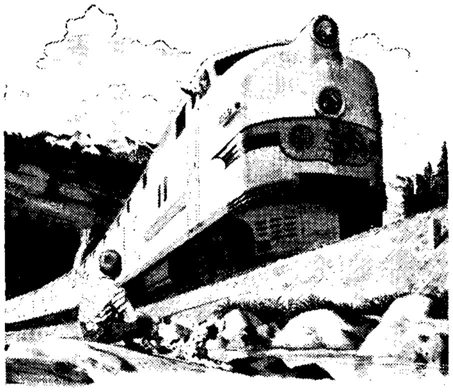

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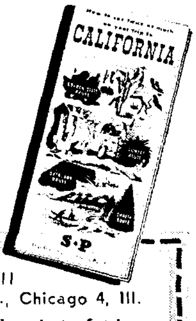

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ESCOCÉS Y SOSA IN VEKA LA VEKA

THE other day, I received a business letter, written in German, that referred to the city of Naples as "Neapel," and thereby caused a flareup of a resentment that has smoldered in my bosom for many years. It has always seemed to me outrageous that nations should take such liberties with the spellings of the proper nouns—particularly the historical, mythological, and place names—of other nations. Of course, these distortions occasionally achieve an improvement phonetically, but in most cases the altered name is either hideous or ridiculous, or both. I think, possibly because of some subconscious Anglo-Saxon chauvinism, that English offends less in this respect than most other languages. Obviously, I can't deny that we change "Napoli" to "Naples," but at least that's more euphonious than "Neapel." In some instances, even the meaning of the name is changed, as when the Spanish call Key West "Cayo Hueso," which means "Key *Bone*." Maybe that was the old Spanish name for it, but I insist that now that Key West is part of the United States, they ought to call it the same thing we do.

Since receiving that letter from Germany, I have been wondering if the United Nations people mightn't be persuaded to concern themselves with preventing this sort of thing, and just to get the matter before them I have made a brief, informal survey of the situation. Having already expressed my annoyance with the Germans for "Neapel," I will get on to the French, pausing only to direct attention to such German practices as calling Geneva "Genf" and the Lac Leman the "Genfer See." I was sure from certain wartime experiences I had with the French that an investigation would prove them highly culpable. I already knew, for example, that their word for Nebuchadnezzar is "Nabuchodonosor," which makes him sound like a prehistoric animal, and that they have many other absurdities, such as "Noë" for Noah, "Cupidon" for Cupid, and "Ponce Pilate" for Pontius Pilate. I have now found that they call Heliogabalus "Elagabale," which is preposterous, and that they have ruined the name of the classical Greek architect Mnesicles (which I have always liked because I pronounce it to rhyme with "vesicles") by putting accents on the "e"s, making it sound like "Mnaysiclays," which I consider a disgusting sound.

As a matter of fact, the French ac-

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tually change spellings when they are officially told not to. They will not *permit* non-French names to be spelled properly. During the war, I had a job with the Psychological Warfare Branch of Allied Force Headquarters in North Africa. It involved the preparation and distribution of articles and communiqués that it was more or less mandatory for the French North African press to print. The communiqués and most of the stories were given to France-Afrique, the central news agency, which released them to the press after making what the editors apparently felt were suitable changes. As a result, the accounts the papers carried were usually almost identical and rarely contained a name that was correctly spelled, no matter how many times the original manuscript had been stamped "Follow Copy." One day, I handed out a communiqué about some action at Balikpapan, in Borneo. I'm sure that France-Afrique had never even heard of this place, and I am still dazed by the fact that they made it "Baluk paper."

What the French did to a dispatch from Vella Lavella, in the South Pacific, must have severely frustrated any readers who tried to find the place in their atlases. Although it sounds fairly French to begin with, and you'd think they might have liked it, it came out in all the papers as "Veka La Veka." Whenever the stories mentioned General Omar Bradley, the papers omitted his first name, because they were afraid the natives (most of whom couldn't read Arabic, let alone French) would get the impression that he was a Mohammedan, and become uppity. I complained about this once or twice to no avail; then mystifyingly, on their own hook, all the papers printed an identical story, headed "LE GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY N'EST PAS UN MUSULMANE." After that, they used his first name.

Once, Clare Boothe Luce came out "Claire Boutrie Bouck," and another time Mustang fighters became "*avions de combat Moustache.*" On both these occasions, and on many others, I remonstrated, but I finally gave up trying after I saw what had been done to a long biographical piece about General Brehon B. Somervell. I had attached a special note to the copy saying that, unlikely as it might seem, his name was Brehon, not Breton, and Somervell, not Somerwell. The French editors didn't believe me. His name appeared all through the story as Breton B. Somerwell. Inasmuch as he was mentioned forty or fifty times, this en-

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THE WAY YOU ATTACK an ice cream cone can be almost as indicative of your character as the report of your favorite psychiatrist. Observe the following next time you get a chance: The bold, brazen type that attacks the cone with gusto, takes bites that are complete mouthfuls. The delicate character makes a production out of extracting ice cream from a cone. The orderly mind keeps each little drip, each little stray morsel under complete control. The shy, bashful type eats his with aplomb. The planner is evident, too. He licks at the top but does it with a slight push so that when he arrives at the cone part there is ice cream enough to fill the entire cone as he works his way down. We see the builder, too. Out of his cone he makes strange shapes and figures—a point here, an angle there, a curve at the bottom. Quite a study, ice cream cone technique. . . .

★

A NOTE OR TWO on Milton Caniff, creator of the Steve Canyon comic strip. Caniff started his strip with a $100,000 annual income. As the number of papers increases the $100,000 goes up. He gets $100,000 plus 50 per cent of the total syndicate take. Caniff's staff consists of a secretary, an assistant, and a studio helper who clips, files, and drives. Caniff never gets up before noon, reads all the New York papers while he breakfasts. His fan mail has hit 1,000 letters a day. Killing off a character always shoots it up. Principal squawks are about girls in the strip without enough clothing on. Mrs. Caniff, a slim blond, very often serves as a model. She has even modeled as a man. His heavy schedule starts at 9:30 p.m. and often lasts 'til 6 a.m. He works about nine weeks ahead on the Sunday strip, four on the daily.

★

SOME QUICKIES ABOUT others in the comic strip field: Bud Fisher has been doing Mutt and Jeff for 42 years; Cliff Sterrett has had Polly and her Pals for 36 years; George McManus has been turning out Jiggs for 34 years; Frank King has had Gasoline Alley going for 30, and Carl Ed's Harold Teen is the same age. Chic Young has two assistants and the three of them knock out all the Blondie gags. That mad stuff of Al Capp's is all his. . . .

★

A VERY SUCCESSFUL hotel operator, a bachelor, fell in love with a beautiful actress and was dating her steadily. It finally occurred to him that before taking the fatal step, he'd better check into her past just to be on the safe side. A few weeks later he received the following report from a private detective agency: "Miss Soandso has a fine reputation in the better social circles. Her past is above reproach and her friends are of the highest character. However, we have established the fact that she has been seen a lot lately with a hotel man of doubtful reputation."

★

YOU KNOW, WE LIKE TO THINK of our newspapers as being a valuable educational institution here in the Upper Midwest. The Minneapolis Star's Program of Information on World Affairs has been cited as an outstanding example of public service in the field of education. This fall more than 85,000 students in 1,300 Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin schools are studying world affairs with the aid of The Star's teaching and testing program. The enthusiastic participation in the program by 1,600 Upper Midwest school administrators and teachers is further indication why the best-read, best-liked newspapers of this great region are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).

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tailed quite hard work with the pencil. *Vive la France!*

THE Italians get slightly better marks than the French, though they have a nasty and futile habit of changing spelling when it doesn't affect the pronunciation at all and just makes the word look silly. They turn Philadelphia into "Filadelfia," for instance. (Being a Philadelphian by birth, I will observe that in spite of this foolish spelling the Italians pronounce the word more like Philadelphians themselves than do Americans elsewhere in the United States. The latter say "Philadelphyuh," whereas Italians and natives of the place say "Philadelphi-a.")

Surprisingly, the Italians give their old enemies, the French, a break on what we and the British call the Strait of Dover. They call it "Passo di Calè," which is a translation of the French "Pas de Calais." They duck the English Channel question entirely by calling it "La Manica." But they let the French down with "Versiglia" for Versailles—certainly no improvement—and louse up Liverpool by making it "Liverpula," which is also what it is called in Spain.

The Spaniards turn out to be by far the worst of the lot. In many cases, they change just one letter, with the result that the name looks as though it contains a typographical error. For instance, Abraham becomes "Abrahán." There can be no excuse for that; any fool knows his name was Abra*ham*, not Abra*han*. I am aware that the following example does not involve a proper name, but it is such a good instance of this kind of thing that I am putting it in anyway. Soda in Spanish is "*sosa*." Sosa, for God's sake! And, getting back to proper names, Scotch is "Escocés," and Edinburgh is "Edimburgo." And why in the name of good sense do they turn Algiers into "Argel"? It is simply an irritating anagram of the French "Alger," which is much closer to the original Arabic "Al J'zair." They don't do it with "Tangier."

The Rhine is the "Rin" in Spanish, a piddling, etiolated affair. Mississippi, a word to which we certainly have a one-hundred-per-cent title, comes out "Misisipí"—all enervated and squeaky-sounding, since in Spanish "i" is pronounced like our double "e." Canterbury is a real horror: "Cantórbery." Spitsbergen becomes, of all things, "Espizberga." Montpellier, a very pretty name, turns up as "Mompeller," which could be a machine or a kind of German beer—in fact, almost anything but the name of a lovely old university town in

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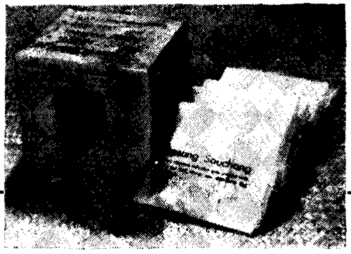

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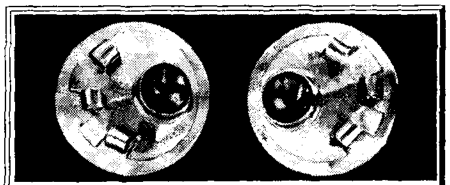

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the south of France. Xenophon is degraded into "Jenofonte," and Denmark into "Dinamarca."

The *caballeros* have, however, done one thing that elicits my admiration, in a cockeyed sort of way. They seem to have made up some places that don't exist and put them in their reference books. (At least, *I* could find them in no reference books except Spanish ones.) One is "Alba Regia," given as the translation of "Stuhl-Weissenberg, a city of Hungary." Well, the place the Spaniards have in mind *may* exist, but not under that name, which, moreover, doesn't look Hungarian at all. My favorite nonexistent place—a nice, naïve conception—is "Nigricia," tersely but firmly defined as "Negroland—a region of Africa."

In one Spanish-English dictionary, I found an entry in English in which pronunciation doesn't come into play but which struck me as so captivating that I am interpolating it here:

> *Soles:* Ancient maritime city lost, the founded by Athenians who of Cilicia, purity of their language. (Hence, Solecismo.)

Well, I hope my cause will come to the attention of the proper agency at Lake Success, which might, while at it, try making the American language consistent in one important respect. So long as we call those islands the Philippines and simultaneously call the natives of them Filipinos, I'm afraid we're not in much of a position to grouse about the linguistic vagaries of other countries.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

Stella Unger and Emily Kimbrough are working on a musical version of Booth Tarkington's novel, "Seventeen." . . . Miss Unger got the idea of a musical version of the novel while she was in Hollywood working on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. Not wishing to undertake both the book and lyrics alone, she looked about for a collaborator. After considering any number of writers, the name of Emily Kimbrough came to mind. . . . When ultimately they got together in New York, it developed that Miss Kimbrough . . . was not unfamiliar with the problem at hand. She was born in Indianapolis and her mother had been a bridesmaid at Mr. Tarkington's wedding.—*The Herald Tribune.*

My! She *is* off to a flying start.

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[*From a letter in the Washington News*]

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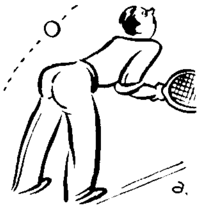

SHORTLY after eight o'clock on Tuesday evening of last week, in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Robert Riggs, the tennis impresario, flanked by Mr. Richard Gonzales and Mr. Jack Kramer (in the brave new world of professional tennis, the "Mr." is *de rigueur*), gazed happily at the rapidly filling seats, folded his hands across his recently acquired girth, and remarked, "We no longer need anything from amateur tennis; they need from us." The occasion, as you doubtless have guessed, was the first of a lengthy series of matches, to be played all over the Western Hemisphere, between Mr. Gonzales, holder of the United States' amateur championship, who turned professional a few weeks ago, and Mr. Kramer, the current world's professional champion, and between Mr. Frank Parker, a two-time national amateur champion who has also signed up with Mr. Riggs, and Mr. Francisco Segura, the Ecuadorian professional. Mr. Riggs' remark, it seems to me, was altogether sound (if somewhat difficult to parse), especially in view of the possible retirement from tournament play of Ted Schroeder, now the country's ranking amateur. All in all, it looks as if the 1950 amateur tennis season will be about as dismal as the one just past was splendid. After Schroeder, in the amateur ranks, we have William Talbert and Gardnar Mulloy, who are already showing signs of tennis senility; Arthur Larsen, a good but certainly not a great player; and then a flock of comparative second-raters, such as Bobby Falkenburg, Sam Match, Earl Cochell, and Edward Moylan. None of these names is likely to attract crowds of a size that will please the United States Lawn Tennis Association, which, of course, depends heavily on gate receipts to further amateur tennis. The solution would seem—to anyone outside the Association, at least—to be the establishment of open tournaments, which surely would add greatly to gates everywhere and, incidentally, would improve the quality of amateur play. When such a suggestion is made in Association circles, though, the members shudder and turn away, just as their prototypes did fifty years ago. And they still haven't been able to think up any acceptable explanation of why exposure to professionals would debauch the spirit of amateurism. I don't see how they can maintain this attitude much longer, but if anyone can, they can.

THE principal conclusions I drew from last week's Garden fête were that if Gonzales is not the best tennis player in the world today, he very soon will be, and that Segura, a not much more than mediocre performer as an amateur two years ago, could now probably beat any amateur in the United States, including Schroeder, without extending himself. In losing to Kramer in four sets, Gonzales, despite his later denials, seemed to me to be unnerved by the noisy crowd and obviously not wholly familiar with the canvas surface of the court and the artificial lighting—handicaps that he should soon overcome. Three days later, in Chicago, in fact, he beat Kramer handily. I think Gonzales is a good bet to win more than half of his matches on the tour. At the Garden, he was at his best in the second set, when his big service was often unreturnable and his drop shots were coming off fairly regularly for earned points. After that, his game fell more or less to pieces, especially his backhand—a weakness that Kramer exploited at every opportunity. Gonzales has had similar bad streaks before, as when he lost to Talbert in the final of the Meadow Club Invitation at Southampton last July, but constant expert competition, which he is now getting, ought to reduce the number of his lapses considerably.

Back in 1947 and before, when Segura was still an amateur, Parker was able to beat him pretty much as he pleased. Last week at the Garden, Segura, in beating Parker in straight sets, gave the impression that he was just toying with his old nemesis. The Segura specialty—a two-handed forehand drive—was hitting within inches of the lines almost every time, and his overhead game and his service were far better than they used to be. After the first couple of games, Parker's expression was that of a man on whom a practical joke was being played—one that he didn't quite understand.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

When Bobbie Burns said . . .
"O wud that God the gift tie gie us tae see oursel's as ithers see us" he wasn't kidding!—*Adv. in Cue.*

He wasn't even sober, if you ask us.

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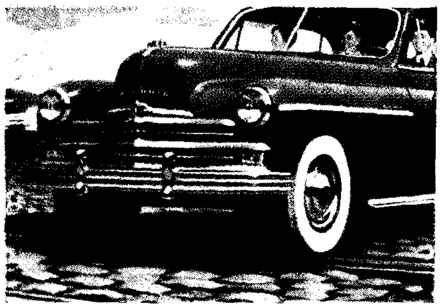

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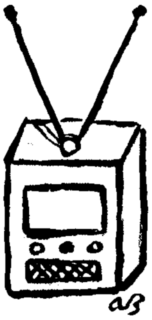
TELEVISION

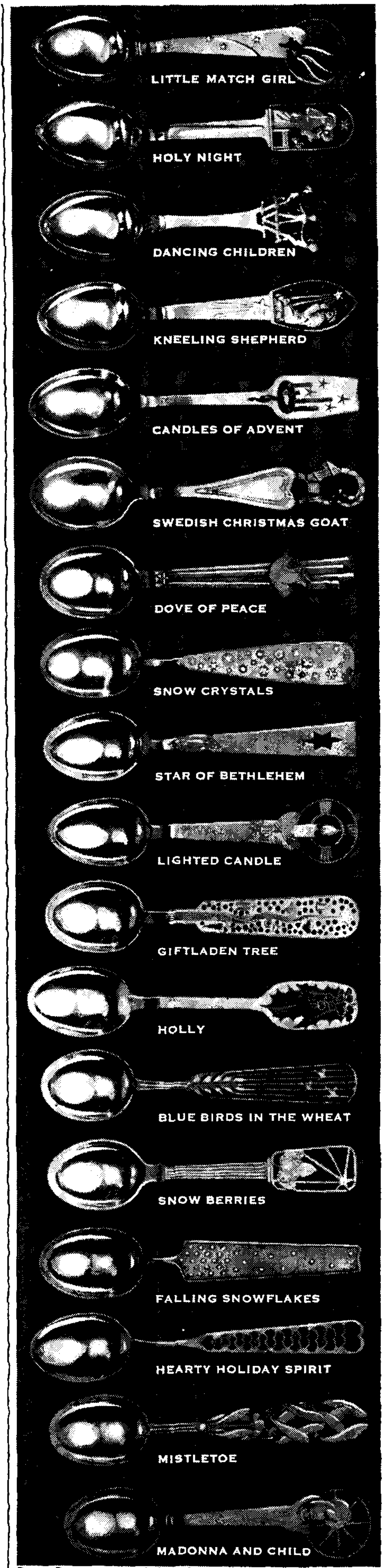
Author Meets the Bismarck



THERE was considerable advance fanfare for "Battleship Bismarck," a recently televised dramatization of events that are supposed to have taken place aboard the German warship just before and during her sinking, in May, 1941. According to the papers, word got around video row (word gets around video row with the speed of light) that "Battleship Bismarck," in addition to being pulsatingly dramatic, would demonstrate striking innovations in the production line—startling scenic effects, a sense of really being on a real battleship during a real engagement, and so on. Well, "Battleship Bismarck" has come and sunk, and we can now assess the results. I think that we should credit the program with an A for effort in production and a B-minus for everything else. Obviously, the cameramen, the electricians, the scenic designers, and the other technical hands made a very earnest attempt to re-create the atmosphere of turmoil aboard the doomed ship. No expense, by golly, was spared. There were many scenes, and they appeared in remarkably rapid and facile succession—now the captain's cabin, now the bridge, now the fire-control room, now below-deck—but when the drama had drawn to a close, after several gnawing interruptions to permit Westinghouse, the sponsor, to plug its wares, I had the feeling that what television had demonstrated was an ability to move from scene to scene with alacrity. This marks a big step forward, and I don't mean to minimize it, but I don't mean to maximize it, either.

Fundamentally, the trouble lay not in the production but in the play itself, which was written by Maurice Valency, who did the English adaptation of "The Madwoman of Chaillot." In "Battleship Bismarck," Valency created his characters on traditional radio, cinema, and slick-fiction lines; that is to say, his heroes were all relentlessly pure, and his villains, to a man, were unmitigated swine. His story was concerned with the high-minded captain of the Bismarck, Lindemann by name—splendidly portrayed, in the face of huge obstacles, by Paul Lukas—who had a deep love for his homeland, a thorough naval training, and a profound distaste for the Nazis. Lindemann had insisted that a Commander Schneider, whose mother was a Jewess, be gunnery officer on the Bismarck. Happily, for purposes of dramatic conflict, the Admiral of the Fleet, a fervent disciple of *der Führer*, was aboard. The Admiral hated Lindemann and considered Schneider, because of his ancestry, beneath contempt. Also aboard, slinking in and out of the wardroom and muttering their "*Sieg Heils*," was a group of fat and repulsive Gestapo men. Since Captain Lindemann was, of course, outranked by the Admiral—whose naval knowledge had evidently been picked up from occasional reading of the *Infantry Journal*—the efforts of Lindemann and his capable gunnery officer came to naught, and the Bismarck went to the bottom, to the accompaniment of clouds of smoke, the booming of guns, and agonized cries from wounded men. I suppose Mr. Valency was trying to delineate the difference between good and bad Germans, a perfectly humane and plausible project, and certainly a popular one *these* days. Nevertheless, I found myself delighted, for old-fashioned, pre-television, patriotic reasons, that Lindemann and Schneider were outranked and that the stupid Admiral forced the Bismarck into an untenable tactical position. By virtue of their telephone conversations alone, during the Bismarck's final ordeal, Lindemann and Schneider deserved to go down. Lindemann was on the bridge, Schneider in the fire-control room. Instead of barking an order through a tube, Lindemann would daintily pick a phone from a hook, ask for Schneider, say, "Hello, Schneider. This is Lindemann," and then give his command. At one point, with the battle raging and men dropping to starboard and to port, the gabble between the two men became so mired in *politesse* that I expected to hear the voice of an operator demanding five more pfennige for an additional five minutes.

THE broadcast, last week, of the laying of the cornerstone of the United Nations' permanent headquarters was television at its best. I doubt whether any person at Forty-second Street and the East River had so fine and comprehensive a view of the proceedings as I had at home. The camerawork was imaginative and skillful—as was the commentary by Ned Calmer, who spoke for all the networks—not only showing us the broad and awesome mass of the unfinished Secretariat Building but giving us splendid views of the



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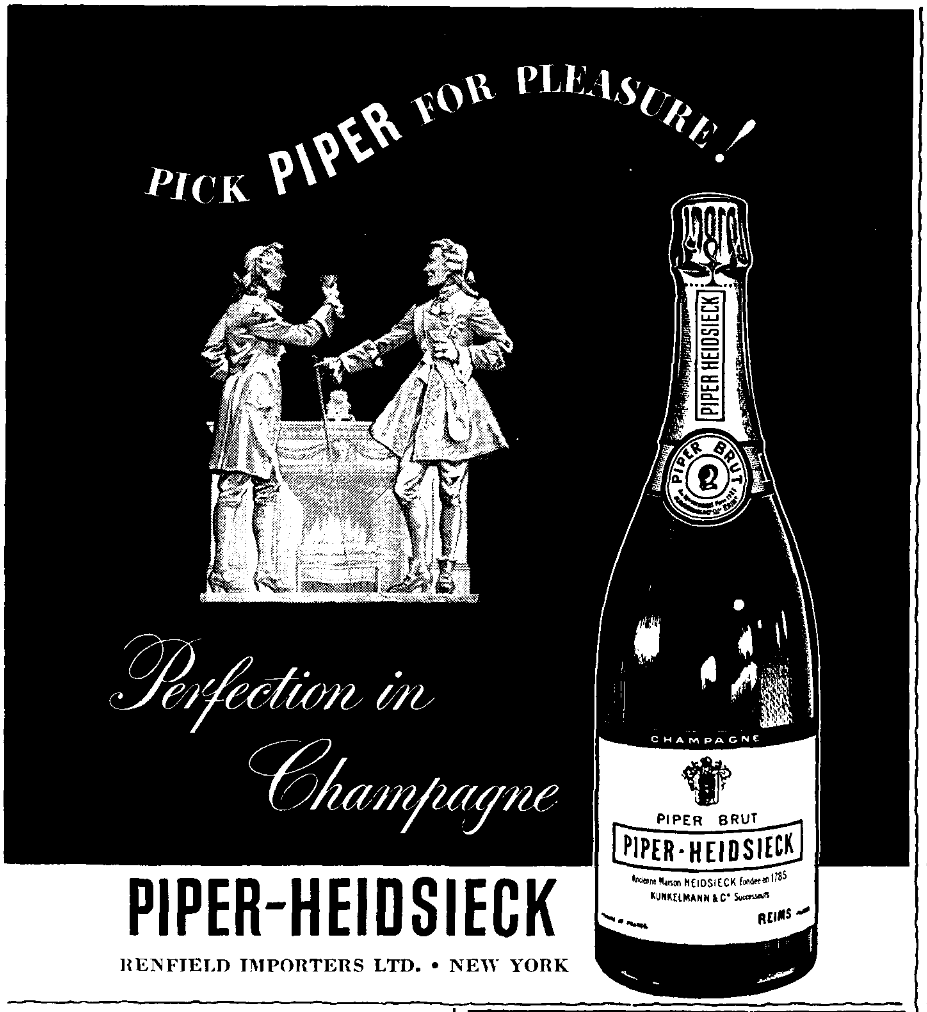

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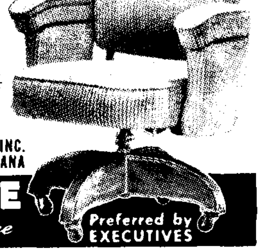

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assembled dignitaries, flashes of workmen watching the proceedings from scaffolding in the upper reaches of the building, and panoramic shots of the East River and its traffic. The cornerstone-laying itself was especially well recorded. The camera followed Secretary-General Lie as he left his rostrum, descended a flight of steps, joined Wallace K. Harrison, the chief architect of the project, and mounted another flight of stairs to a point alongside the cornerstone for the solemn ceremony. Here was history in the most minute detail, and I had the feeling, as I watched it, that television was fulfilling a high function—if it wants to fulfill a high function.

A CURIOUS little program called "Author Meets the Critics" is televised on Monday evenings. It is based on the odd proposition that once a man has written a book, he should turn up in person somewhere to defend it against the critics. Nobody would deny that an author's work should be criticized, but I suspect that authors should conserve their meagre strength for the writing of more books and for the demanding of higher royalties. Let the critics fight it out among themselves. The strange thing is that this is precisely what happens a good deal of the time anyway on "Author Meets the Critics." The other evening, for example, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., was on hand to defend his recently published book "The Vital Center." The critics in attendance were Leo Cherne and O. John Rogge, two gentlemen of decided and hermetically opposite views. Most of the program was devoted to their outshouting each other, leaving Mr. Schlesinger—quiet, dignified, and exceedingly photogenic—in what I thought all along should be his role, that of an interested bystander. Incidentally, not only Schlesinger but his excellent book (from time to time, I still "read") was lost in the vocal shuffle, since Cherne and Rogge took to scrapping over *their* opinions rather than Schlesinger's.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the News*]

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 2 (U.P.)—Swedish insurance companies have introduced a new clause into their fire policies saying "damages caused by atomic blasts cannot be indemnified by the insurance company."

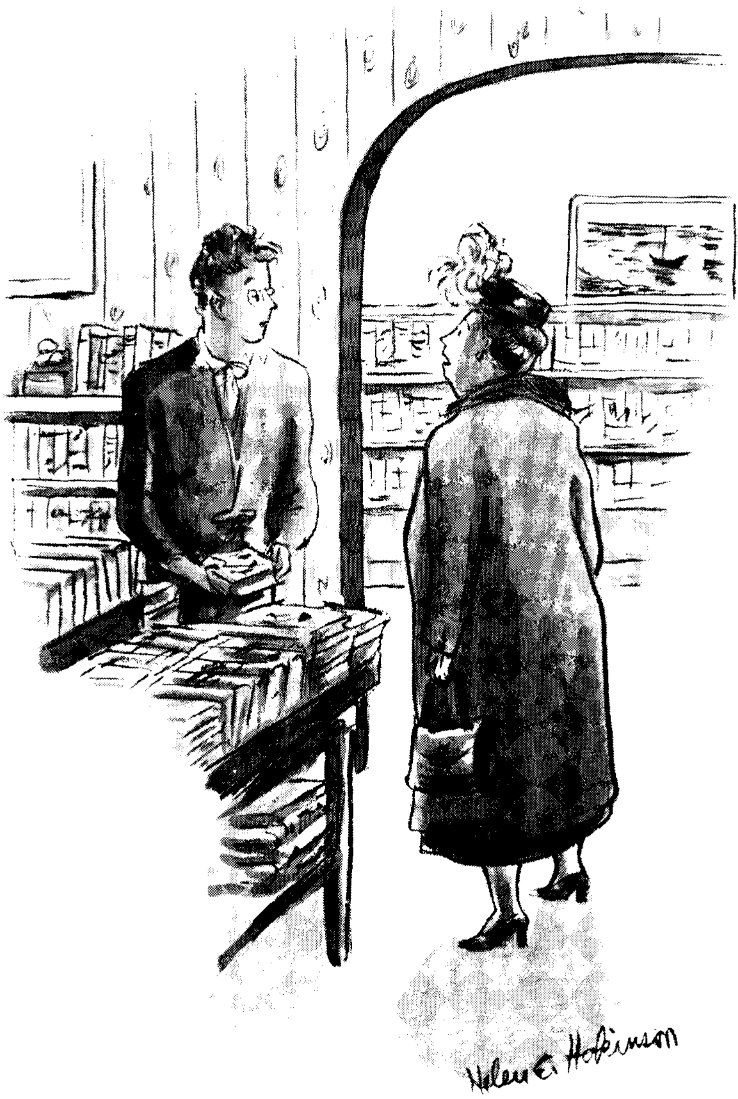
"We just had to do it," one insurance executive said. "An atomic blast would have so tremendous effects that the insurance companies would be ruined."

BOOKS

Decline and Fall of a Roman Girl

THE question isn't so much in the air these days as it once was, but there was a moment, six months to a year ago, when many people hereabouts, having remarked postwar Italy's unprecedented lien on the American literary fancy, were trying to explain it. Discussions of the matter, though frequently entertaining, invariably lacked the stuff that sets brother against brother, and I retain from that period a memory of but one instance of adventurous speculation. It was suggested, in my hearing, that America's current fascination with Italy arose from our realization that the Italians, as evidenced by their policy of showing up on both sides of a war, stand alone among Western nations in their grasp and acceptance of the inane dynamic of the modern situation. Until quite recently, I considered that hypothesis marvellously wrought but geographically somehow wide of the mark—the sort of compliment, honoring a national taste for only the best in logic and the latest in realism, that we normally export to France. I think now, however, after reading "The Woman of Rome" (Farrar, Straus), a novel by an Italian writer named Alberto Moravia, that there may be something to the idea and that today's Italians may indeed have a knack for taking the world up on its tendencies. Mr. Moravia's novel is persuasive in this connection because of what it is about—the peak earning years in the life of a Roman prostitute. It is more than four hundred pages long, and by writing it Mr. Moravia has provided the Western reading public with something it has long been hankering after, a story that is all whoring, from first to last. I consider this a service of the very highest order, but it is not, by a long shot, the final word on Mr. Moravia; the final word is that in "The Woman of Rome" he has written an unusually fine novel.

Mr. Moravia's triumph is not instantaneous; in fact, during the first part of the story there is scarcely any indication that he will end up swathed in an achievement of many colors. This is not to say that the early going is dull but to suggest that it is misleading. Furthermore, the opening section is haunted by the spectre of levity, for Mr. Moravia, risking a bloody death amid raucous laughter and cries of "tour de force," has elected to have his heroine, who is named Adriana, tell her story in the first person. The generally sallow cast of his prose sees him quickly out of this second difficulty, but the book's misleading quality persists rather longer. I admit to having been up the garden path until about midway through the story, when it became clear to me—largely as a result of the appearance within Adriana's orbit of a murderer, a police agent, and a revolutionary—that Mr. Moravia's bent was considerably more serious than I had suspected. Up to that point, I had continued interested and prurient while Mr. Moravia reeled off what I had decided was to be a book-length answer to a question that, according to the travelled and the worldly, is part and parcel of the bitter afterstillness of cheap commercial love: "How'd you ever get started in this sort of thing?" The mean condition of Adriana's home had been made much of, and Mr. Moravia had borne down heavily on the philosophy of Adriana's widowed mother, who, though herself a confirmed seamstress and homebody, was a fan about streetwalking. The tendentious nature of Adriana's first job—as an artist's model—had also been emphasized, as had the details of her first love affair, from which she emerged wise in the ways of chauffeurs and more than half convinced that no prizes accrue to those who keep to the straightaway. Her fate seemed predictable. I anticipated her arriving, after a few gainful years on the streets, at some sort of nasty surgical end. That is just about what does happen to Adriana, but long before it does, and long before her three special friends—the murderer, the police agent, and the revolutionary—go down before their individual furies, it is clear that



"I wish Dale Carnegie would write another book. I've begun worrying again."

(*Advertisement*)

B P

From the Beacon Press editorial rooms, Boston

A MILESTONE in the publishing of scholarly studies has just been reached: sales of Paul Blanshard's work, AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER,* have mounted past the 50,000 mark. This book continues to add an average of more than 2500 copies to its sales every week.

These figures are of more than statistical interest. They demonstrate that a responsible analysis of factors affecting American democracy, no matter how touchy the subject, *can reach an audience.* Yes, a book that is sound enough to qualify as one of the American Library Association's "50 outstanding religious books of the year" *can* be published, advertised, reviewed, distributed and retailed—even when it concerns a subject as "controversial" as this. Several score readers of the book have written to tell us that the reception given this work has reassured them about the state of the nation.

We have just issued a companion volume to the Blanshard study: CORNERSTONES OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN AMERICA.† It is made up of selected basic documents, court decisions and public statements, with interpretations by Professor Joseph L. Blau of Columbia's Philosophy Department. The book ranges from Roger Williams and William Penn through Thomas Jefferson up to Mr. Justice Frankfurter in the McCollum case of last year. Says the Kirkus Bookshop Service: "This should be a valuable source book for those who may find in the historic expression of free Americans suggestions for new words and ways to defend the freedom of religion today."

* *The third in the Beacon Studies in Freedom and Power.*

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Mr. Moravia is marketing something infinitely more complex than an account of the decline and fall of a pretty nice girl.

Mr. Moravia's publishers are of two minds about the source of his impact, and list it as deriving both from his exposition of the "close relation of good and evil" and from his preoccupation with the "life-giving power of love triumphant over the deadliness of ambition and avarice." I am inclined to pass by the first of these notions. As for the second, with its reference to the fact that the story winds up with Adriana somewhat better off than any of her three sorehead friends, I think it generally apropos but wrong in its implication that a cheery brazier is to be found glowing near the exit from the story. I noticed no such brazier and was aware at the story's conclusion only of the chill and the dark. A heightened sense of the human entrapment lay heavy upon me. I was conscious, too, of strange siroccos, of unclassified night-blooming plants, and of innumerable other fresh evidences of interstellar backing and filling. The projected publication here of additional novels by Mr. Moravia is good news. You ask whether they could mean an end to smoker's cough and falling hair? I'm afraid I can't go that far.

—JOHN BRODERICK

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TARRY FLYNN, by Patrick Kavanagh (Devin-Adair). Mr. Kavanagh's novel about life and love on an Irish farm has an air of having been carelessly tossed off in a very bright moment. Tarry Flynn, a romantic, cold-hearted, inquisitive innocent of twenty-seven, is heir to a small farm, as well as something of a poet. He has a timid, burning curiosity about the girls of the district, but none of his amorous expeditions ever amount to anything. He obeys his mother, fights with his sisters, fears the priest, and works the farm, until, one day, his wandering uncle appears out of the blue and invites him to go travelling. Tarry's decision to abandon his mother and the countryside he loves is unexpected and ruthless, but such is his curious character that his decision is beyond question. If there is a fault in the book, it is that Mr. Kavanagh's determination to make his people's speech natural sometimes leaves them spluttering instead of talking. It is worth observing, as a sidelight on Mr. Kavanagh's contrary attitude toward his characters, that

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while he likes to describe their ragged work clothes with minutest care, he never wastes a syllable on their Sunday attire.

THE BIG CAGE, by Robert Lowry (Doubleday). The infancy, childhood, and adolescence of Richard Black, recounted in tender detail, in the first person singular. Richard wants to be a writer, that's the main thing. He is remarkable for his unbridled infatuation with himself and his works, and for his sensational lack of humor. Of himself at the age of eleven, he says, "I'd become a realist. I tried describing action as it really happened. I tried getting a hard, unemotional feeling into the work." He receives sympathetic attention from his mother and a lot of other middle-aged women, but it is painfully obvious that, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, Richard is and always will be a paralyzing bore.

GENERAL

THIS I REMEMBER, by Eleanor Roosevelt (Harper). The second volume of Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography, devoted chiefly to the White House years, during which she reluctantly gave up all claim to a personal life and achieved, as a result, the discernment and objectivity that make her account of this period stand head and shoulders above more skillfully written ones. Intended primarily as a family chronicle, one of the aims of which was to cast some light on the complexities of her husband's character, the book also forcefully reflects her own emergence as First Lady, in an entirely new and admirable sense of the word. Mrs. Roosevelt's candid and forthright account of her dealings with the American Youth Congress and her statement that she was grateful for this experience when faced with the same tactics in the United Nations are especially striking in view of the fact that they were written by a woman who discovered five years ago that, according to the records of a Red Cross blood bank, she had officially "entered upon old age." Illustrated, and rounded out by several interesting appendices, one of them a plan for international peace made by Mr. Roosevelt in 1923, during his convalescence. The Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for November.

MALE AND FEMALE, by Margaret Mead (Morrow). Tossing professional jargon pretty well to the winds, a noted anthropologist sets down her

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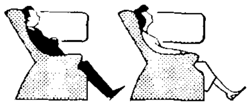

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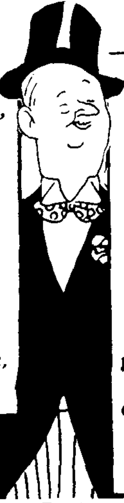
—JAMES THURBER, *N.Y. Times Book Review*



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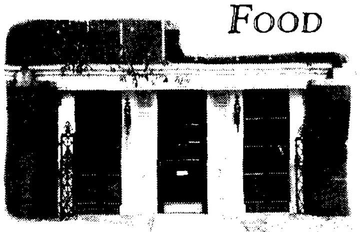

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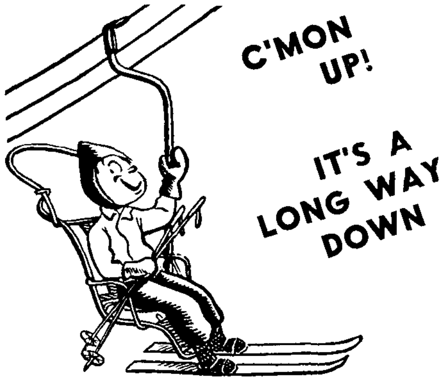
interpretation of the inferences that can be drawn from such symbols of the distinction between the sexes as, for example, the pink or blue ribbons attached to the bassinets designed for the reception of American infants. These symbols, she feels, betoken a good deal of future confusion—sexually, professionally, and socially speaking—for the occupants of the bassinets. Dr. Mead's theories about the significance of the many symbols she discusses are based on the studies she made some years ago of seven South Sea societies, in which the roles of the sexes, while varying from tribe to tribe, were, on the whole, stylized and founded in tradition. American families, on the other hand, she finds to be "oriented towards the future," in many cases far too much so for their own peace of mind. Happily, Dr. Mead hasn't produced a jeremiad on this subject, as have commentators from other fields, mostly because of her admiration for the realistic outlook of the younger generation. Her attitude of vigorous omniscience, however, may well give rise to more skepticism than her arguments do, since by her own admission anthropology is still a "science of clues," the interpretation of which is a tricky affair.

THE UNIVERSE OF G.B.S., by William Irvine (Whittlesey). Unlike most of Shaw's biographers, who have been content to deal with this or that sector of their subject's rich spectrum, Mr. Irvine has set himself the task of analyzing the sum-total George Bernard Shaw, whose component parts can be said to include, at a minimum, a dramatist, a music and drama critic, a novelist, a pocket philosopher, and a pest. Although Mr. Irvine may not be quite the repository of wit, brilliance, and urbanity that his publishers say he is, he writes with considerable grace, and manages in slightly less than four hundred pages to put together a complete and believable Shaw and to emphasize in the process various aspects of Shaw that haven't been so much to the fore in his legend. One of these is Shaw's Edison Telephone Company aspect, which endured for several months in 1879, with Shaw in the role of a junior field employee. The wonder of the story lies not so much in what it reveals about Shaw's early struggles in London as in the fact that Shaw hasn't made more of it, for he was, the author tells us, very good at the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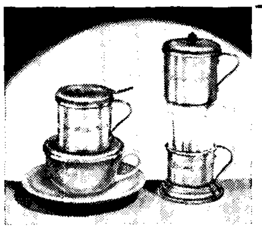

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OPUS 21
"SUPERLATIVE PHIL WYLIE"
N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

job and, when Edison folded beneath him, could easily have got taken on at Bell.

Killers of the Dream, by Lillian Smith (Norton). The author of "Strange Fruit" restates, in simplified psychoanalytical and economic terms, the arguments against segregation that were implicit in her novel. Using as her point of departure a moving account of her attempts to straighten out the emotional racial tangles of a young graduate of a summer camp she once ran, before the girl's return home, Miss Smith goes on to remark that this same kind of mental torment, the result of a head-on collision between idealism and custom, afflicts every adult white in the South to a far greater degree than is generally suspected. When she comes to a summing up of the economic side of segregation, Miss Smith resorts, with rather unhappy results, to parable form, outlining the unspoken agreement arrived at by Mr. Rich White and Mr. Poor White at the expense of the Negro. This very tangible presentation of a situation so clearly rooted in intangibles is one of the few shaky spots in an otherwise persuasive and important piece of work.

From Cave Painting to Comic Strip, by Lancelot Hogben (Chanticleer). A popular history, by an expert popularizer of difficult subjects ("Mathematics for the Million"), of twenty-seven thousand years of visual communication. Mr. Hogben makes an exciting story of the birth and growth of hieroglyphs, alphabets, printing, photography, and the other arts of graphic communication, and does so with a quick and wry wit. He believes that an enlightened use of these pictorial techniques—and any others that may come along—is one of the most practical and ready-to-hand ways we have of educating and drawing together the mass population of the world, and his theory that past civilizations fell when their means of communication broke down is quite convincing. The book is illustrated with many pictures, in black-and-white and in color, by Marie Neurath, of the Isotype Institute of London.

Brief Lives and Other Selected Writings by John Aubrey, edited by Anthony Powell (Scribner). The outstanding feature of this collection is Mr. Powell's introductory brief life of Aubrey himself, which makes quite as good reading as Aubrey's

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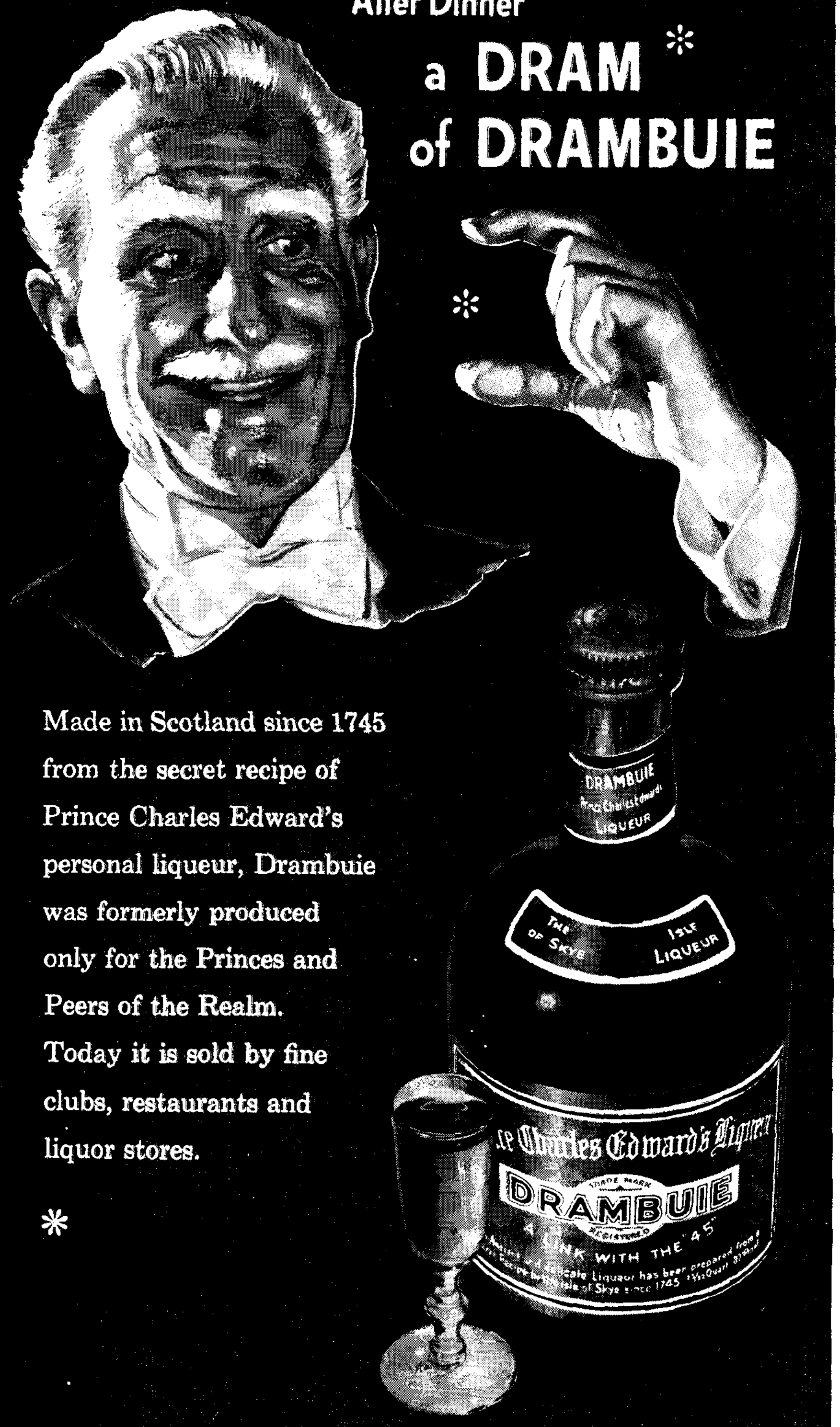
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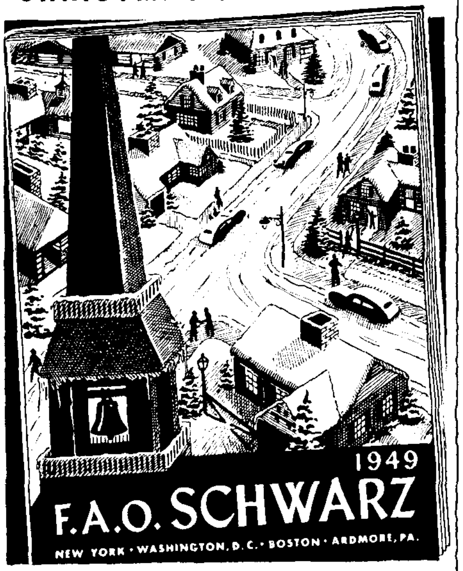
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own succinct jottings (quite a few of the "Lives" don't go a full page) concerning many of the eminent Englishmen he knew or had heard something about. Mr. Powell's view of Aubrey, which he expressed at greater length in his recent "John Aubrey and His Friends," is at the opposite pole from the low opinion of him that Dr. Johnson insinuated into literary history. To Mr. Powell, John Aubrey was the very soul of impecunious charm and such a gossip as the Western world may never look on again. In support of this last, he is at pains to point out that whatever is dubious in the "Lives" can probably be attributed to a Mr. Anthony Wood, who collaborated with Aubrey on the "Lives" and who, until the rather awful day when the First Earl of Clarendon's solicitor dropped in on him, was thoroughly addicted to libel.

THE FRENCHMAN, by Philippe Halsman (Simon & Schuster). Photographs of the French comedian Fernandel, taken as he answered in pantomime questions on art, finance, international and private relations, and other subjects usually covered in interviews with visiting character actors. Mr. Halsman, who thought up the questions and took the pictures, was rewarded with responses that range from happy surprise to complete frenzy, several of them masterpieces. One—Fernandel's comment on California champagne—is a perfect blend of nausea and good manners. A number of the photographs made a very funny page in *Life* some months ago, and all of them make a very funny book now. It's a pity, however, that there was no room on the cover for the name of the Frenchman. He rated at least feature billing; his part in the piece is just as important as Simon's, for example, or even Schuster's.

•

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—*Roland Young in "Not for Children," 1930.*

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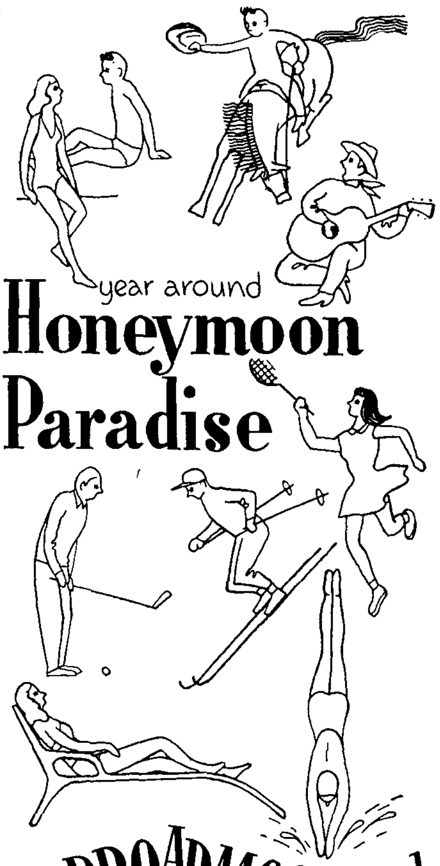
Here comes the happy, bounding flea,
You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see,
But he can tell and so can she.

—*Charles V. Mathis in the American Legion Magazine, October, 1949.*



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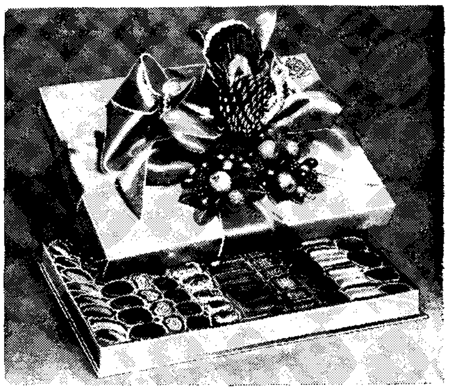

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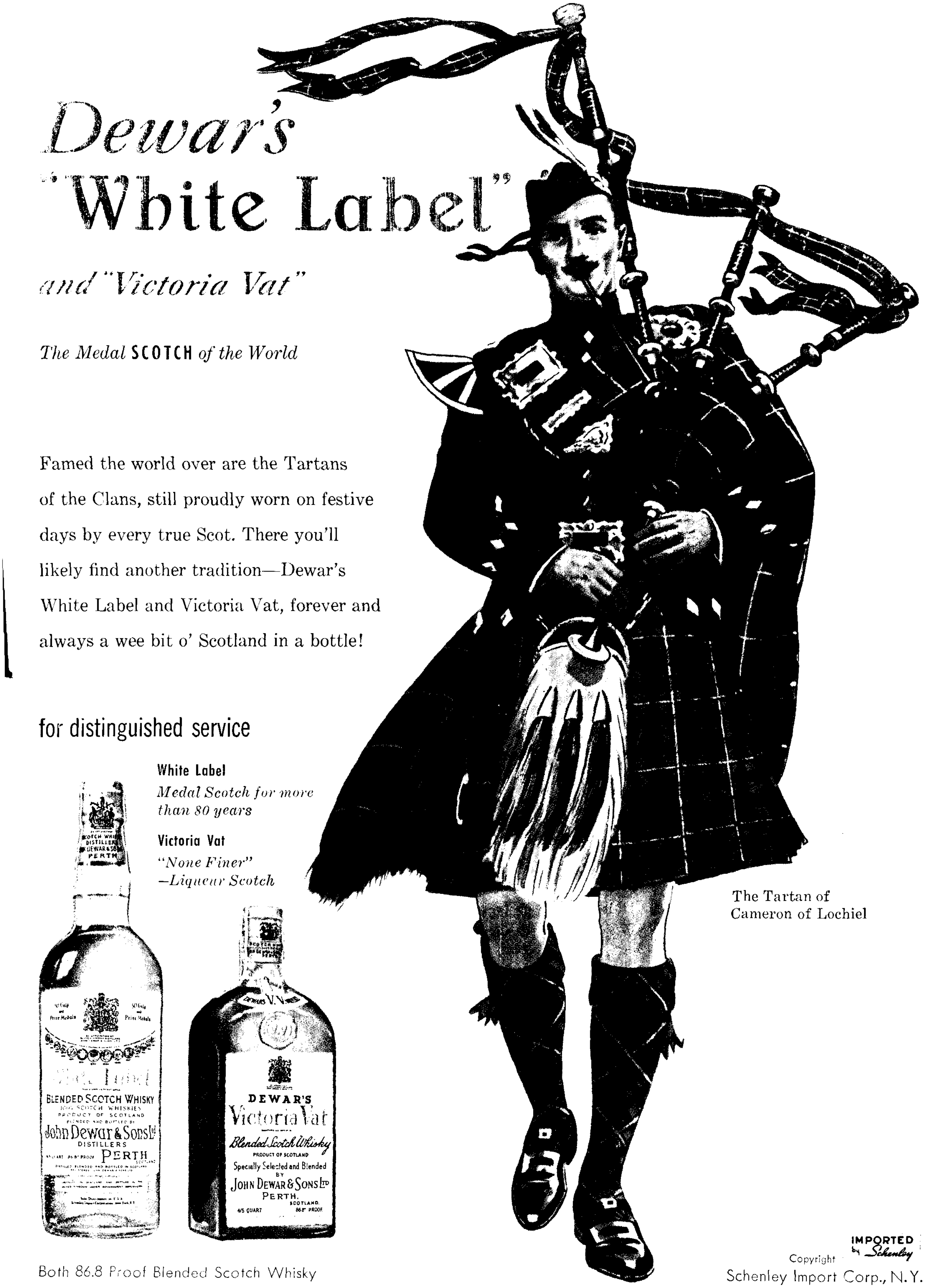

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